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Collier's

December 15, 1951 • Fifteen Cents

The Men Who
Put the Heart in
"Heartbreak Ridge"

STANFORD'S BILL McCOLL AND COEDS

The 62d ALL-AMERICA FOOTB

48579!
C 2Y
8/25

MARY A BECK
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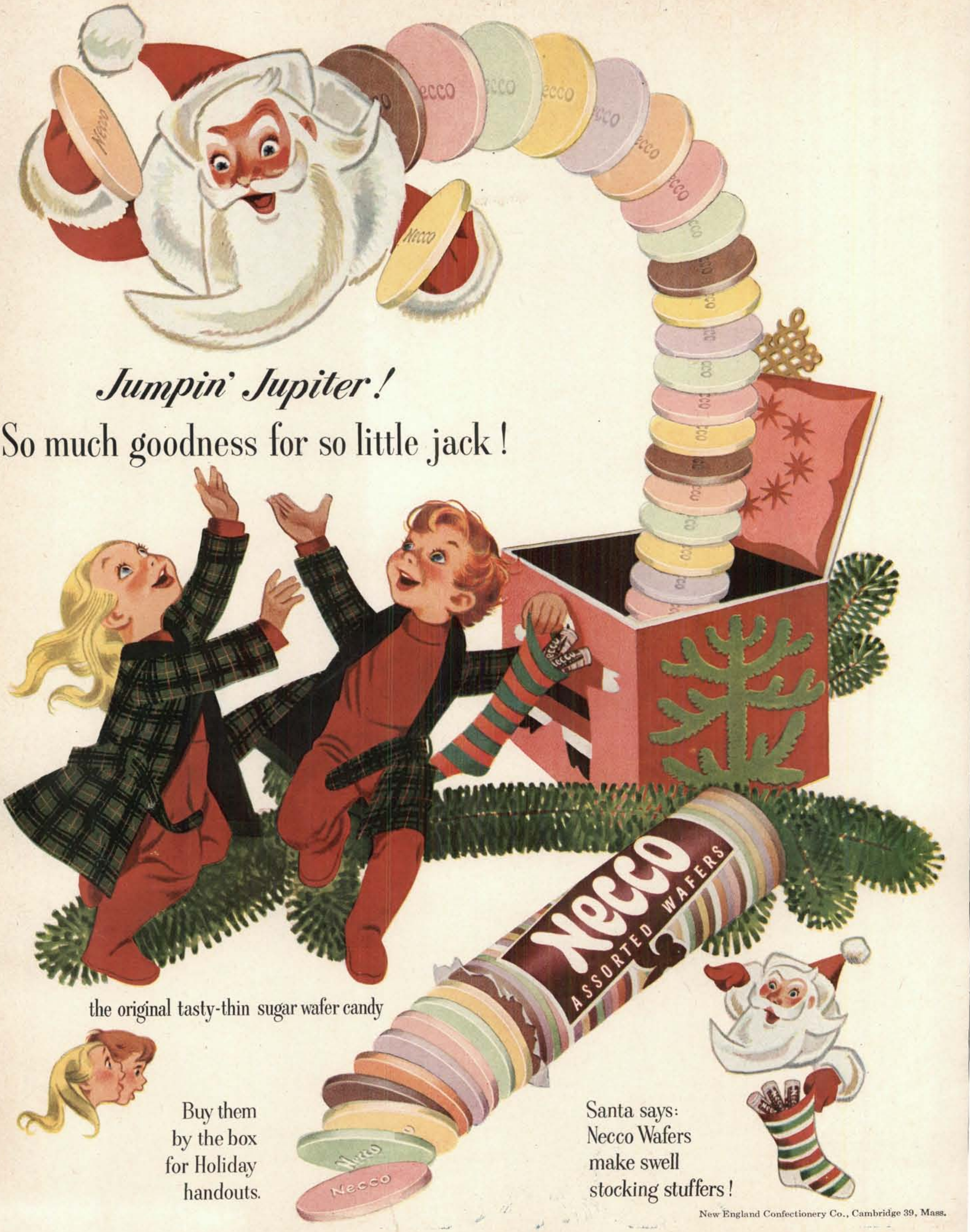

Jumpin' Jupiter!

So much goodness for so little jack!

the original tasty-thin sugar wafer candy

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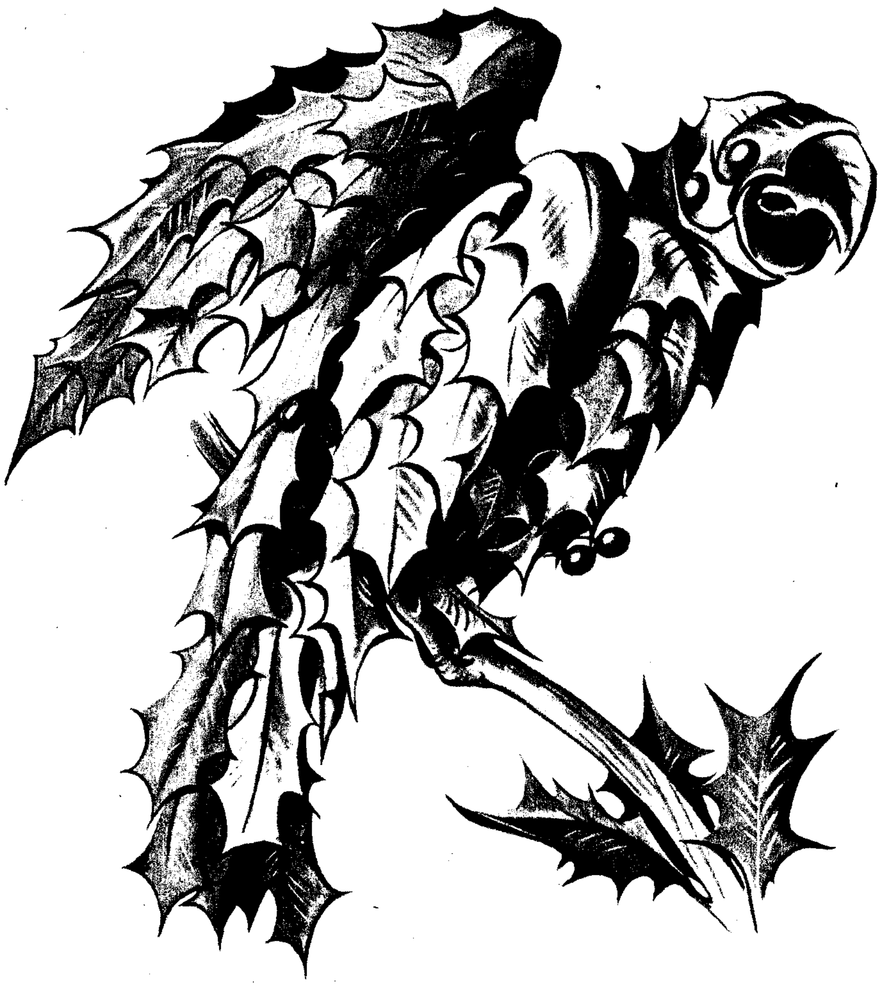
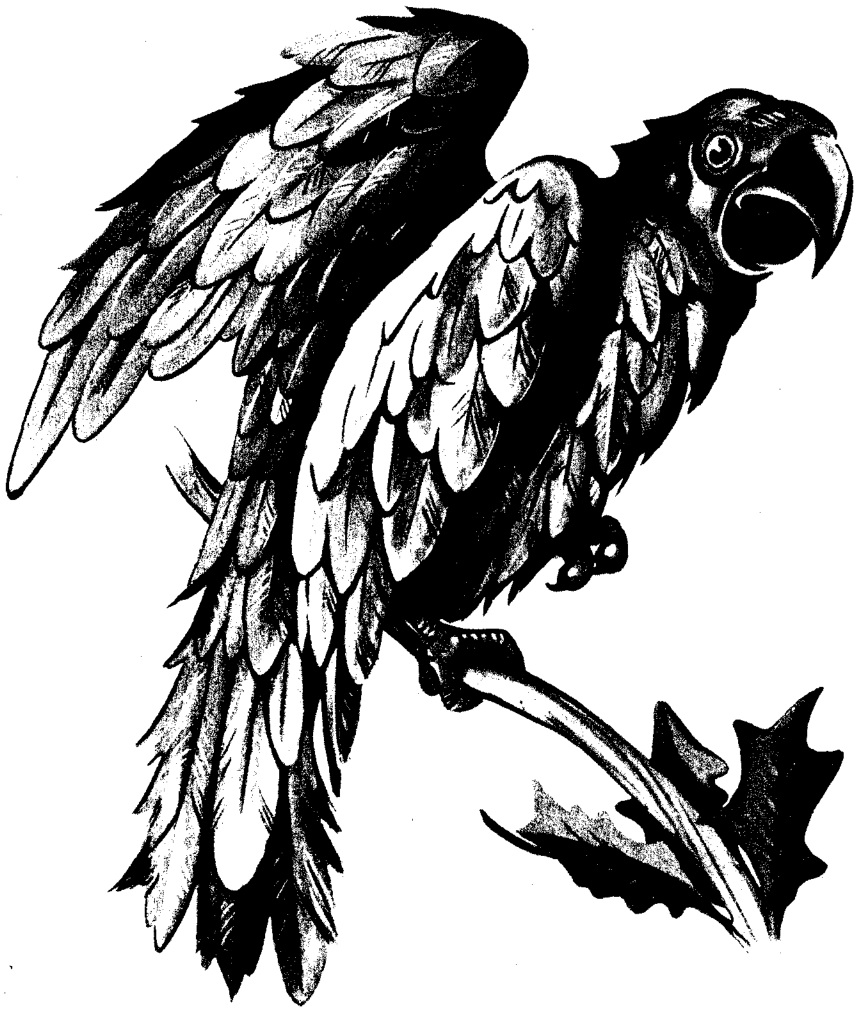
handouts.

Santa says:
Necco Wafers
make swell
stocking stuffers!

New England Confectionery Co., Cambridge 39, Mass.





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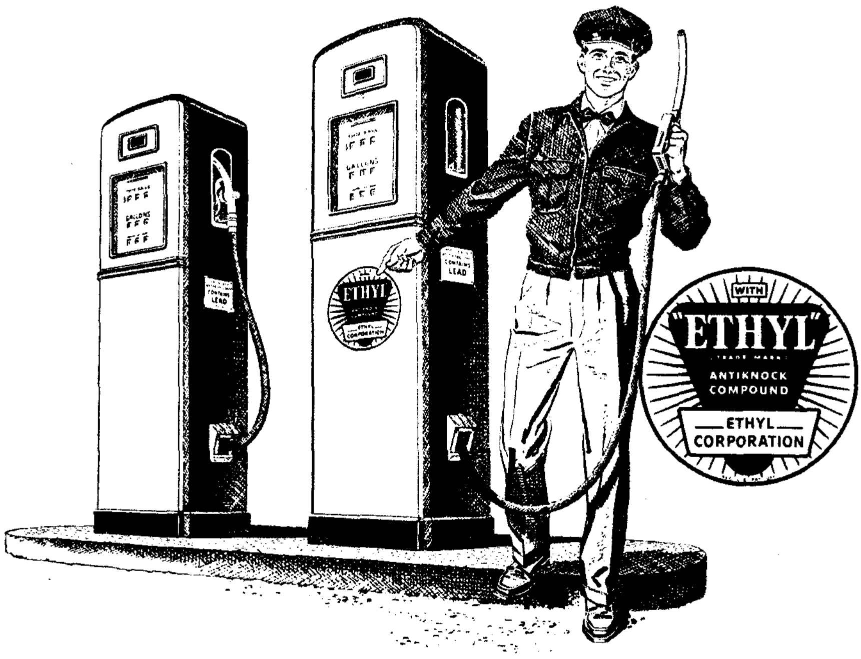
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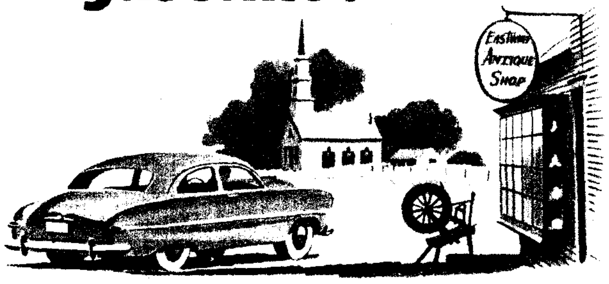
WITH
"ETHYL"
TRADE MARK
ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION

On a trip to the country


Antique Shop

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Picture OF THE MONTH

Our eyes are filled with stardust; our pulses pound a mad tattoo; we have just seen "Pandora".

Filmed on the Mediterranean coast of Spain, "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman" (to give this picture its full and proper title) is a torrential Technicolor spill of action and color, exoticism and emotion.

In the setting of bleached white sands and fierce blue surf pounding majestic cliffs, the Technicolor cameras have disclosed another Eden—and another Eve.

We mean of course, Ava Gardner. Following her triumph as Julie in "Showboat", her role as "Pandora" should certainly establish the alluring Gardner girl as the screen's new love goddess.

Living the pleasure-seeking life of the wealthy international set on the Spanish Riviera, she is haunted by a need for love—a love that can consume her, as her beauty consumes the men about her.

Into her life enter an intense young writer, a rashly brave racing driver, and the darkly handsome matador, Mario Cabré. Finally, there is romantically mysterious James Mason, who has moored his strange yacht offshore for a brief allotted time. Mason has been driven down the seas of the world on a fearful and wonderful quest . . . and then he meets "Pandora".

The destiny of these men, the dramatic events that unfold, are motivated by the desperate rivalry for Pandora's love. There is a wild beach party that ends in scandal, a racing car wrapped in flames as it speeds against time and disaster, the bullfight with its fateful ending and, finally, Pandora's moonlight swim to the mystery yacht to seek the love that she is destined for.

The motion picture as a wonderful weaver of dreams has never filled its function so brilliantly as in "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman". It will haunt your dreams for many a day.

* * *

M-G-M presents JAMES MASON and AVA GARDNER in "PANDORA AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN" in color by Technicolor with Nigel Patrick, Sheila Sim, Harold Warrender, Mario Cabré. Written and directed by Albert Lewin and produced by Albert Lewin and Joseph Kaufman (for Dorkay Productions, Inc.).

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December 15, 1951

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S The National Weekly Vol. 128, No. 24. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, Robert T. Messler, E. P. Seymour, A. A. Schechter, John W. McPherrin, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. Canada, 1 year $5.50. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other foreign countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

The story of Bill McColl, Stanford's twenty-one-year-old, 225-pound All-America end, makes it clear he's very much an all-American boy. As a high-school star, he drew many offers of subsidization from topflight colleges; but he turned them all down and, having won a four-year scholarship on a competitive basis, enrolled at Stanford, where he has been pulling down A-minus grades despite a rugged combination of grid and scholastic assignments. The son of a San Diego physician (there are 18 medicos in various branches of the McColl family), Bill intends to follow that profession and has no interest in the play-for-pay *gridiron*. This year the giant standout on the outstanding Indian squad is on the All-America for the second straight time.

Week's Mail

All-America's Origin

Editor: For many years, sports historians have been searching unsuccessfully for a copy of Walter Camp's original All-America football team published in 1889 in a magazine called The Week's Sport. Recently, Mrs. Janet Camp Troxell uncovered this long-sought magazine among her late father's letters.

There were no by-lines in The Week's Sport, but anyone who handled stacks of Camp's copy, as I did, would recognize his thinking and unmistakable choice of words. His first All-America article, most influential ever written in the sports field, begins with characteristic directness: "Taking the players on a rating based on their actual work in games, the All-America team would be composed of the following players . . ."

Inasmuch as Camp worked closely with editor Caspar Whitney of The Week's Sport, some question has arisen over which of the two originated the All-America idea. Shortly before his death in 1929, Whitney told Jim Young of Collier's: "Frankly, I do not remember, but if you're going to write about it, why not give the credit to Camp?" Personally, knowing that the birth of an idea in print requires two people—a smart editor and an authoritative writer—I would give abiding credit to them both.

Bob Collier brought Camp's All-America to Collier's in 1898. When Camp died in 1924, his All-America had become this nation's oldest sports tradition and was the forerunner of similar awards in other fields. Historically, Camp's All-America antedates the modern Olympics (1896), the Nobel prizes (1901), Who's Who (1899), the Pulitzer prizes (1917) and the motion-picture industry's "Oscars" (1927). So, Camp really started something with his first All-America 62 years ago.

Harford Powel, Boston, Mass.

Should He or Shouldn't He?

Editor: In regard to Leonard V. Finder's article Why Ike *Will* Run (Nov. 3d), I'd like to echo his sentiment, that Ike is our man. We *are* restless for a change for a middle-of-the-road policy and, most of all, for a person who doesn't ooze with the air of special interests, machine politics or language and behavior unbecoming a President of the United States of America.

However, if Taft and Truman are our choices in '52, I'll predict that Taft *won't* be elected for virtually the same reasons that we didn't elect Dewey. A lot of us voted for Truman with misgivings but, as Mr. Finder says, we'd vote for him again knowing the present limitations.

Bonnie Abernathy, Montebello, Cal.

. . . After reading Mr. Finder's article, I fail to understand why General Eisenhower

HOME... *on a 3 minute pass*

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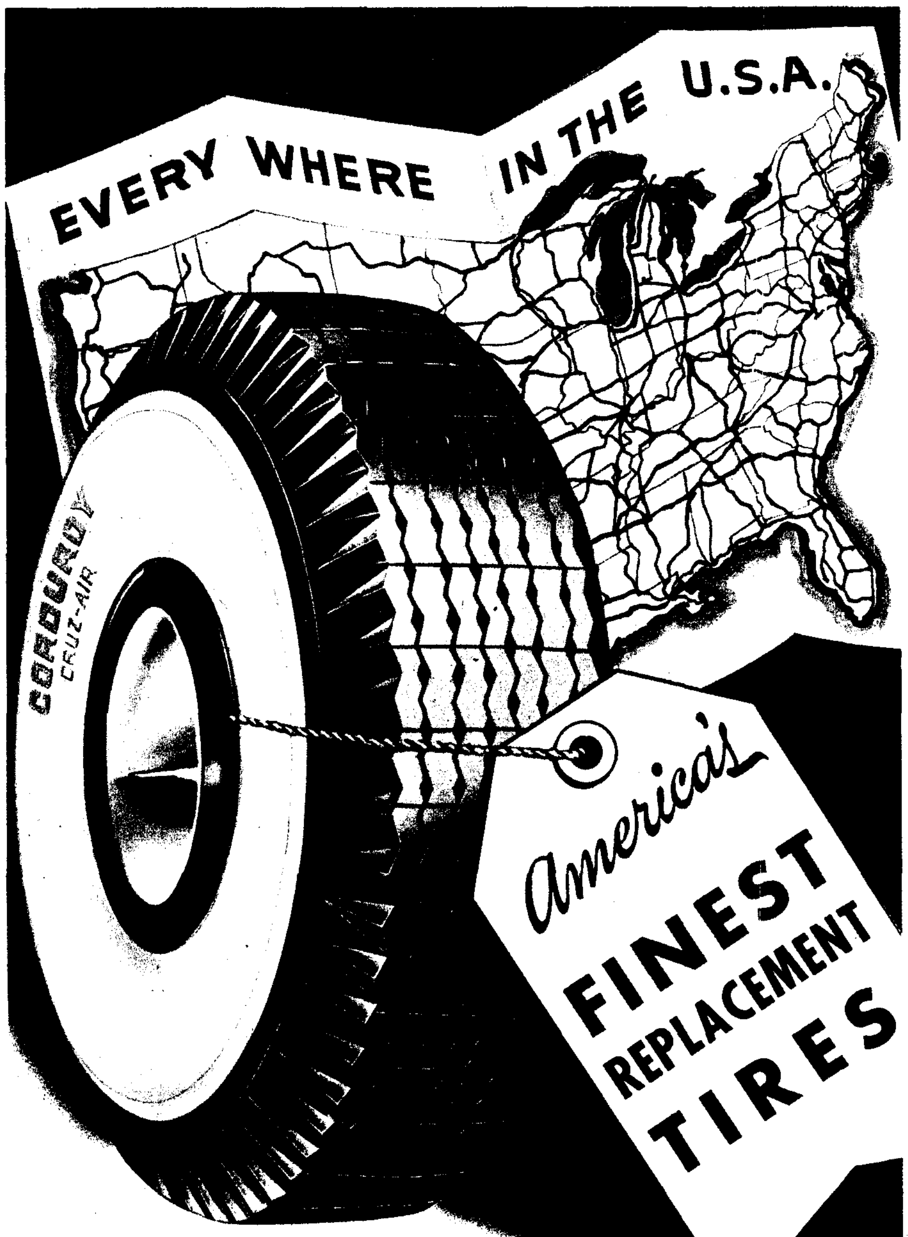

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Corduroy RUBBER COMPANY
GRAND RAPIDS 1, MICH.

"must be our next President," or why he should be nominated as the Republican candidate except for his glamor, sincerity and integrity. The last two qualities do not set him apart from other prospective candidates.

As to his being a middle-of-the-road candidate, to which road is reference made? The road to centralized government and ultimate Socialism down which the New and Fair Deals are leading us, or the road back, upon which the majority of Republicans and many Democrats hope to embark after 1952?

It cannot be the latter road because if it were, his election would displease rather than comfort those mentioned among his sponsors. It must perforce be the former road as that is the road from which the conservative elements in our country will gain no comfort.

ARTHUR L. MEPHAM, Rochester, N.Y.

. . . I believe our two-party system is likened to a marriage, where it takes both parties, working together, to make a success of it.

I believe Ike is the one to perform the ceremony and give his blessings.

What a fine example to the people of the world and the youth of today and tomorrow. ALICE VERNON ROBINSON, Manchester, N.Y.

Right Town, Wrong River

EDITOR: Please credit your Mr. Paul Marcus with the feat of the year—moving the "little town" of Janesville, Wisconsin, some 100-odd miles northwest from its regular location on the Rock River to the banks of the Wisconsin River. In his very interesting article, Busy River (Nov. 3d), he not only accomplishes this, but robs the fair city of Boscobel of its one claim to fame: the founding place of the Gideons (Bibles in hotel rooms).

To lift a quote from your more colorful ads, "I'm from Wisconsin, I ought to know!"

JOHN A. TORMEY, San Francisco, Cal.

Riposte

EDITOR: I am a loyal Collier's fan and, being a woman, I am taking the liberty of answering back to Mr. Bern Sharfman for his poem Saga of Femininity (Nov. 3d).

"They leave it for the male," you say;
With that I don't agree,
For if it wasn't for the male
There'd be no work, you see.

MRS. G. DOWE,
Morrisburg, Ontario, Canada

Keyed Up Prematurely?

EDITOR: The man playing the piano accordion on the cover of your November 3d issue stopped me dead.

Quote (Accordion Instruction Book, O. Pagini & Brs., 289 Bleecker Street, New York, N.Y.): To Pietro Deiro is due the perfection of the accordion as it is known today, for it was by his suggestion that it was fitted with a piano keyboard which led him to call the instrument the piano accordion.

The first instrument of the kind was made especially for him in accordance with his own design, and it was presented to the public for the first time by himself in the year of 1909 at the Washington Square Theater, San Francisco, California. Unquote.

This is a horse on you, brother.

HAROLD S. CHRISTENSEN,
Point Orchard, Wash.

Or is it? According to the Excelsior Accordion Company, New York, the instrument (which was invented in 1829) was made with a piano keyboard as long ago as 1886.

We Lack Spirits, He Says

EDITOR: I noticed your interesting article by Sey Chassler, Autumn in Apple Land (Nov. 3d).

I want to call your attention to an important omission in this article. In your list of uses for apples you forgot one of the very largest, if not the largest—namely, apple brandy and apple wine.

Apple brandy, as you may know, goes back to colonial days and we have the original books of our ancestors of 1780. In those days it was called "cider spirits." The apple wine is comparatively recent and since the war has grown from practically zero to approximately a million gallons per annum.

Why don't you fellows sometime do a job on Eastern apples?

J. E. LAIRD, Scobeyville, N.J.

Safety Suggestions

EDITOR: With interest, I have read the article by J. C. Furnas on the automobile death rate (Sudden Death for "Mr. Million," Nov. 3d).

We have had many editorials here in our paper along this line, but a member of the state police tells me that these articles are about as valuable in cutting down the death rate as sitting down in your car on the highway and tooting one's horn. In analyzing this he is not far wrong, but your article may have some influence in getting better laws and better enforcement.

I believe you could get this death rate down at least 5,000 next year by studying the high-death-rate states and the low-death-rate states, then publish why the difference. Name the states with the high death rate and ask the tourist to stay out of these states until the death rate is much lower.

In regard to your editorial on the back page, the same traffic officer tells me that this type of thing simply takes the mind of the public away from the true cause of the accident, which is a human element. For instance, West Virginia with its mountainous roads has a much lower death rate than many of the states with very good roads.

GEORGE B. LAWSON, M.D., Roanoke, Va.

. . . Sudden Death for "Mr. Million" is one of the finest pieces of writing that I have seen recently. I hope that some steps will be taken to duplicate this article for widespread distribution.

Collier's is to be congratulated on articles of this type on such a timely subject.

HERBERT J. STACK,
Director, New York University Center for
Safety Education, New York, N.Y.

Delayed in Transit?

EDITOR: I certainly enjoyed your splendid coverage of the McKinley inauguration in the issue of March 16, 1901.

Keep up the good work—and I hope your coverage of the 1953 Republican inauguration will be just as good!

J. C. COLBERT, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Just goes to show you that great literature is deathless.

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—some things that go on in the sale of HEARING AIDS
THIS BOOK MAY BE WORTH $100.00 OR MORE TO YOU!

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Look only to your Doctor for advice on your ears and hearing.

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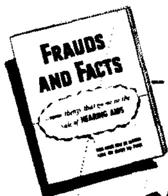

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$100.00
OR MORE TO YOU

Zenith Radio Corporation, Hearing Aid Division, Dept. 1236
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Gentlemen: Please send me your free 24-page book that tells the whole truth about hearing aids, true and false claims, and how to buy correctly. I understand it will arrive in plain wrapper and in no way obligates me.

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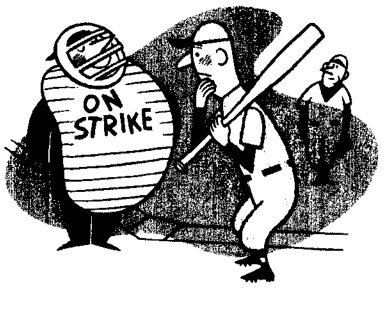
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

This is to warn our friend Ford Frick, baseball's new commissioner, to get all the rest he can this winter because Mr. Albert (Stitch) McAll, of San Francisco, is talking up an umpire strike. Mr. McAll describes himself as a free-lance baseball umpire who has, he says, "been shot, stabbed, clubbed and otherwise objected to in forty-seven towns and cities without once changing a decision." Mr. McAll wants a 50 per cent increase in umpire pay. Under his plan, umpires will report as usual at all games but refuse to call balls and strikes or, in fact, make any decisions at all until their wage demands are granted. This, he assures us, will create great confusion—particularly in the ranks of the managers, who will find it considerable of a vice-versa experience to be picketed.



* * *

Postcript to a letter written by an American citizen to his regional Bureau of Internal Revenue: "Please see that as much as convenient of the enclosed check gets to the United States Treasury."

* * *

After giving the wrong answers to many questions for many years, a friend of ours finally bought himself a hearing aid and dropped in to tell us about it. It's a small, handsomely designed gadget, packed with electronics and supersensitive pickups. He had been wearing it, slipped into his shirt pocket, only a week and was still looking a trifle astonished. When he called, we were poring over a treatise on atomic artillery, but laid it aside when he insisted that we give our attention to something "much more constructive." He tells us that for the first few days he was returning salutations to people "away down the block" who weren't talking to him at all. Crossing streets, he went on, he found himself dodging cars that were hooting an intersection away. And the things he now hears women whispering to one another bring blushes to his cheek. Told us, too, that he hadn't yet dared to throw the contraption wide open lest he hear what people are thinking. Another triumph, he says, is that with a flick of the switch he can shut out bores and other undesirable noises. And he had no trouble at all hearing us because, in his enthusiasm for the bright new world his new contraption had ushered him into, he did all the talking, limiting our part in the conversation to a few nods. Just before he left, he looked at his watch and shouted, "Twelve minutes after two," to a party three offices away who had asked his secretary to tell him what time it was.

* * *

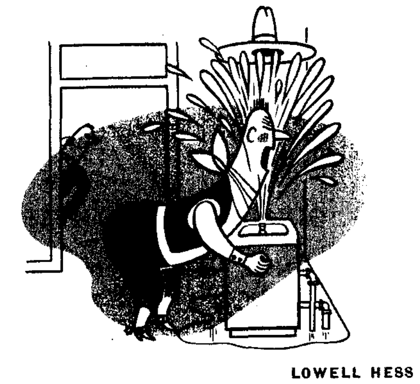
All that Mr. Regis Cunningham wanted was a cup of coffee and maybe a wedge of pie to wash it down. So he parked his car in front of Ella's Tea Room in Marshalltown, Iowa, and entered. Mr. Cunningham reports that he was just about to quaff (his word, not ours) a saucerful of Java when a good-looking lady swooped down upon him and kissed him. Sternly, but with as much dignity as a guy can muster with a lapful of coffee, he remonstrated with the lady and asked for the proprietor, that he might make a complaint. The lady kissed him again, amid generous applause from the other diners, and announced that she was the proprietor, that her name was Mrs. Ella Kurth, that since 1945 she had, up to that moment, kissed 10,002 male customers, that she was fifty-eight years old and a widow, and that if Mr. Cunningham didn't cheer up she'd kiss him again. Without further kissing, Mr. Cunningham drank a couple more coffees and made inquiries resulting in his report to Old Forty-eight. Good food and kisses have built a small hamburger stand into a smackeroo of a business for Ella Kurth. To keep a customer, kiss him, says Ella. As Mr. Cunningham departed after four coffees and three pies, a stranger accompanied by a lady entered. Mrs. Kurth swooped down on the man, gave him a powerful kiss, asked his name, paid no attention to the lady—who was gasping, "Well, I never"—and told the new gent that he was number 10,003 on her kissing list.

* * *

And while we're on the subject of food, we may as well answer Mr. Ned Anderton, of Cleveland, Ohio, who merely asks: "What city in America serves the best food?" All we can do is set down which cities, in our opinion, based on table experience, are the best eating towns. Here, then, are our nominations: 1. San Francisco, 2. New York, 3. Philadelphia, 4. New Orleans, 5. Boston, 6. Denver, 7. Dallas, 8. Miami, 9. Hollywood and 10. Baltimore.

* * *

If you're thinking of moving to Cottagegrove, Tennessee, it might be well to know that if you take your horse with you, it will cost you 25 cents a month to give the critter a drink of water. Same for your cow or mule . . . Sign on a Los Angeles laundry truck: "Soiled linen is not becoming to you. Should be coming to us." . . . New, powerful drinking fountains have been installed in the courthouse at Hamilton, Texas. Biggest one is known as Old Faceful.

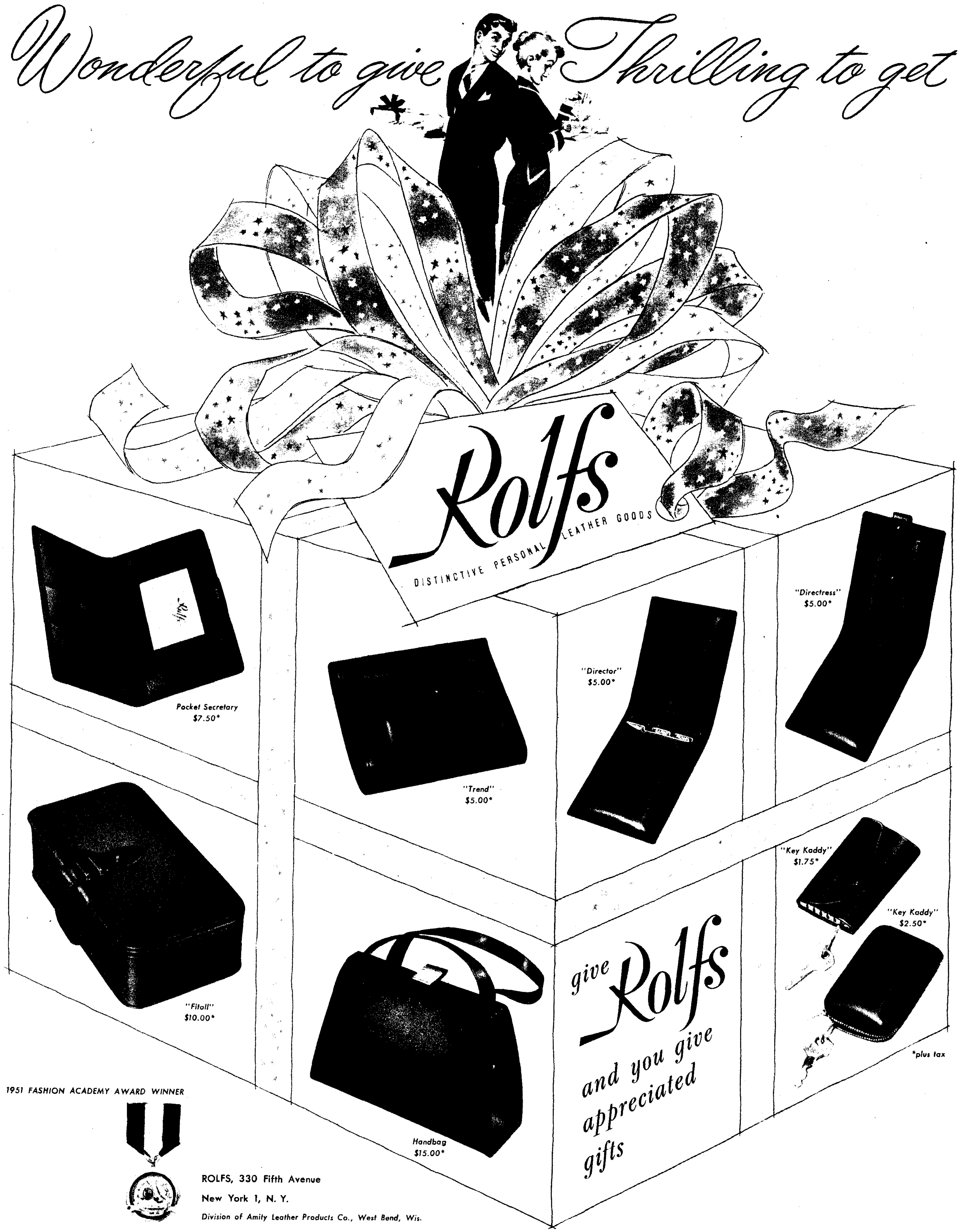


LOWELL HESS

* * *

White House Secretary Bill Hassett, elderly but expert writer of air-conditioned, noninflammable letters for Presidents Roosevelt and Truman (Collier's for October 20th) belongs to Washington's staid and ultraexclusive Cosmos Club, many

(Continued on page 68)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1951 FASHION ACADEMY AWARD WINNER

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TAKE THE GUESSWORK OUT OF GIVING

Someone in your household been hinting for a portable typewriter? Then give them the new Remington Quiet-riter and watch this happy-hearted scene unfold around *your* Christmas tree.

The soft gray velour finish of Quiet-riter marks it as the most distinctive portable made. The easy touch . . . light, smooth typing action . . . beautiful printwork . . . prove it to be the finest portable typewriter you could give.

You'll thrill, too—the minute you see Quiet-riter at your dealer's. And you'll be amazed by such exclusive Remington features as: Amazing Miracle Tab • the Patented Simplified Ribbon Changer • the standard Office Typewriter Keyboard with Finger-fitted, Finger-speed Keys • the Larger Size Paper Cylinder.

These are only a few of the 37 practical typing features that make Remington Quiet-riter the *complete* typewriter . . . the only portable just the right size for fastest, best typing performance. See it . . . order it today at your dealer's!

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Deluxe carrying case and FREE Touch Method Typing Instructions included. Dealer can arrange convenient payments.

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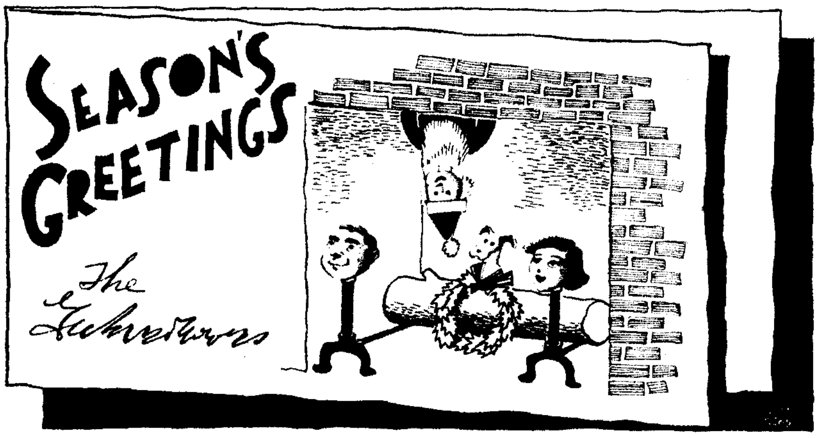

CARL ROSE

Thanks for Your Card

By WILLIS PLAYER

WHEN I came home the other night, I found my wife stuffing our daughter feet first up the fireplace chimney. Convinced that marriage had finally pushed my best beloved off her rocker, I seized the nearest weapon—a ballpoint pen, as it happened—and prepared to subdue her.

"Unhand my child!" I shouted, waving the pen menacingly. "Unhand that child or I'll smear your neck with ink!"

"Don't be sill, Daddy," advised my daughter, flicking her long golden hair into the ashes. "Mother's just posing me for this year's Christmas card."

Thus reassured, I helped my wife shove our progeny farther up the chimney. Under her dangling head we placed our dog—an Irish staghound—sewn into a Santa Claus sack. On the broad expanse of the sack we pasted a picture of my mother-in-law, a dear old thing who once served as a battering ram in the army of Alexander the Great.

And I'll thank any readers to lay off stealing the idea. The competition is stiff enough already. Take the card we received from our good friends the Murgatroyds, last year. It was a photograph of the three little Murgatroyds piled like logs in the fireplace. The caption was: Children Warm a Family's Hearth.

At the other, or colder, extreme was the Twitchems' card, also a photograph. Four bewildered minors, wearing reindeer antlers and tails, struggled to drag a heavily laden sled through a driving blizzard. Atop the sleigh, whip in hand, reposed Papa, comfortably dressed as Saint Nick. This card subsequently fell into the hands of a Russian agent and showed up in Pravda as evidence of the lack of heavy transport in the U.S.

Though it may sometimes seem that way, not all Christmas cards are designed to provoke the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children into court action. Some sport signatures of a magnificent illegibility designed to provoke the recipients into family arguments.

"Who are the Wmkarjnlqtts?" my wife demanded suddenly last Christmas Eve as she was gloating in miserly fashion over the Christmas cards we had received (we had a good season, incidentally—got three more cards than we sent out).

"I dunno," I said. "Probably some people you met at the P.T.A."

"I certainly don't know anybody by the name Wmkarjnlqtt," she snapped. "Furthermore, it's a woman's handwriting and it looks as though the first name is Glad. Who is Glad Wmkarjnlqtt and what is she to you? Is she some woman you met in San Francisco last month?"

"Look," I protested, "I don't know any Glad Wmkarjnlqtt. And if I'd met any woman on the Coast, she wouldn't be sending Christmas cards here, would she?"

"So!" said my wife. "Where would she be sending them?"

After a small tussle which knocked over the coffee table, I gained possession of the offending greeting.

"Why," I said, "this signature isn't Wmkarjnlqtt at all. It's Vnlomknpff. And"—I paused—"the first name is Gordy. Just who, may I ask, is Gordy Vnlomknpff?"

It isn't necessary to make your signature indecipherable in order to send a husband and wife into frantic conference. Some people just sign Christmas cards with their first names. Equally good results are obtained from signing just the last name. Our haul last year included two cards signed "The Johnsons" and one card signed "The Smiths." Since we sent cards to three sets of Johnsons and four sets of Smiths, we don't know whom to cut from our list in retaliation this year.

In recent years, a new type of Christmas card has appeared—the spectacular. The spectacular arrives, deceptively, in a simple envelope. Upon being extracted and unfolded, however, it generally turns into a three-dimensional object of unknown purpose.

Not all of the spectaculars are wholly baffling. Calendars, for example, are always identifiable, though they are usually just too large for the wallet and just too small for the wall. And last year, we received a spectacular that unfolded into a full-sized Christmas tree—cardboard, of course.

At that, we were luckier than the Murgatroyds. They received a card which popped out into a life-sized replica of Santa Claus. It was designed for conversion into a kayak for use after the Christmas season.

I don't believe in going into competition in this matter of Christmas cards. Very bad taste. But this business of spectaculars has just given me an idea.

We'll start with the fireplace scene we're using this year, see? And you'll think we're just using the same old gag, see? But when you put the card in the center of your mantelpiece—which is where I assume you always put our card—it'll suddenly pop out into a full-sized replica of our house, see? Since we have a seven-room house, you may have a few minor renovation bills if yours is any smaller.

And while we're going to sign just our initials, you'll at least know somebody's thinking of you. THE END

A
B
C
SWANK
SK
SK
SK
D
F
G
E
Men prefer
SWANK
G.K.

Christmas! What a Set-up!

You're sure to come out on top, when you give him something by SWANK. Choose his gift from this choice array—in a wide range of styles and patterns to please any masculine taste. Attractively gift-packaged.

SWANK *on jewelry, belts and wallets means QUALITY*

A—*Sport Golf Set: $3.50*
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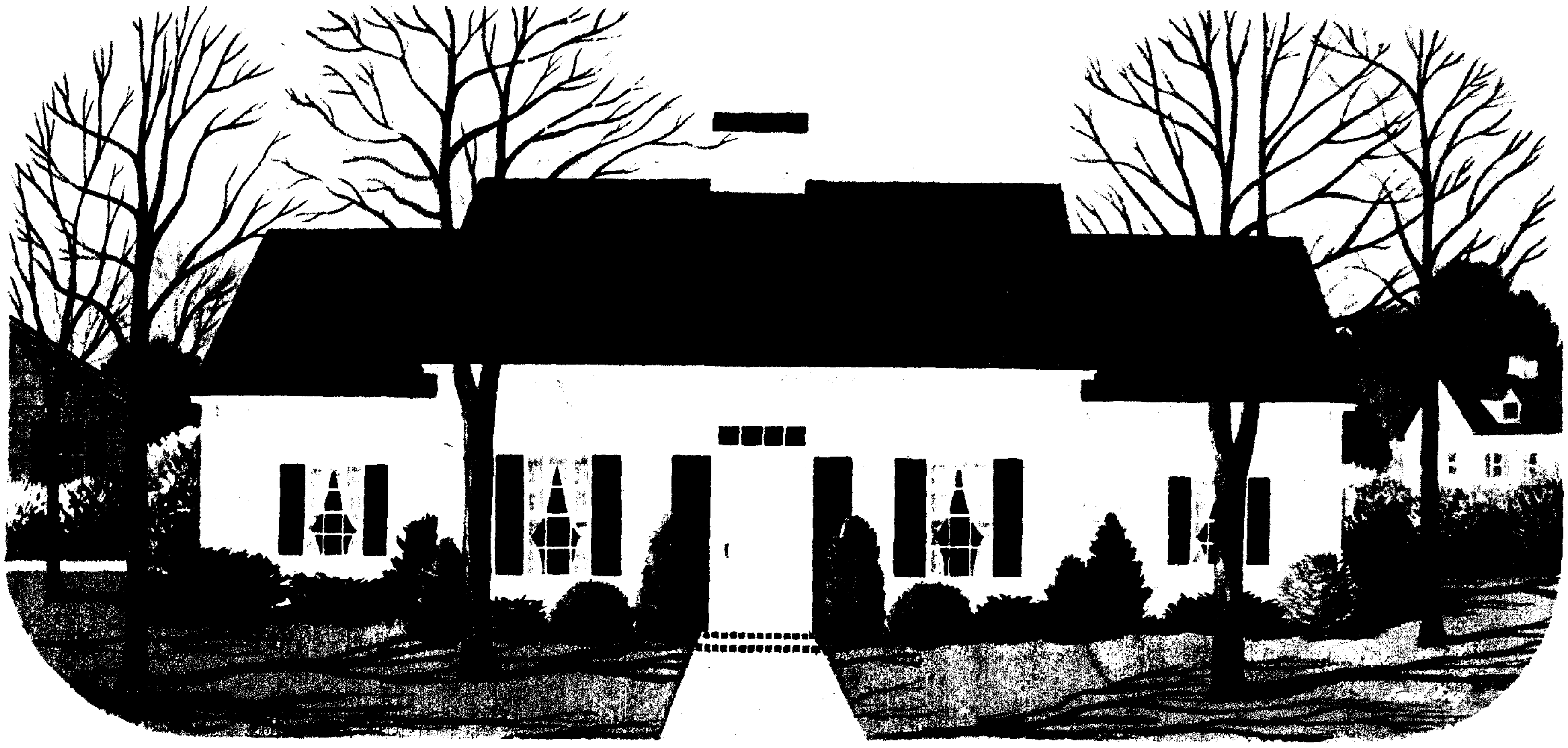
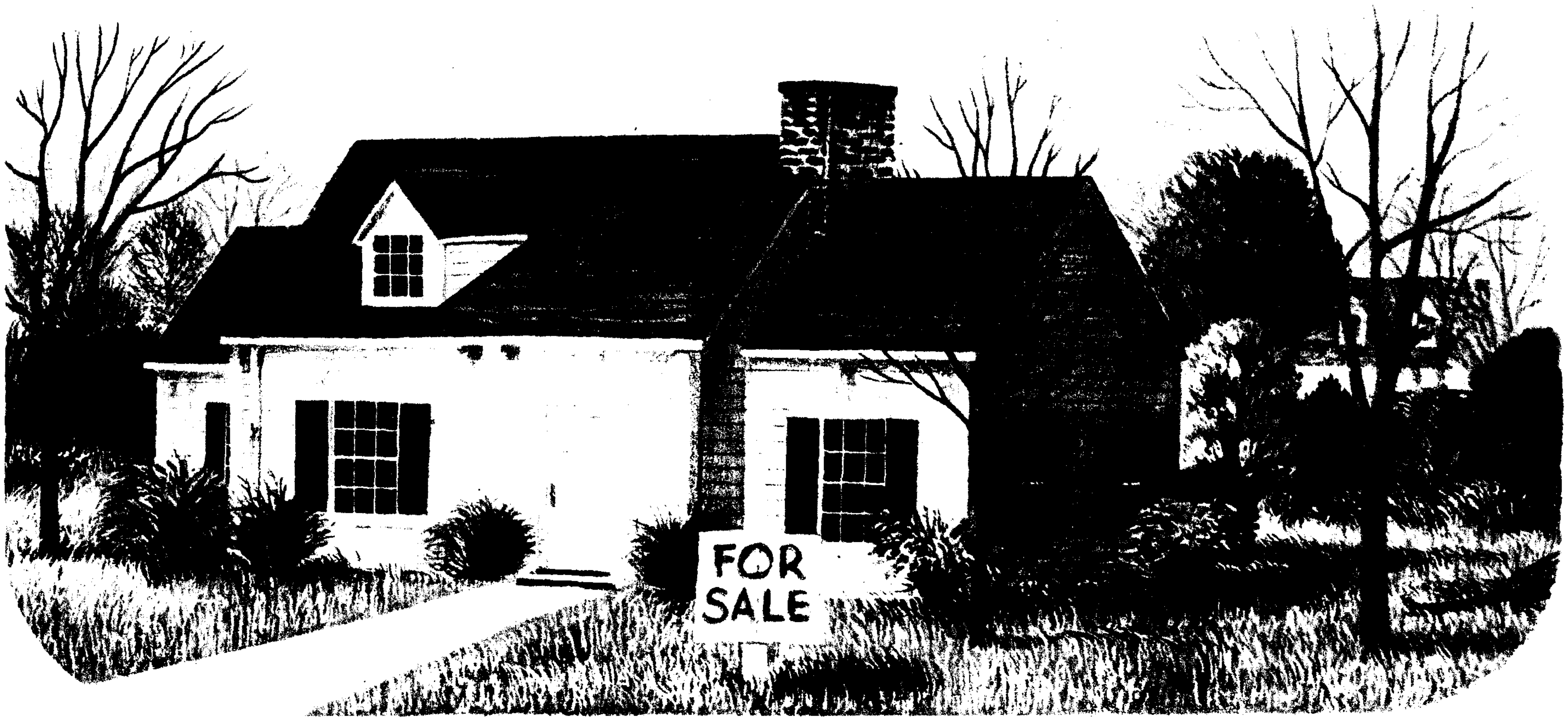
C—*Open Knot Jewelry Set (White Metal): $5.00*
D—*Boston Chain Set: $5.95*
E—*Domed, Open Chain Jewelry Set: $5.00*
F—*Alligator-Grain Leather Jewelry Set: $3.50*
G—*Open Knot Jewelry Set: $3.50*
H—*Duogram Initial Jewelry Set: $4.95*

Prices subject to Federal Tax

SWANK—® Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.



"The Widow Brown's House"



"The Widow Jones' House"

THE difference between these two houses is Life insurance.

Brown carried enough Life insurance. Jones didn't.

Someday, *your* widow and *her* house may depend on the amount of *your* Life insurance.

Call in your Travelers agent, or broker, now and make sure you have *enough*.

MORAL: INSURE IN *The Travelers*

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford 15, Connecticut. Serving the insuring public in the United States since 1864 and in Canada since 1865.

The 62d ALL-AMERICA

End	BILL HOWTON	Rice	Plainview, Tex.
End	BILL McCOLL	Stanford	San Diego, Cal.
Tackle	JIM WEATHERALL	Oklahoma	White Deer, Tex.
Tackle	DON COLEMAN	Michigan State	Flint, Mich.
Guard	BOB WARD	Maryland	Elizabeth, N.J.
Guard	RAY BECK	Georgia Tech	Cedartown, Ga.
Center	DICK HIGHTOWER	Southern Methodist	Tyler, Tex.
Quarterback	HANK LAURICELLA	Tennessee	New Orleans, La.
Halfback	DICK KAZMAIER	Princeton	Maumee, O.
Halfback	JOHNNY KARRAS	Illinois	Argo, Ill.
Fullback	FRANK GIFFORD	Southern Cal	Bakersfield, Cal.

Selected by The American Football Coaches Association

By BILL FAY

HALFBACK Dick Kazmaier controlled the football on 43 of the 56 offensive plays Princeton used to crush Cornell, 53 to 15, in the big Eastern game of the 1951 college season. Kazmaier completed 15 of 17 passes for 236 yards and three touchdowns; he carried the ball 18 times for 124 yards and two touchdowns; and he set up eight dazzling reverses with deceptive hand-offs to other Princeton backs while faking a pass or run.

Over all, the slender, 171-pound Kazmaier outgained previously unbeaten Cornell in total yardage, 360 to 210. This almost perfect performance was the most devastating one-man offensive show since Red Grange of Illinois routed Michigan, 39 to 14, in a pressure-packed battle for first place in the Western Conference way back in 1924.

In that historic meeting, which marked the dedication of Illinois Memorial Stadium, Grange stunned the Wolverines on the opening kickoff with a 95-yard touchdown return, then followed up with three long scoring runs from scrimmage to provide his teammates with a staggering 27-0 lead *in the first 10 minutes*. Later, Red ran and passed for Illinois' fifth and sixth touchdowns.

Until Kazmaier steam-rollered Cornell, Grange's rampage against Michigan was accepted as the greatest individual display in the 62-year history of Collier's All-America elevens. Now, critics are wondering whether even the 1924 Grange surpassed the 1951 Kazmaier.

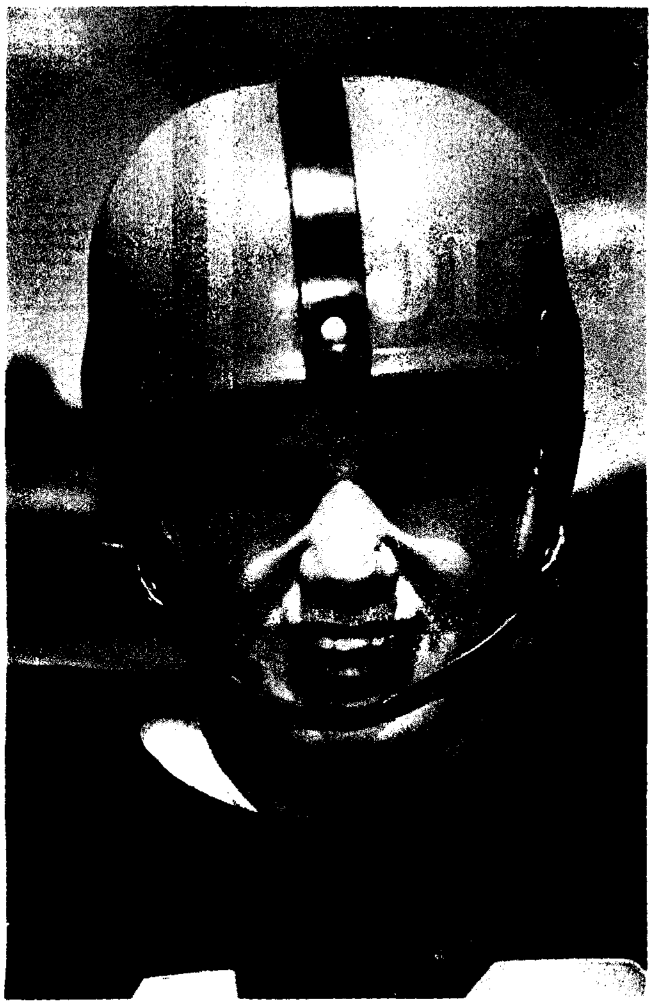
It's a question that can't be answered conclusively, because Grange antedated the practice of filming games for coaching studies. Consequently, Red's explosive start and tantalizing change-of-pace now exist only in the fading memories of veteran fans who watched him bewilder tacklers more than a quarter of a century ago.

But thanks to the motion-picture camera, Kazmaier's five-touchdown blitz against Cornell will never fade to a nostalgic blur. Instead, the brilliant work of Kazmaier and the 10 other great players in Collier's 62d All-America line-up listed on these pages will be preserved in slow-motion film for future generations of grid enthusiasts.

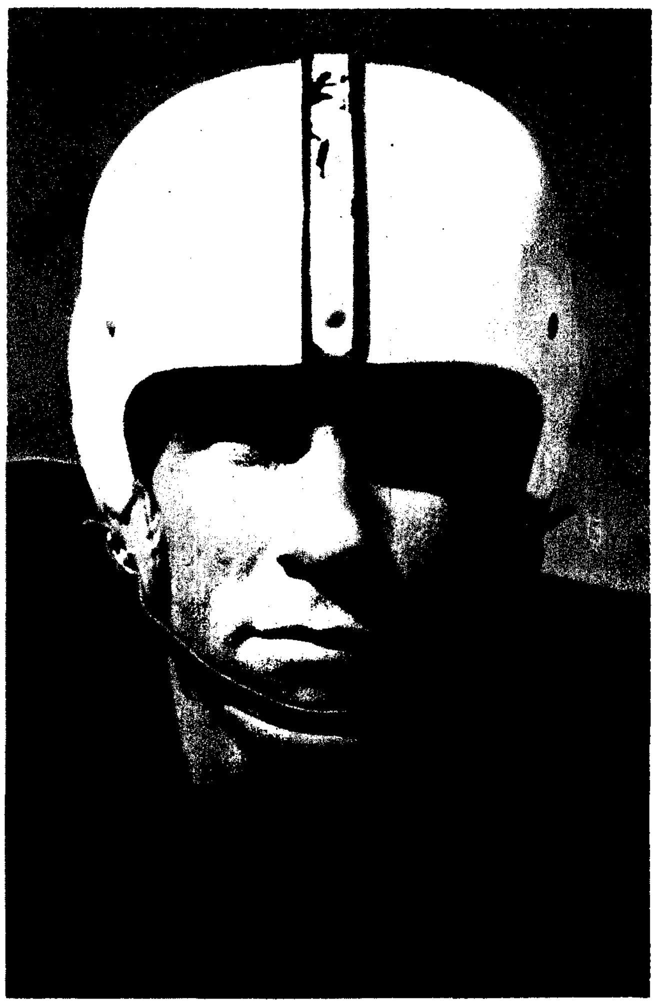
Starting this year, the evidence on which Collier's selections are based—actual coaching films documenting the ability of each All-America star in key games—will be presented annually to the National Football Hall of Fame now being established at Rutgers University, site of the first intercollegiate game in 1869. This yearly award, to be prepared by Collier's in co-operation with The American Football Coaches Association, will be supplemented by a collection of All-America movie high lights dating back to the late 1920s.

Harvey Harman, head coach of Rutgers and chairman of the coaches' historical films committee, reports: "Colleges all over the country are co-operating enthusiastically by making available to the Hall of Fame copy negatives of their game movies featuring former All-Americans. The oldest film strip uncovered to date shows Johnny Baker of Southern California kicking the field goal which snapped Notre Dame's 26-game undefeated streak in 1931. But within a few months, we expect to collect enough film for a documentary covering the exciting All-America action of the last quarter century—a Hall of Fame feature which should be of tremendous interest to fans and coaches alike."

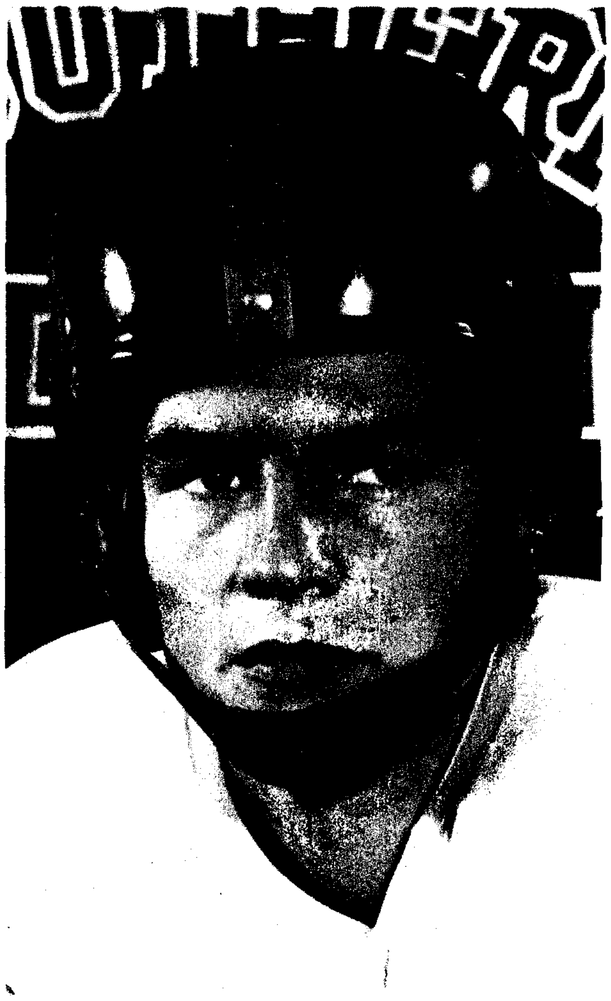
Judging from the comments of the nation's top coaches who picked the 62d All-America, the great players of 1951 will compare favorably with Collier's stars of yesteryear—the Carideos and the Baughs and the Nagurskis—destined for Hall of Fame recognition. During the past season, more than 275 members of The American Football Coaches Association reported to Collier's on the week-by-week progress of leading All-America candidates. These exclusive reports, containing



JOHNNY KARRAS
Illinois



BOB WARD
Maryland

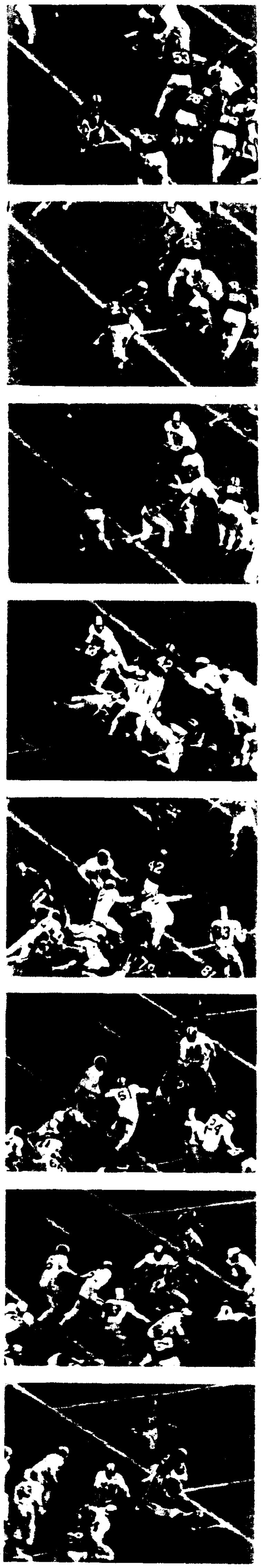


FRANK GIFFORD
Southern California

BILL HOWTON (No. 84)
Rice

JIM WEATHERALL
Oklahoma

An All-American in Action: **Collier's camera shows Princeton's sensational Dick Kazmaier fake a hand-off to Dick Pivirotto (No. 21) and then snake his way through the line for a touchdown in his great one-man show against Cornell. This is the type of game-action film Collier's board of coaches studied to determine which All-America candidates would make this year's official team**



the coaches' analyses of game movies plus confidential scouting information, produced the five regional All-Star teams announced in last week's issue—All-East, All-Midwest, All-South, All-Southwest and All-Far West.

Each report was checked and evaluated by Collier's board of famous coaches, including Lloyd Jordan of Harvard, president of the coaches' association; Frank Leahy of Notre Dame; Carl Snavely, North Carolina; Lynn Waldorf, California; Tuss McLaughry, Dartmouth; Lou Little, Columbia; Henry Frnka, Tulane; Dutch Meyer, Texas Christian; Ray Eliot, Illinois; and Bud Wilkinson of Oklahoma. Then, after comparing the film records of each of the 55 regional stars, Collier's board selected the 11 outstanding players for the 62d All-America line-up.

Continuing the practice of spotlighting All-America specialists inaugurated last year, Collier's board also picked the nation's best players in the following categories: defensive linemen, line-backers, defensive backs, offensive linemen, offensive backs, pass receivers and passers. This roster of All-America Specialists—including punt, point-after-touchdown and kickoff experts—is listed on page 74.

That's how Collier's board rated the top players. Now, let's take a close-up look at the 62d All-America line-up, starting with the big backfield surprise of the 1951 season—Southern California's Frank Gifford.

During the 1949 and '50 campaigns, Gifford (six feet one inch and 194 pounds) labored anonymously as a defensive halfback and third-string T-formation quarterback. But this fall, when new head coach Jess Hill converted Southern Cal's offense to single-wing power, Gifford's triple-threat talents blossomed spectacularly. His slashing runs and clutch passes spearheaded the three-touchdown rally which ended California's recent domination of West Coast football.

Commenting on Gifford's tremendous performance against California, Coach Hill said: "Frank ran 69 yards for our first touchdown, added the extra point, then trotted back upfield and kicked off into the end zone. He made a great on-the-run pass for our second touchdown and dived two yards for the vital first down in our decisive third-touchdown march. What's more, he kept Cal in the hole with two punts that angled out of bounds inside the eight-yard line."

Gifford also quick-kicked sensationally and produced field goals at the most opportune moments. His 13-yard place kick whipped Oregon State, 16 to 14, and a similar 24-yard effort was responsible for Southern Cal's 24-21 edge over Washington State which widened into a 31-21 decision.

Collier's board placed the rugged and versatile Gifford—a single-wing tailback—at fullback in the All-America line-up by a slender margin over jet-starting Ollie Matson of the University of San Francisco. The preseason fullback favorites—Johnny Olszewski of California and Bob Smith of the Texas Aggies—were hampered by injuries and never quite matched their 1950 performances.

In contrast to Gifford's spectacular rise, there was nothing the least bit unexpected about the West Coast's other All-America selection—end Bill McColl of Stanford. Smart and rugged, McColl (six feet four, 225 pounds) maintains an A-minus premedical classroom rating. He averages 45 minutes per game, specializes in grabbing passes from his offensive end post, and also turns in a crunchingly effective job as a defensive end, tackle, line-backer or safety man.

Offensively, McColl also picks up valuable yardage as a ball carrier on end-around maneuvers which occasionally develop into long passes. He once fired a touchdown toss 70 yards *in the air* against the University of Hawaii and holds the Stanford record for throwing a football (214 feet, three inches). No wonder West Coast coaches rate him the Pacific Coast's greatest player since Ernie Nevers.

Bill Howton of Rice (six feet two, 180 pounds), who shares the 1951 All-America end assignments with McColl, inherited the No. 84 jersey which former teammate Jim (Froggy) Williams wore with All-America distinction two years ago. After Howton grabbed three touchdown passes to upset Southern Methodist (the week after SMU upset Notre Dame), coach Rusty Russell of the beaten Mustangs commented: "I don't think even Williams ever hurt us as much as that Howton kid."

Howton was known among jittery Southwest defensive backs as a great head-and-shoulders faker. In a postgame report to the coaches, an Arkansas player wrote: "He'd jigger around until he got you going the wrong way, then he'd take off and leave you. He's tremendously fast on the getaway."

Defensively, Howton was a clawing, scrambling performer who always managed to stay on the outside of the play. Bill also was adept at dropping off the Rice front line to defend the flat zone in pass situations.

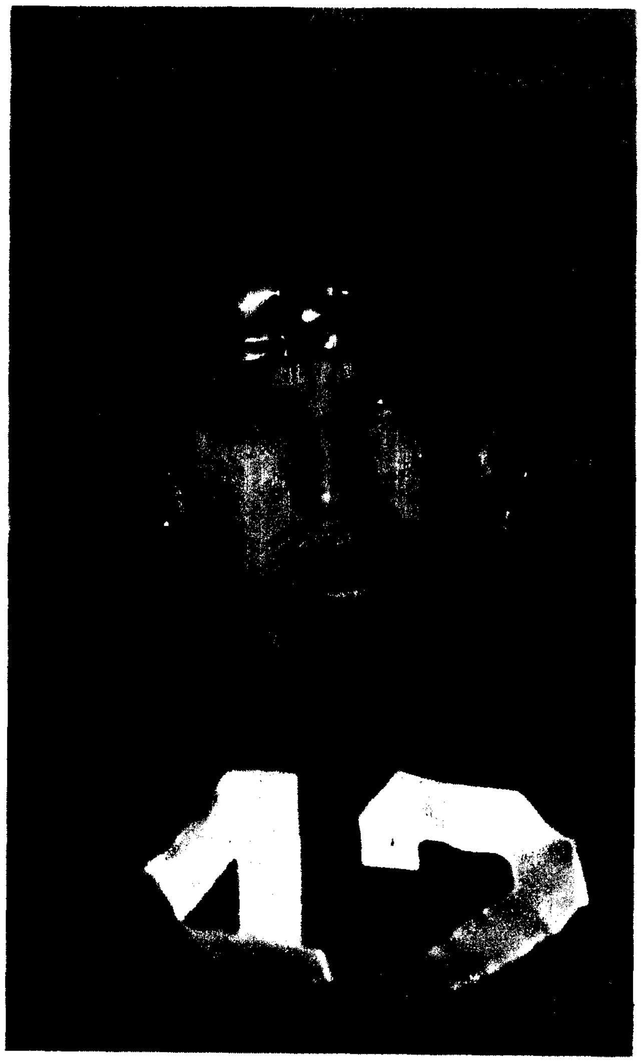
He never asked for relief and seldom got any. "I had a lazy man's job anyway," Bill contends. "An end ought to be able to play 60 minutes easier than any other man on the line. On defense, especially, he sort of camps out there, a step across the scrimmage line, and if the play isn't coming his way, he can relax a little."

But regardless of Howton's own estimate of the demands of his position, take the word of his coach, Jess Neely, nobody ever caught Bill relaxing.

The All-America tackles are Jim Weatherall of Oklahoma (six feet four, 230 pounds) and Don Coleman of Michigan State, both of them versatile enough to play offense and defense against any opposition. Weatherall shares with Stanford's McColl the distinction of being a holdover from the 1950 All-America.

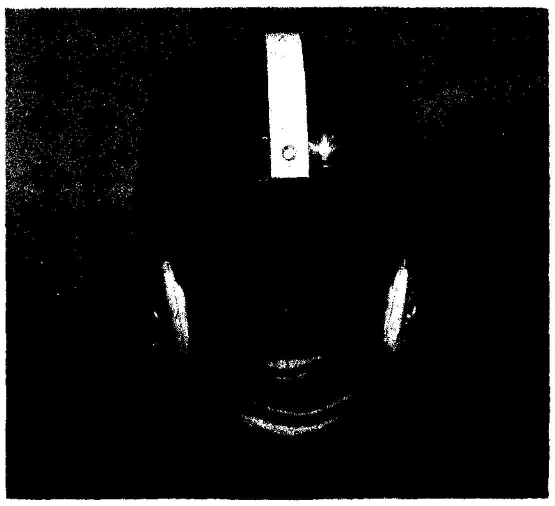
"Weatherall," testifies Oklahoma coach Bud Wilkinson, "continually made the clutch play for us. Against Texas, for example, we trailed 9-0 and Texas had a second down coming up on our three-yard line. In that desperate situation, Weatherall overpowered the right side of the Texas line, then broke through and tackled the Texas quarterback for a four-yard loss. We finally stopped them on the six and moved 94 yards for a touchdown, mostly behind Weatherall's blocking. We lost that game, 9 to 7, but Jim's great play saved us from a 16 to 0 situation which might have turned into a rout."

Not since Bert Metzger, the incomparable 150-pound



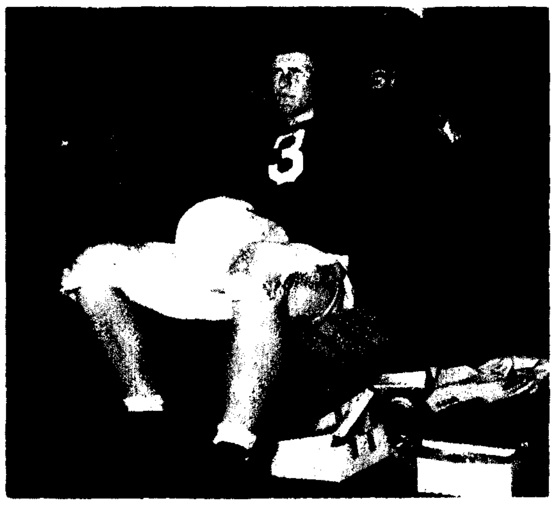
DICK KAZMAIER

Princeton



DON COLEMAN

Michigan State



BILL McCOLL

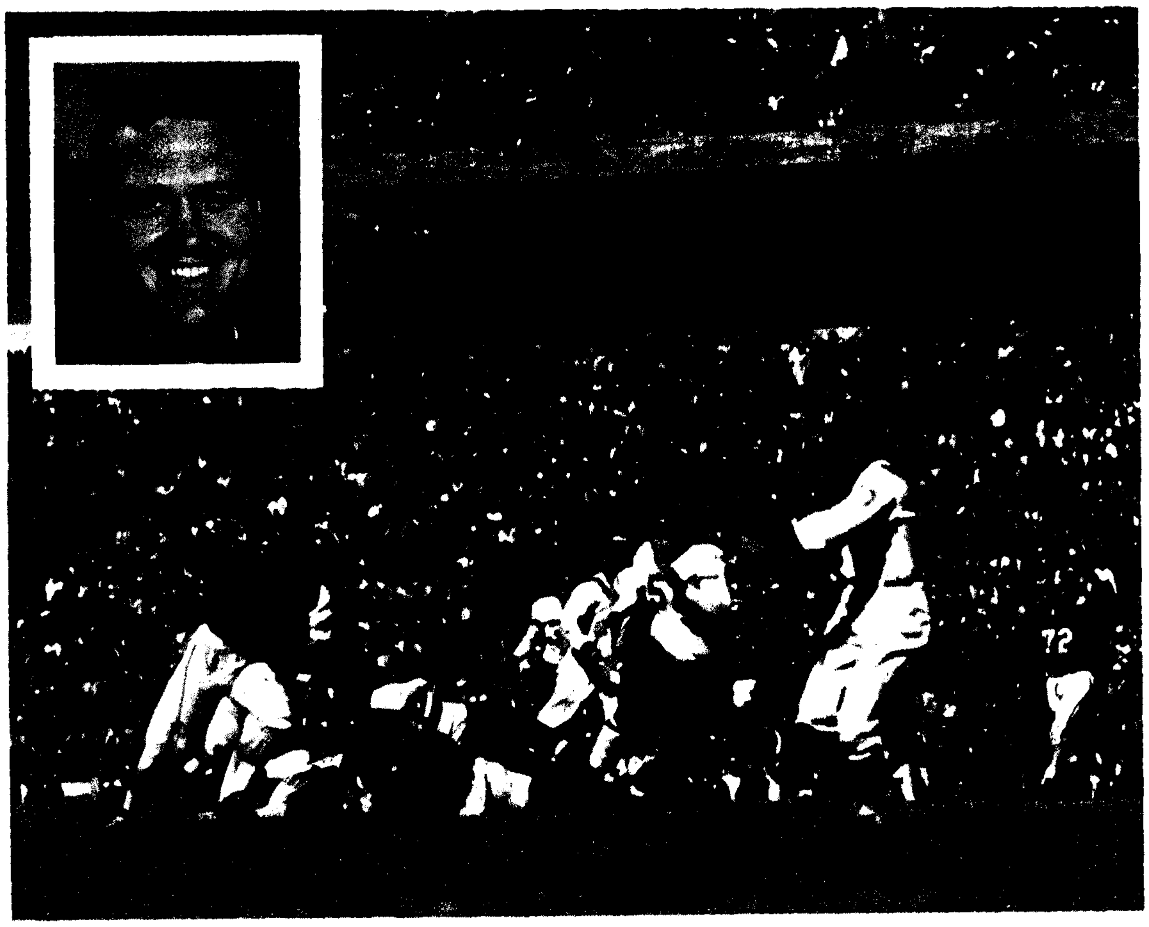
Stanford

HANK LAURICELLA

Tennessee

RAY BECK

Georgia Tech



DICK HIGHTOWER (No. 51)

Southern Methodist

How the All-America Began

In the Week's Mail, Harford Powel, friend and official biographer to the late Walter Camp, reveals an interesting new side light regarding the origin of All-America teams. You will find Mr. Powel's note on page 4

"watch-charm" guard of Notre Dame's unbeaten 1930 Irish, has there been another lightweight lineman to compare with Don Coleman (five feet ten, 182 pounds), Michigan State's All-America tackle. Although frequently outweighed from 40 to 50 pounds, Coleman was the Midwest's most accomplished blocking lineman.

"We used him on pull-out plays to lead the interference," says Coach Biggie Munn, "and he had the speed to stay in front of our scatbacks like LeRoy Bolden and Don McAuliffe. Defensively, Don could knife in there to smash the interference and harass the ball carrier, and in short-yardage situations—when he got down low and dug in—the bigger guys couldn't budge him."

Another important item: Coleman had endurance. He was Munn's best "fourth-quarter" player on a powerful squad that came up for top national recognition after trouncing Notre Dame 35-0—a game in which Don's brilliant line play all but overshadowed the great offensive exhibition put on by the versatile Spartan backfield.

One incident sticks with Coach Munn. "There was one tough spot against Marquette," Biggie recalls, "when we were backed up inside our 15-yard line. Coleman was supposed to pull out to lead the blocking, but he was knocked down before he even got started. Ordinarily, the play would have been ruined. But Don's speed enabled him to recover in time to block out the safety man. Our ball carrier gained 33 yards, and we went on from there to get the winning touchdown. (Final score: 20-14.)

Coleman's speed also was highlighted in kicking situations. He was invariably the first man downfield. And against Penn State (32-21), Don made the tackle on more than half the Spartan kickoffs and *every* punt.

The South produced both All-America guards, Bob Ward of Maryland (five feet ten, 185 pounds) and Ray Beck of Georgia Tech (six feet two, 215 pounds). Navy coach Eddie Erdelatz calls ex-paratrooper Ward "the best college guard I've ever seen." Undoubtedly, the rugged tumbling exercises Ward mastered in the Army's jump school at Fort Benning, Georgia, are largely responsible for his rough and resilient style. Catlike on offense, Ward blocks an opponent to the ground, rolls quickly and bounces up again in position to go after another would-be tackler. Defensively, his quick charge and lightning reflexes enable him to crash for the ball carrier without fear of being mousetrapped.

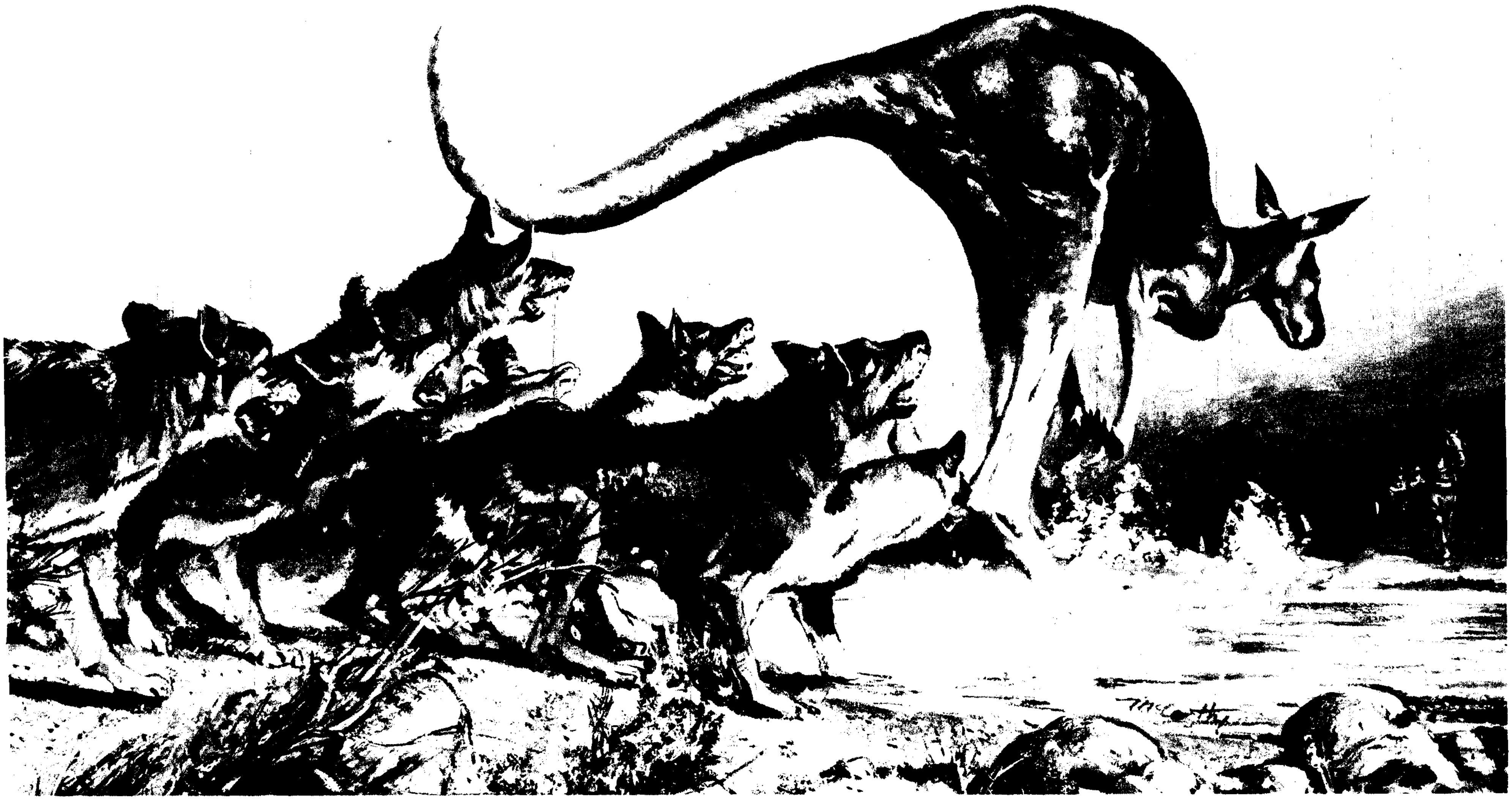
(Continued on page 74)

Be on the lookout for thrilling game-action views of Collier's 62d All-America team on television. Movie high lights of the 1951 season have been edited into a half-hour telecast to be shown coast to coast between December 11-21. Consult your local newspaper for day, time and station if you live in or near these cities:

Albuquerque, N.M.
Atlanta, Ga.
Baltimore, Md.
Birmingham, Ala.
Boston, Mass.
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, O.
Cleveland, O.
Columbus, O.
Dallas, Texas
Detroit, Mich.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Johnstown, Pa.
Lansing, Mich.
Los Angeles, Cal.
Louisville, Ky.
Miami, Fla.
Minneapolis, Minn.
New Orleans, La.
New York, N.Y.
Omaha, Neb.
Phoenix, Ariz.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Rochester, N.Y.
Rock Island, Ill.
Salt Lake City, Utah
San Antonio, Texas
Schenectady, N.Y.
Seattle, Wash.
Syracuse, N.Y.

Open Sesame

By RAY HARRIS



The wallaroo's last leap drove two toe marks deep into the mud at the edge of the pool and flung him out over the sparkling surface

Like the wallaroo, Mason was having nothing but trouble, and that, he decided, was what made him help the poor beast. He never expected it to return his favor

A DESERT-EDGE rainstorm had filled the clay pan and gone. But now the acres of water had shrunk to a yellow pool scarcely four feet deep; and a phantom sea, the mock-ocean mirage of the Sahara and Australia, rolled waves like molten glass across the sun-cracked clay surrounding the pool. The glassy heat waves billowed ceaselessly inward from every direction, as though this muddy pool were the focal point of everything under the sky. They billowed around a two-wheeled gig jogging slowly in from the north, surrounding the horse and gig and the two men in it who swayed with the lurching wheels.

As the gig approached the pool, a sound came from the south. Faint at first, scarcely stirring the silence, it suddenly became an urgent, rhythmic thudding as a bounding form rose again and again from the glassy mirage in headlong leaps that seemed oddly prehistoric. A moment later a head and reddish body took shape: a wallaroo, a rock kangaroo, in hard-pressed, panting flight. And, as he neared the water, a pack of nine dingoes, galloping voiceless, shot out of the mirage behind him.

The wallaroo seemed to measure the sun-cracked expanse to the water, though he checked neither the length nor the speed of his leaps. His last one drove two long toe marks deep into the firm mud at the edge of the pool and flung him out, and his shadow beneath him, over the sparkling surface. He struck the water and splashed over sideways, but floundered on in lunge after lunge, till the water was up to his heaving chest. Then, his head and shoulders and half-bent arms streaming water, he stood erect and faced the pack.

The wild dogs stopped at the muddy edge, fanned out and encircled the water. Then all nine squatted, their tongues lolling, their ears pricked up, waiting to see if their prey meant to break or stay.

His long deer-head bobbing to his panting, the wallaroo bent suddenly and gulped some water. There was a queer, old-man's stoop to his shoulders as he lifted his dripping snout again—the stoop wallaroos get from sleeping curled up in cliff crevices, or humped under the overhang of rock ledges.

The dingoes were a traveling pack. They had surprised the wallaroo lounging in the black shade of a desert oak on the ridge that ended the plain a mile to the south. They had flanked him and pressed him close. But, half famished and weary before they found him, they were as glad as he now of a halt to the chase.

One by one, as though they were being called by name, they stepped into the water and drank. Their leader drank last. He was a thickset, brindled brute, speckled bluish-gray and white, without a single tawny hair, but a true dingo for all that. He still watched the quarry while he lapped, then splashed out to dry ground, his wet pads soled at once with dampened clay crumbs. He stood side-on to the wallaroo and panted some ten seconds longer. Then, from a one-foot pivot, he sprang back into the sun-bright water and swam in. The other eight dogs followed.

What happened then was just one death fight of many the wilderness knows. A dingo can pull down kangaroos and sheep with a slashing side spring that kills from the sheer shock of the plucked-out flesh. But for that terrible bite the dog needs footing, and the wallaroo's foes were swimming. In water, a kangaroo beset by a single dog or even a pair can kill them with stabbing hind toes or by thrusting them deep under with hands as strong as talons. But as the wallaroo flung to and fro in blazing sunlight, chest-deep in the water, keeping his head and throat out of reach of the massive jaws, he knew he had no chance against so many; he could not match their relentless pack-fighting.

Again and again his quick hands thrust the nearest dog under, but he dared not hold it there for even a second. His right arm had already been slashed twice, but there could be no pause now to his desperate lunging, for the ring of snarling heads closed in again and again. And then, over the heads of the dogs, he saw *(Continued on page 54)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK MC CARTHY

The dish everybody goes for, prepared in time-honored fashion: the eggs follow the ham into pan an

"Ummm—Ham-and-Eggs!"

By HARRY BOTSFORD

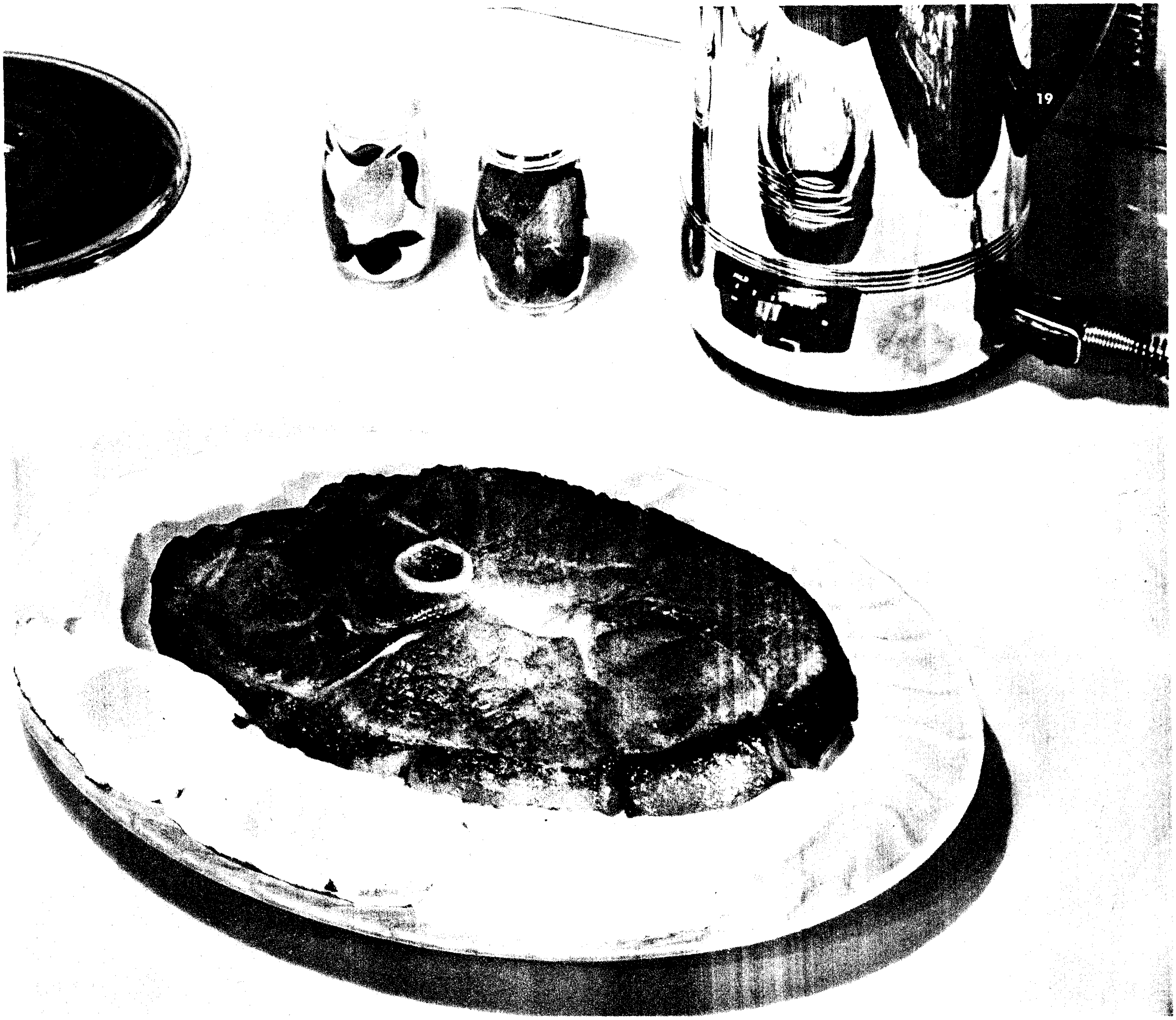
WHEREVER Americans eat, one dish is always in demand. Practically unknown to the rest of the world, this favorite is, of course, ham-and-eggs. To most Americans, the tantalizing and compelling aroma of ham crackling in the skillet automatically suggests ham's counterpart, eggs—preferably cooked in the meat's fat. When the two are served together, it is the native answer to a hungry man's prayer.

"As American as ham-and-eggs" is a tattered figure of speech but it still applies. Just about everyone eats ham-and-eggs. The gourmet and epicure join voices with the trencherman in singing its praises. To be sure, certain gourmets and epicures may demand that their meat be sliced from the left ham, solemnly alleging that it is more tender than the right. These fussy eaters maintain, for purposes of the joke, that a pig uses the right hind leg to scratch himself; thus it becomes more muscular, a trifle tougher than the companion leg. But the trencherman takes his ham as it comes, flanked by fried eggs, or eggs prepared in some other manner, and often calls for a second helping.

Ham-and-eggs is, in short, democratic, loved by rich or poor, favored in every locale, during all seasons of the year. It is enjoyed equally in a lumber camp or in a penthouse, as much at home on Main Street as on Park Avenue. Dining-car stewards agree that it is the favorite dish of travelers, for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

What started this culinary companionship that has grown with the passage of years? Is the team of native origin, or does it have European ancestry? As Al Smith, the Happy Warrior, a solid ham-and-egg man himself, would have said, "Let's look at the record."

Ham-and-eggs could scarcely have come from Europe. There, in the seventeenth century, diets were geared to simple economics. Ham, in itself, was a jewel to be handed up in a ritualistic setting, served sparingly, with a frugality indicative of its price. Eggs were also a delicacy. To serve two expensive items on one table was unthinkable from the standpoint of cost.



ry in the remaining fat. The meat can be broiled, too, and the eggs poached, scrambled or shirred

For breakfast, lunch or dinner, this great culinary combination is an American favorite, created in this country and enjoyed over the years by the residents of Main Street and Park Avenue alike

Economics prevented ham and eggs from forming the perfect merger in Europe, and it is still a factor. The combination has never found lasting favor on the Continent.

In the early United States, on the other hand, ham-and-eggs was probably the cheapest of dishes, aside from game. Chickens, feeding off the land, required a minimum of expense to maintain. Eggs, always available, had to be eaten while fresh; pork could be cured and eaten the year around. And there was plenty of pork.

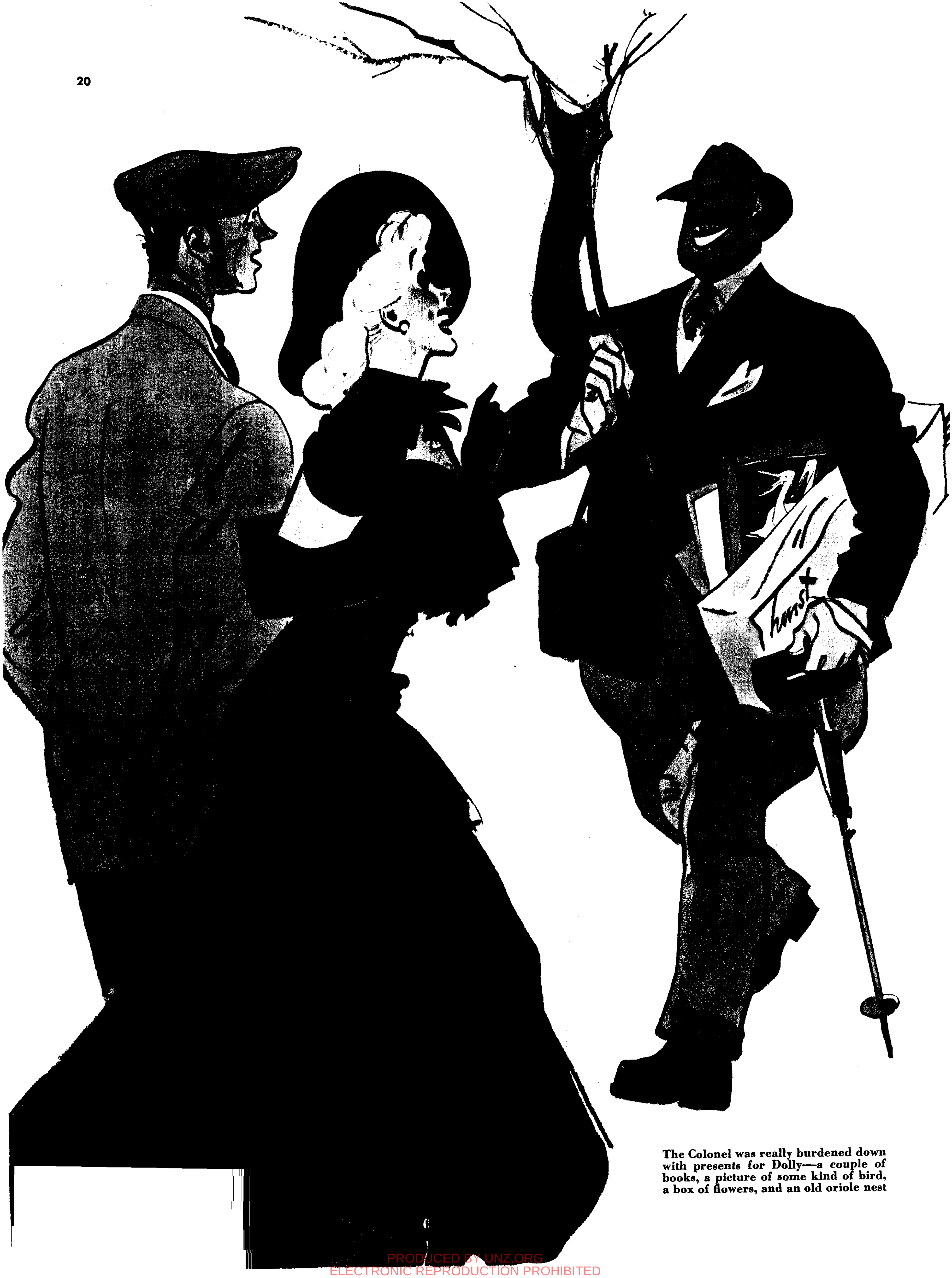
For, of all domestic animals, the highly adaptable hog prospered best in the wilderness. It instinctively knew where and how to find tender acorns, beech and hickory nuts, to say nothing of chestnuts, wild Jerusalem artichokes and other oddments. Where a cow or a horse might starve, the hog put on poundage. And when bred, the average sow produced a big brood of squirming and squealing young, who, in turn, were endowed with an equally great capacity and willingness to perpetuate their species.

The food-on-the-hoof thus provided was a godsend to the colonists. At the onset of cold weather, they slaughtered the mature pigs and cured a large percentage of the meat so that it would keep. In this way, they created a store of provisions which provided an ever-available welcome change from the plentiful supply of game and which, as exports, earned the settlers money they needed for imports.

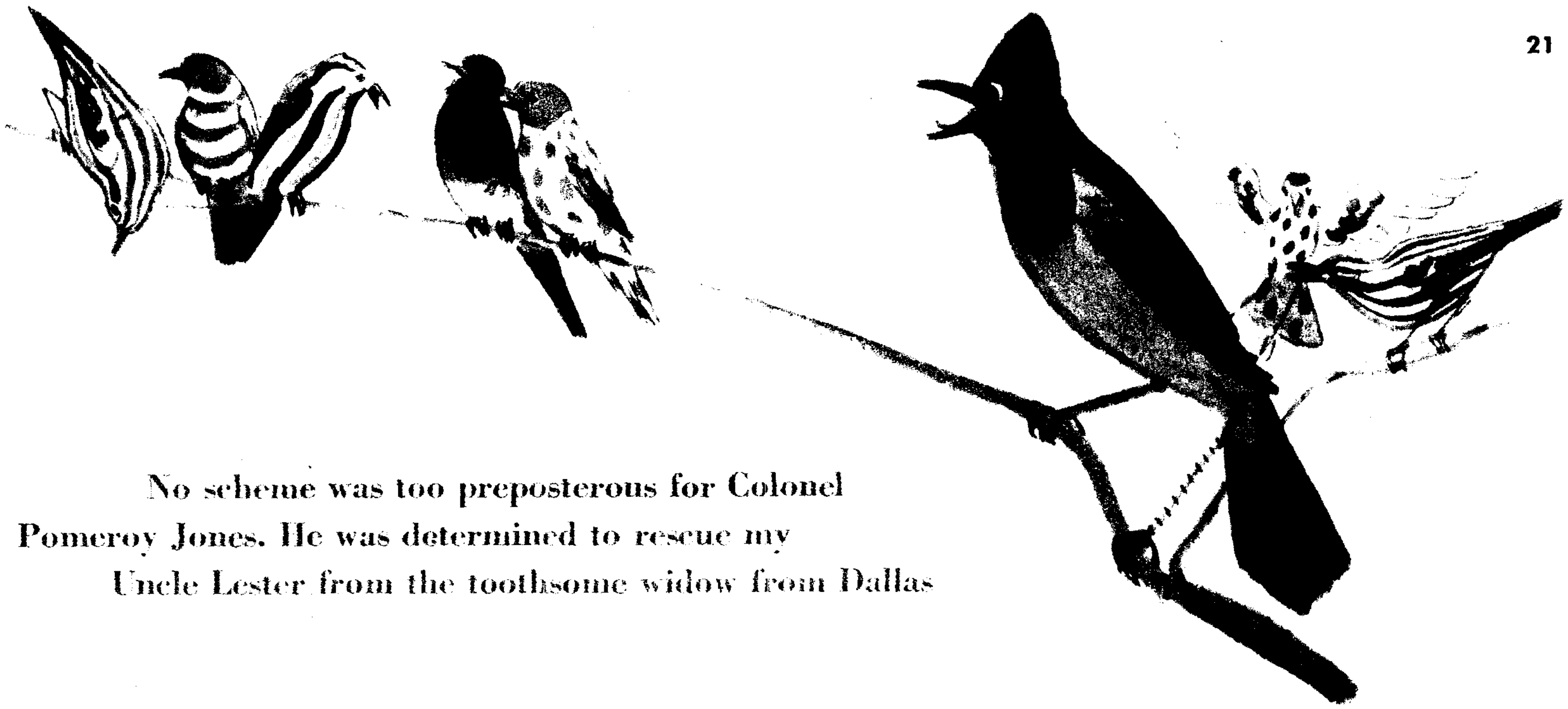
Fresh pork is perishable in hot weather, a fact the Chinese discovered many centuries ago. So they pickled their hams in salted wine, let them dry, then hung them in the smoke of smoldering tea leaves. Variations of this technique spread around the world, and the various colonial cures were closely tied in to the original nationality of the settlers. In New England, the hams were pickled in brine strong enough to float an egg. Then they were dried, smoked with hardwood and corncobs. In Virginia, the hams were cured by rubbing the surface with salt, pepper, sugar and a little saltpeter. This was done daily for a considerable period before the hams were ready for a long, cool smoking over hickory, applewood and oak, followed by several years of aging.

Note the shape of a Virginia or Smithfield ham: it is somewhat flattened, *(Continued on page 36)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ANTON BRUEHL



The Colonel was really burdened down with presents for Dolly—a couple of books, a picture of some kind of bird, a box of flowers, and an old oriole nest



No scheme was too preposterous for Colonel
Pomeroy Jones. He was determined to rescue my
Uncle Lester from the toothsome widow from Dallas

The Green-Headed Hoot Nanny

By B. M. ATKINSON, Jr.

At quite a tender age, Colonel Pomeroy Jones and my Uncle Lester cleaned up in the cotton market and retired. For the next twenty-five years, they were the busiest men in Madison. Colonel Jones was busy hunting, fishing, drinking, and rescuing Uncle Lester from Mother's old-maid friends. Uncle Lester was busy hunting, fishing, drinking, and trying to keep Mother from shooting Colonel Jones.

"Pomeroy Jones is the scarecrow in the Garden of Love, Lester Bartley!" Mother would say. "I've introduced you to a hundred beautiful, Christian women. You would have married any one of them if it hadn't been for him telling you they were all carbon copies of that hellion he married."

Colonel Jones's riotous six-month marriage at twenty-five had given him all the dope he kept pumping into Uncle Lester. Uncle Lester knew the dope didn't necessarily apply to all of womankind, but he wouldn't admit it.

"Sarah," he'd say to my mother, "Pomeroy may have ruined my liver, but he never tampered with my heart. I alone am master there. Just let the right woman come along, and see what happens."

Well, two weeks ago my father went north on a business trip, and instead of inviting the usual maiden lady down to keep her company, Mother imported a widow friend, Mrs. Dolly Dukes, of Dallas. At forty-five or so, Dolly was still so much woman that another Texan wouldn't have to lie about her. She was a big, good-looking blonde with flash enough to make men turn around—the nicest, liveliest aunt-material Mother's ever come up with.

When we brought her home from the station, Uncle Lester and Colonel Jones were sitting out on the front porch. Uncle Lester took one look and went overboard. He went down for the third time when Dolly turned to Mother and said, "Sarah, I ought to shoot you. Me a poor widow and you up here hoarding a brother like this. Why, he's almost good-looking enough to be from Texas." Mother leered at Colonel Jones and took Dolly on into the house. She figured she'd got Uncle Lester a wife at last.

And it looked that way. Uncle Lester glared at the Colonel, daring him to say something. Dolly was just what Uncle Lester had been waiting for. The Colonel sighed and said real soulfully, "She's a lovely woman, Lester. If I can aid you in your suit in any way—a little testimonial or a character reference, say—don't fail to call on me." He turned and started down the walk.

He was halfway to the gate before Uncle Lester could get his tongue in gear. "Don't desert me, Pomeroy," he whimpered. "Come to the cocktail party this afternoon. I'll protect you from Sarah. You're my rod and my staff, Pomeroy."

I'm twenty-five years old and I've heard me some tender partings, but that one you could cut with a spoon. Things were just as fluffy when the Colonel checked in at the party that afternoon. "Where is the dear boy?" he gushed, like he hadn't seen him since their diaper days. I took him over to the corner where Dolly was telling Uncle Lester about her new hobby, ornithology, and daring him to make something of it.

Uncle Lester did make something of it. "I yield to no man in my love for the little feathered folks," he said. "Mother Carey was a personal friend of mine." In short order, he was blubbering about a po' tubercular li'l bluebird he had nursed back to health, and then he wound up by toasting everything from the pie-eyed creeper to the double-breasted booby.

Well, the Colonel stepped up, gave Uncle Lester a little pat on the back, and said, "Ah, there, Brother Audubon—having fun, I see." Uncle Lester turned around, smiled, and got his throat cut from ear to ear: instead of offering up a testimonial, Colonel Jones exposed him for what he was—the worst bird hater since the Ancient Mariner. "Every afternoon he's down under the cherry trees, a drink in one hand, a slingshot in the other, playing dodge ball with his little feathered friends. He hates 'em," the Colonel explained, "because they drive him to drink eating his cherries, then stamp their feet and whistle when he gets a hang-over."

"Lester Bartley," Dolly snapped, "if I see that slingshot in action just one time, I'm going to take one of those cherry trees and flog you with it. Pomeroy, I'm indebted to you for—"

"Dolly," Uncle Lester said, "when Pomeroy dies, Ananias, the liar, is gonna meet him at the gates of hell with a loving cup. The truth ain't—"

It was no use. Colonel Jones drowned him out with his birdcalls. He'd figured out that Dolly was so toothsome he couldn't take Uncle Lester away from her, so he was going to unleash the old Jones charm and take *her* away from *him*.

I went up to Uncle Lester's room after the cocktail party was all over. He was blowing his top. "Betrayed!" he shouted. "Betrayed and hung out for the crows!" He jerked open his shirt front and raised his arms to the heavens. "Dry them tears, Caesar! Cast your eyes on a bosom that's really known treachery!" He headed for the door. "Come on, Randolph," he said to me, "I need your help. I'm gonna take that dagger he broke off in me and carve him with it." . . .

Around three o'clock the next afternoon, Uncle Lester and I were sitting on the porch, when Colonel Jones, in all his ancient splendor, came up the front walk. He was really burdened down with presents for Dolly—a couple of books, a picture of some sort of bird, a big box of flowers, and an old oriole nest.

"All right, Randolph," Uncle Lester said to me, "here comes Custer. Lead him around to the Little Big Horn."

It came off too nice and neat to be a massacre. We all went around to the back yard and right off the Colonel spotted an old (Continued on page 62)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

The Men Who Put the Heart in

American and French boys crawled over dead comrades, straight into enemy fire, to win a

By STAN CARTER

Stan Carter, an Associated Press war correspondent, covered the bloody battle for Heartbreak Ridge from the time of the first American assault until victory. He spent more time on this front than any other correspondent. Carter, 27, was born in Los Angeles, was educated at the University of Southern California and at Pomona College. He worked on four California papers, then joined the A.P. in 1949. He was assigned to the Korean war in March

THE tired, unshaven major looked up at the chaplain and grinned ruefully. "They're taking a beating, Father," he said. "They're giving a beating, too, but not many men are left."

It was in the desperate, early days on Heartbreak Ridge, where American and French soldiers of the 23d Infantry Regiment were fighting the longest and most costly hill battle of the Korean war. The major had just walked down off Heartbreak Ridge. He seemed beaten and without hope.

These men thought their mission was suicide. Yet they crawled again and again up sheer mountainsides over the bodies of their dead comrades into the face of Communist fire. In a battle that raged for 30 days and 29 nights, the 23d Regiment of the U.S. Second Division wrested Heartbreak Ridge from a numerically superior enemy. In the 23d Regiment, 1,650 men, about half the unit's combat troops, were killed or wounded.

The 9th Infantry Regiment suffered 200 more casualties in three days at the beginning of the battle. Probably 10,000 North Koreans were killed or wounded.

There were men who personally knocked out Communist machine-gun nests with grenades, men who carried wounded and dead out through fire, men who fought continuously until they were completely exhausted. And there were men who stood up in formation and attacked in formation through a barrage of enemy fire.

"There's scarcely been a battle like it—ever," said Colonel James Y. Adams, of Monterey, California, commander of the 23d Regiment.

Sergeant James E. Lunsford, of East Bernstadt, Kentucky, and Corporal James Skaggs, of Columbus, Ohio, were killed going into a Communist bunker with nothing in their hands but knives.

Private First Class Franklin D. Roton, of Sheridan, Wyoming, had been a medic just three and a half days. He was standing on the ridge, tending a wounded man. A North Korean tossed a grenade. Roton threw himself over his patient to shield him from the blast and was wounded by grenade fragments.

Corporal Manley Hand, of Sanford, Michigan, continued to fire his machine gun while North Koreans swarmed around his company's position. The North Koreans threw grenades into his foxhole. Three times Hand picked them up and threw them back at the enemy. The fourth grenade exploded and killed him while he was raising his arm to hurl it away.

I was with the 23d Regiment during most of the battle. It lasted from September 12th to October 12th, while the Korean armistice talks foundered on charges and countercharges of violations of the Kaesong neutral zone. Heartbreak Ridge was named during the first week of the battle, when every Allied attack was turned back with withering Communist fire. A wounded soldier at a forward aid station shuddered, "It's a heartbreak, it's a heartbreak," and the name stuck.

The North Koreans had turned a four-mile-long ridge line 18 miles above Yanggu in eastern Korea into a fortress with 1,000 log and dirt bunkers so sturdy that even direct artillery hits sometimes bounced off. The terrain was the most difficult in Korea. There were three major peaks on the ridge line—one at the south, one at the north and one in the center.

There were countless small ridges, or fingers, running off toward the valleys on the east, and the west. Picture it as the spinal column of a fish, with hundreds of vertebrae.

Before the battle Heartbreak Ridge was covered with trees and undergrowth. At the end it was bald except for a few shell-splintered tree stumps.

The center, the tallest peak, was flat on top. Its southern slope was steep and could be crisscrossed by fire from the bunkers on the summit. The northern approach was an almost straight up-and-down cliff. The northernmost peak had a needlelike summit, with six Communist bunkers dug into the needle. South of the needle there was a bowl-like crater with 20 more bunkers. A flat, narrow ridge line led to the crater from the south. It was absolutely flat and open, with nothing on it to hide behind.

On each of the fingers, or smaller ridge lines, leading away toward the east and west, there were more bunkers placed so that they commanded all the approaches to Heartbreak Ridge. It took two and a half hours to climb the center peak of Heartbreak Ridge, and up to 10 hours to carry a wounded man down the steep trail.

Heartbreak Ridge was part of the main line of resistance the Communists established during the Kaesong truce talks. It commanded the major Communist supply route. The North Koreans were gathering troops and supplies in the Mundung-ni Valley, just west of Heartbreak Ridge, and they had concentrated mortars and artillery pieces in the Satae-ri Valley, east of Heartbreak Ridge.

"We watched the build-up on Heartbreak Ridge

An American tank rumbles down a road on Heartbreak Ridge, passing a machine-gun position and litters for dead and wounded. Casualties were heavy

ACME

"Heartbreak Ridge"

long, bloody Korean battle

and we knew we'd have to do something about it," Colonel Adams said.

"It was astride their main supply route. If we could get it, it would be a dagger pointing to their heart. We could control the roads leading north," said Major General Robert N. Young, of Washington, D.C., commander of the Second Division.

But the 23d Regiment encountered resistance stiffer than anything it had expected. North Koreans fired at them from bunkers up to eight feet thick, with baffle doors fixed so that grenades could not be thrown in through the entrances. At times the Communist artillery fire was heavier than our own. North Koreans with burp guns sniped at Americans and Frenchmen from behind trees. The North Koreans carried pocketfuls of grenades and threw them like rocks. Sometimes they rolled grenades down the slopes in the path of advancing Allied troops.

There was fighting at one point or another on the ridge every day during the month the battle lasted. Communist artillery and mortar fire hit in the draws and narrow valleys below the ridge. There was the clatter of machine-gun fire and the crack of rifle fire above. Once when I tried to climb the ridge, seven Communist shells struck the path in front of me and behind me. I tried three approaches and an artillery round exploded in each of the three little mountain draws. I turned back, 100 yards short of my goal. As a correspondent, I could leave Heartbreak Ridge whenever I wanted, but the soldiers I encountered on the mountainside had to keep climbing toward the top.

To gain an anchor point for the attack on the ridge itself, Baker Company of the 23d Regiment seized Hill 702 east of Heartbreak Ridge in a six-hour battle on September 12th. All the guns of the Second Division bombarded Heartbreak Ridge that day to soften it up for the infantry assault. At dawn September 13th the Third Battalion of the 23d started up a finger leading from the east to a point on Heartbreak Ridge *(Continued on page 76)*

INTERNATIONAL

Victorious Americans poised to defend the hills they captured after a month-long struggle

GIs injured in an ambush are carried to aid station

WIDE WORLD

Wet and cold, tired and dirty, infantrymen wait for transportation to the rear—and rest

WIDE WORLD

THE WAR

In earlier installments of this Pacific Report, New York's chief executive stated that the U.S. must give sufficient help to Chiang Kai-shek to hold Formosa and that the free world cannot let Japan fall to the Communists. In this article he examines the potentially explosive situation in French Indochina and shows the importance of the fight being waged there. These articles will be part of a book to be published soon by Doubleday

III

"THIS is the critical fight of the world. If southeast Asia stays free, we will not see India fall; the whole Pacific can remain free and probably we will not see World War III." A great soldier was speaking with blazing conviction, a deep sense of destiny, and with personal tragedy in his voice. For this was General Jean Marie de Lattre de Tassigny, High Commissioner and Commander in Chief of the French forces in Indochina.

This was the same General de Lattre who was a Free French hero in World War II. Imprisoned by the Vichy government for his continued resistance to the Germans, he escaped a special guard of 50 German soldiers with the aid of his wife and young son and made his way to England in disguise. As a five-star general he was commander of the French First Army in the liberation of southern France and the march north in the defeat of Germany.

Today he is the hero of the least understood major war of our time in the almost unknown area of Indochina. It is the bitter struggle by the Communist Viet-Minh to conquer the free Viet-Nam, the recognized government of the largest area of Indochina. To most of the world, Indochina is just a name somewhere on a map. In reality it is a vital, rich area running along the southeast coast of southeast Asia, bordered by the South China Sea.

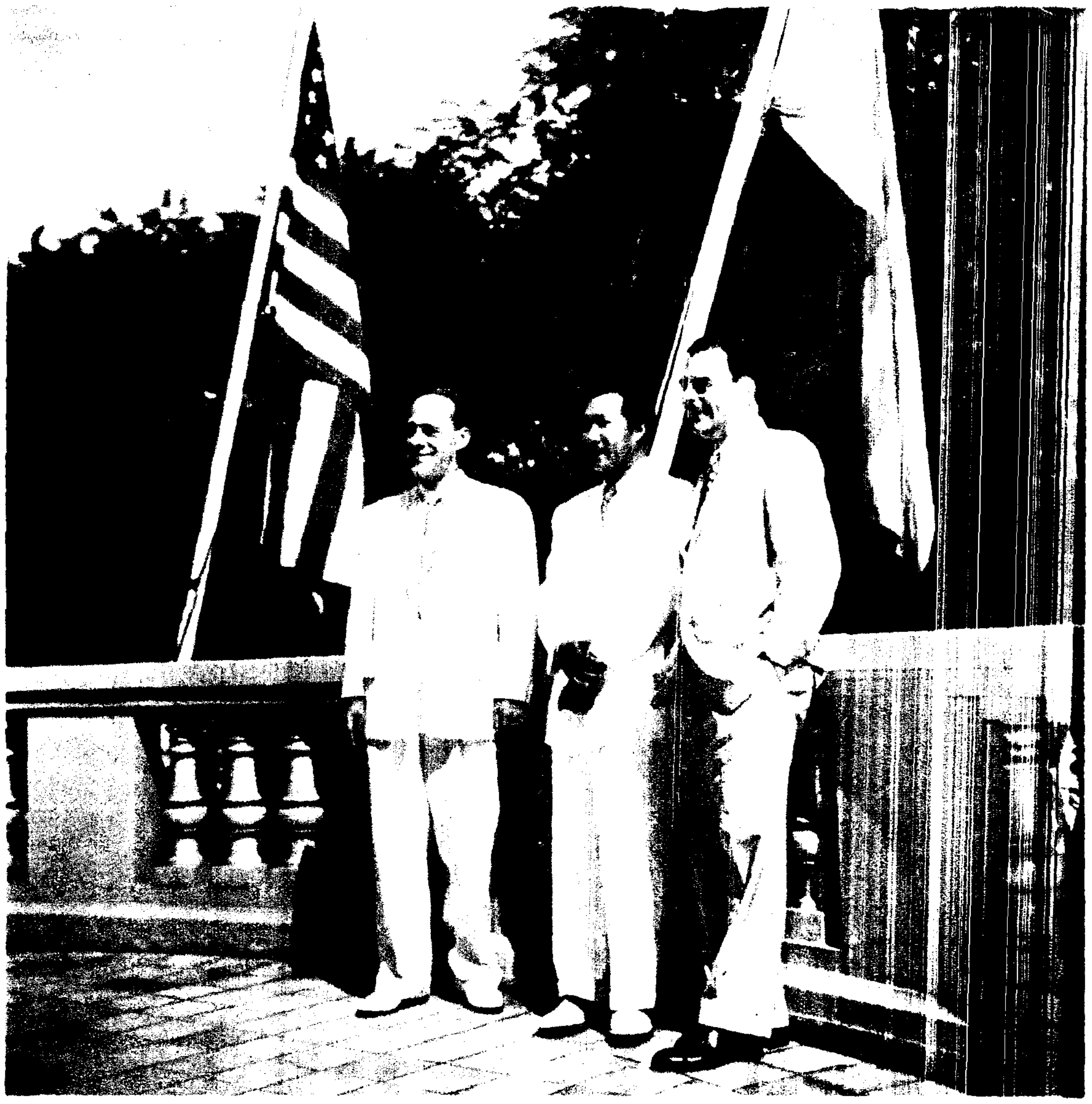
Burma, Siam and Indochina spread across this little peninsula which hangs down from China. The area looks small on the map. It was contemptuously referred to by an important American just last summer as an area of "tottering, weak little Asiatic kingdoms."

But these three countries have two thirds of the exportable rice surplus of the world. True, they are new at the business of self-government. True, they are politically weak. But economically they are absolutely essential to the stability of our new Japanese ally in terms of food, minerals and trading area. Without them our Pacific structure is broken. They are the cornerstone of the Pacific defenses of America. And Indochina is the cornerstone of the cornerstone.

There are two schools of thought about history. One is that events make men. The other is that men make events. In the case of the dramatic struggle for Indochina I have not the slightest doubt that a single man, General de Lattre, made some of the most important history of our century.

In December a year ago, 150,000 Communist Viet-Minh troops under Moscow-trained Ho Chi Minh were on a grand offensive after the rainy season came to an end. The objective was to take the Tonkin delta in the north of Indochina, to gain control of its huge rice-producing area and to win Hanoi, its capital city. Supplied by new railroads built in South China, the Communists cut the lateral road that runs along the border of China. They advanced on the entire front against weakening resistance by the outnumbered French. Meanwhile, the eyes of the world were fixed on Korea as almost unnoticed calamity threatened to engulf Indochina and the whole Pacific. The Rice Bowl of the Orient—indeed of the world—and all of southeast Asia tottered.

At this critical moment the French Cabinet called on General de Lattre to become High Commissioner and Commander in Chief and sent him to save Indochina. Flying halfway around the world from Paris to Saigon, De Lattre went north immediately to the fighting front. At the first airfield where he landed, he found the troops slov-



Donald Heath, U.S. Minister to Viet-Nam; Emperor Bao Dai and Gov. Dewey in Saigon. Dewey says the emperor, often called a playboy, is educated, intelligent and devoted to his duty

General de Lattre, World War II hero, reorganized French forces in Viet-Nam, led them to victory against Viet-Minh Reds. On desk is a photo of his son, killed fighting under him

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

FOR THE RICE BOWL

Concluding
PACIFIC REPORT

Southeast Asia is the cornerstone of our Pacific defenses, Gov. Dewey says; and we must pledge to defend it to prevent the Reds' moving in

By THOMAS E. DEWEY

enly and dispirited, the airfield poorly defended.

"Who is in command here?" he blazed. A colonel admitted he was. "You will return to France tomorrow, in disgrace," said De Lattre.

From one end of the front to the other he flew, traveled by jeep and walked. Storming, raging, removing commanders, promoting new ones on the spot, exhorting, encouraging, he thrilled men with his leadership, with shining courage and determination. In a dramatic appeal to the ancient French courage under fire, he restored morale, reorganized the wavering forces and turned them to the attack. The rout was stopped.

Wife's Stay Defies Communist Guns

General de Lattre returned briefly to Saigon, in the south, for consultations with his own government and with the American Military Aid Advisory Group, concerning essential supplies. Then, with his wife, he flew back to Hanoi where his first act was to revoke an order for the evacuation of women and children. Against the rumble of guns in the distance De Lattre proclaimed to the people of Indochina and the world, "I have brought my wife to Hanoi! We are here to stay!"

The spirit of the army was restored. But men cannot fight without guns and ammunition, and both were getting desperately low.

Fortunately, a few Americans understood the crisis. Washington had given Indochina a high priority on American aid, second only to our needs in Korea, subject to the approval of General Douglas MacArthur. Taking a wisely calculated risk, General MacArthur had allowed several cargoes of guns and ammunition to be diverted to the French in Indochina. The shipment arrived at the last desperate moment. Overnight, under enormous pressure, the precious supplies were unloaded. By truck, by cart and on the backs of men, they were moved to the front lines as the outcome of the struggle still hung in the balance.

Many Americans have asked whether our aid to our allies is really useful. Here is one case where a few million dollars of American arms turned the tide of war. For once, it was neither too little nor too late. It was enough and just on time.

A few months later, at the state dinner given by General de Lattre the night I arrived in Saigon, in the presence of most of his staff and of Emperor Bao Dai, the great French general threw his arms around Brigadier General Francis G. Brink, head of the American Military Mission, and said, "He was my salvation!"

But the victory was costly and it was not complete. The Communists still occupy areas in the Tonkin delta in the north, many points along the coast and much of the territory inland. They are again regrouped and poised in the north, reinforced with ammunition and months of training from the Chinese Reds and, it is believed, Russian advisers.

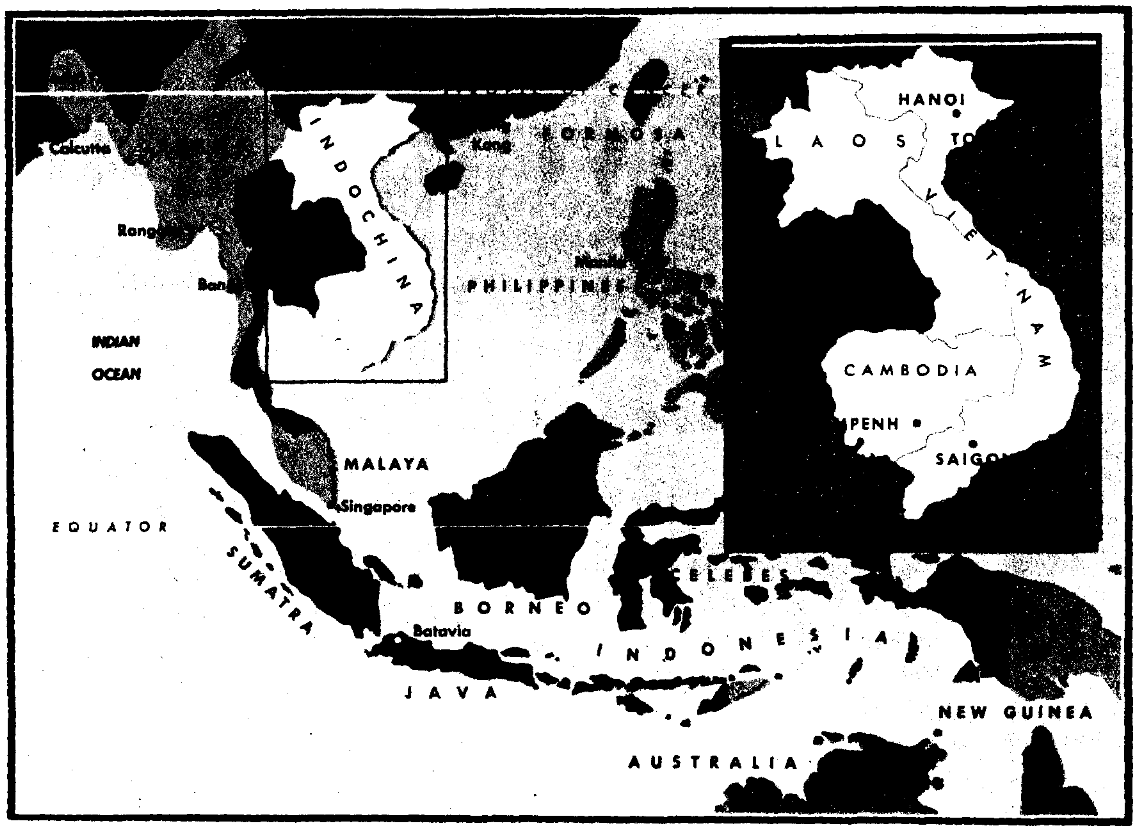
The rainy season has come to an end. During the past six months, 120,000 French troops have feverishly strengthened their defenses and prepared themselves for the next onslaught. No one knows when it will come or in what strength.

Why is this gripping struggle for such titanic stakes so little understood or appreciated in the Western World today? I *(Continued on page* 86)

French troops bring in Reds captured during a mop-up drive near Baria in south Viet-Nam

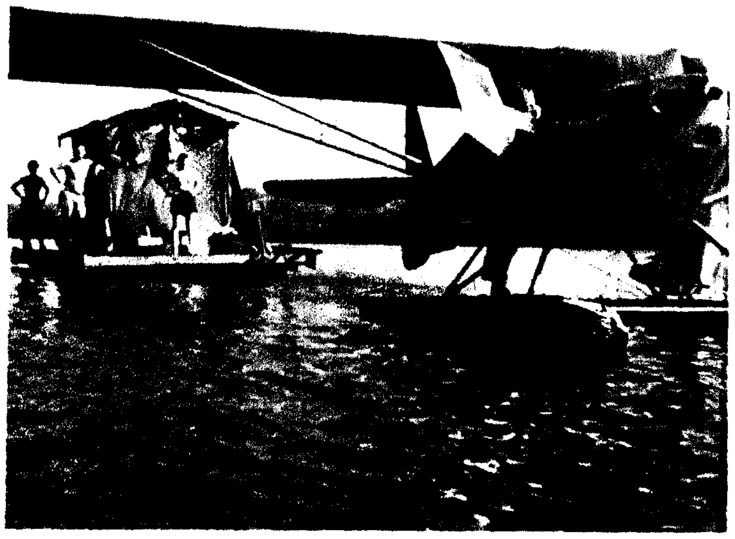
Governor Dewey inspecting the 1st Battalion, Suffolk Regiment, in Kuala Lumpur, Malaya

Indonesian women refine rice by a primitive method as Governor Dewey and farmer watch



AL TARTER

Map emphasizes vital importance of Indochina, along whose border 250,000 Red Chinese troops are stationed. Dewey says that if they invade, the free world will face another great crisis



Rafting in the modern manner. Passing plane landed, towed Lethargia over girls' protests

Boats gave most tows. Here, Benny One pulls raft under the watchful eye of mascot Delilah

Mary Ellin McCrady and Geraldine Garcia (r.) whip up a meal in the Lethargia's tiny "galley"

Mosquitoes were one menace the crew wasn't warned of. Gerry bought a pipe to repel them

Bedtime. Gerry Garcia, wearing cold-weather sleeping attire, prepares to climb into bunk

Milton Borden does his laundry, using muddy Mississippi water. Don Brown snapped picture

Concluding RAFT OF FUN

Down the River, Down

Into the Mississippi drifted the four hardy crew members of the Lethargia. New adventures an

When two girls and two boys boarded a raft at New Kensington, Pennsylvania, last summer, and pushed out into the river, they started a journey which captured the imagination of millions of Americans. For they were New Orleans bound, via the Allegheny, Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, a voyage that might have been plotted by Mark Twain himself. They had numerous adventures, culminating in a capsizing that almost cost them their lives. Although their raft was partly wrecked, they promptly made plans to go on with the trip

II

WHEN the raft Lethargia overturned near Moundsville, West Virginia, last July 26th, a radio station put out a bulletin to the effect that all four members of the crew were dead or missing. The station hastened to correct this report when it turned out that the towboat James Zubik had rescued the young adventurers—Mary Ellin McCrady, of Ann Arbor, Michigan; Geraldine Garcia, of Boston; Milton E. Borden, Jr., of New Bedford, Massachusetts, and Donald A. Brown, of Detroit.

However, the original erroneous radio report had an interesting effect. Before it was broadcast, most people regarded the Lethargia crew merely as four youngsters with enough spunk to attempt what millions have dreamed of—a carefree, Huck Finn-style, 1,866-mile raft trip down the Allegheny, Ohio and Mississippi Rivers (newspapers had insisted that the trip's purpose was a "sociological experiment to determine how people get along when forced to live in close quarters," but the rafters had denied this, saying they were just seeking adventure).

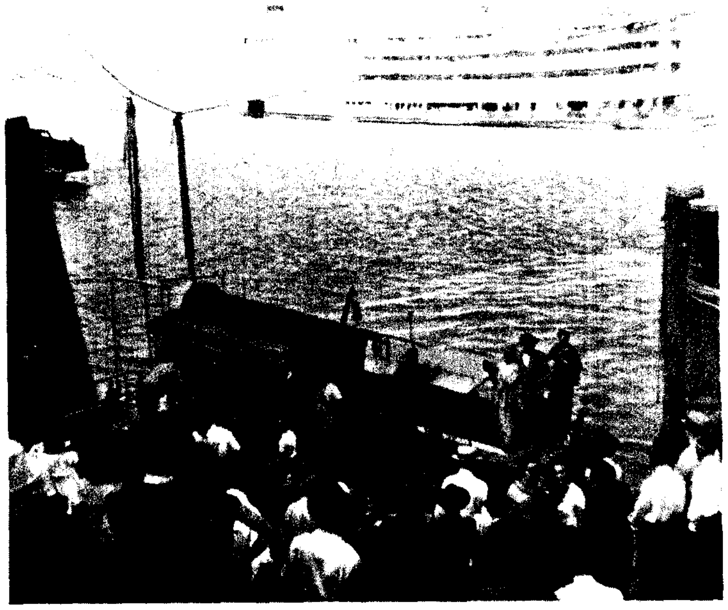
Now, however, with the false announcement that they had been killed, it suddenly became apparent that these young Americans faced possible death, as well as adventure, on their journey.

The effect of this became immediately apparent in Moundsville, where dozens of private citizens went out of their way to help the bedraggled crew during its salvaging and rebuilding operations. They had lost nearly all their money and clothes, all of their books (except, ironically, a copy of Mark Twain's Life on the Mississippi), and half of their equipment, including their stove; and after the capsizing they lived in two tents on the riverbank. But they never wanted for hot baths and hot food, which were graciously offered every day by the people of the town.

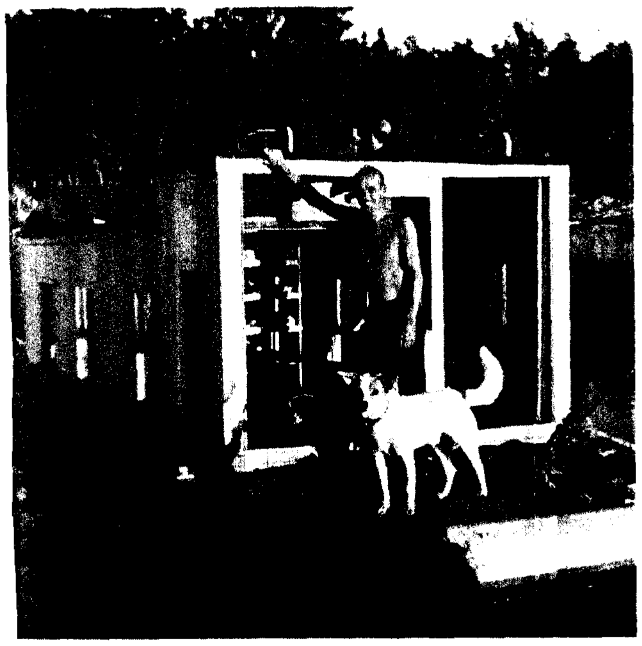
Moreover, an auto repairman named John Blair offered his truck and winch to right the raft, after the shattered superstructure had been cleared away, and the Moundsville Lumber Company donated enough lumber to rebuild the cabin. Optometrist Dr. J. W. Myers offered glasses at cost to replace those lost by both Borden and Brown in the disaster, and a small boy named Billy Smith solemnly presented the group with two sailor hats and his own most prized possession, a Boy Scout knife.

After capsizing early in journey, girls took care to wear life jackets when danger loomed

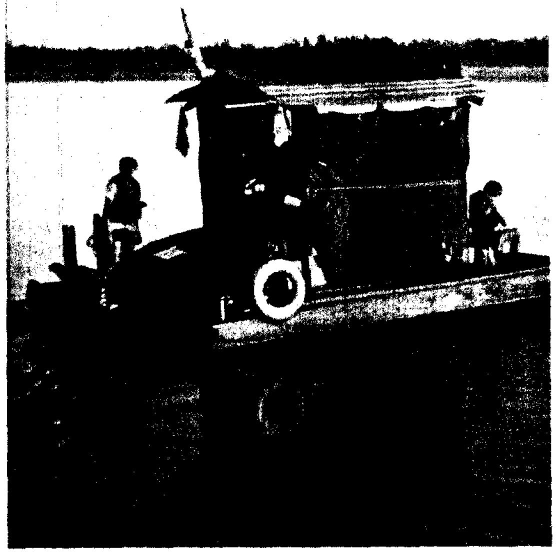
Rough water on the Mississippi often crashed over raft's bow, sloshed up through the deck



Large crowd of greeters was on hand when raft ended long, eventful trip at New Orleans



This boat, the Moon, needed help. Raft crew called owner, R. Lewis, the Man in the Moon



Mississippi was tricky, perilous, until raft reached Baton Rouge. Then it became smooth

After reaching journey's end, crew posed for this photo, wearing unfamiliar street clothes

to New Orleans

By BILL DAVIDSON

near disasters awaited them before they successfully completed their 95-day, 1,866-mile voyage

Also, three people offered puppies to replace the Lethargia's drowned mascot, Samson; after due deliberation, the crew accepted a tiny black-and-white female mongrel, which they christened Delilah.

With all the help they received, the four voyagers were ready to get under way again on August 10th, just two weeks after the disaster. About a hundred of their new-found friends saw them off. The reconstructed raft looked pretty much the same as it had, except that they had lost the aluminum pennant presented to them by the New Kensington (Pennsylvania) Chamber of Commerce, which read, "From New Kensington, Pa., to New Orleans." They now sported a new sign, presented by the hospitable Moundsville citizens, which read, "From New Kensington, Pa., *via Moundsville, W. Va.,* to New Orleans."

"We enjoyed a hundred very pleasant miles after we left Moundsville," says Mary Ellin. "We drifted and sang and worked, and we took in all the historical sites along the river—like Blennerhassett Island, where Aaron Burr plotted to seize part of the United States and set up a new country of his own. The crew continued to enjoy the argument-free period that began when we overturned, and there were no incidents—until we were about a hundred miles downriver from Moundsville."

That day's events began when a small float-airplane landed alongside the Lethargia and offered a tow (the raft still had no power of its own.) The girls were aghast at the idea of being hauled along in their flimsy craft by an airplane, but after a protracted argument with the boys, they subsided, reluctantly. So the plane taxied along the water for several miles with the raft bobbing merrily behind. "It was delightful," says Milton Borden.

"It was terrifying," says Geraldine Garcia.

Then the plane left them, but that evening, just as they were tying up for the night, they heard the sound of another powerful motor, and a speedboat appeared out of the dusk. A man came aboard and announced, "The folks down here are planning a little welcome party for you and I've been sent ahead to tow you in." The girls thought there was something a bit unusual about the man, but they voted with the boys to accept the tow. Geraldine, just to play safe, decided to ride in the speedboat.

The next few minutes were sheer nightmare. The speedboat started off with a lurch, then began to zigzag all over the river. It was only then that Gerry noticed the man was drunk. With Gerry screaming on the boat and Mary Ellin screaming on the raft, the Lethargia whipped wildly back and forth—"just like a scene in an old Charlie Chaplin movie," as Mary Ellin recalled later.

They narrowly missed a dredge, and then, while Gerry put on a life jacket and struggled for the wheel, they aimed directly for the "beartrap" spillways of Dam 23 at Millwood, West Virginia. If they had gone over the spillways, they would have been dashed to pieces or drowned in the turbulent water below; just in *(Continued on page 80)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MILTON BORDEN

First Passion

I believed that she never looked at anyone else the way she looked at me. How could she? What could it possibly mean to anyone else, when she was mine entirely?

By PAUL HORGAN

DURING the first World War, when I was about ten years old, the most frequent and beloved visitor at my father and mother's house in Dorchester, New York, was a lady I called Aunt Bunch. I had given her this name because she often wore a bunch of Parma violets pinned to her gray fur coat, or to an ermine muff she carried, or at her waist, in the style of the period. She was not a real aunt. The title was merely an expression of my possessiveness.

I adored her tyrannically. I believed her to exist for me alone, and behaved accordingly. When she came to our house, I rudely interposed myself between her and all other people and relationships, until general laughter resulted and I was reminded that I was a child. There lay the key to my worship. She treated me not like a young boy in ribbed black cotton stockings, itchy knee breeches, a jacket whose sleeves never seemed long enough, a starched collar that lay over his shoulder bones and made a dazzling white cone for the support of his hot downy cheeks, but like a young man to whom she could send silent messages, confident that they would be received and understood.

She was, I think, in her early thirties. Her hair was so blonde as to seem almost silvery. She wore it loose in a maddening way—I wanted to put my hands into it and make it all fall down, sliding like gold and silver treasure. Her eyes were blue-violet, which must have accounted for her bunches of violets, and the effect she knew they made. Dark lashes shadowed her eyes, from which great liquid purities shone forth right into your heart. Her mouth fascinated me. Her lips were full, yet ever so delicate. Her cheeks always looked warm, but felt cool.

I knew, because our ardent relationship included embraces. She would come in on a winter day, with snowflakes on her furs, her violets, her veil, and let me climb against her until I hurt. She would kiss me, put her cheek against mine, and hold me in her arms, and I smelled snow and violets and felt the exquisite tickle of melting snowflakes between our faces. Her face was always pink and softly glowing. If she ever looked archly and humorously over my head at other adults, I never saw her do it.

She belonged to me. How could I doubt it? She always called me "my dear," as she might a man, and in that winter we became acknowledged as a cunning joke, as "lovers," with quotation marks, and many an eyebrow went up at the spectacle we made.

My own part of this passion explains itself. But for her part—why did she come to take me out driving in the afternoons, after school, in her electric car? The cushions were gray, there were always violets in the little crystal vases flanking the great plate glass of the front window, and we were alone together as the humming batteries carried us along, and the elegant bell rang at street crossings. We rode, for the most part, in ecstatic silence through the park, watching for swans on the lake, and if we saw one, our excitement made us clutch one another.

Sometimes she let me steer the electric. To do so, I had to crowd near to her and lean upon her lap to manage the long black bar which made the wheels point this way or that. I would steer; she would control the speed by a shorter bar above the other; and we would proceed on our way with joy.

"Poor dear, she has no children, and he is like a son to her"—this was one explanation I overheard. It meant nothing to me. What did it matter why, so long as she would put her head down to mine, and leave it there in dreaming silence and contentment? Or hold my hand and play with my fingers, one after another, slowly and broodingly, flooding me with the moonlight of her eyes? I believed that she never looked at anyone else that way. How could she? What could it possibly mean to anyone else, when she was mine entirely?

Sometimes, on our drives, she would take me to Huyler's for a soda, or again home to her house in the park for hot chocolate. If we were early enough, I preferred her house, where we were so intimate and private, but if we were late, I was unwilling to go there because we might encounter her husband, "Uncle" Dylan.

My reluctance to meet him there had nothing to do with guilt over my love for Aunt Bunch. I simply preferred to meet him at my house because, as a visitor there, he always brought me some sort of present.

For this I despised Uncle Dylan, even as I greedily reached for his pockets. He was a rich man, much older than Aunt Bunch, and he demanded all that his money could get him. His small, pale eyes always looked dry in his sandy face, behind his pince-nez, and I once heard my father remark that it was easy to see how Dylan would look dead.

It was a strange and powerful statement, and I saw what he meant. I'd seen dead birds. Their dull plumage and milked-over eyeballs did suggest Uncle Dylan. He was tormented by the very gifts he made, though everyone always said he was generous. Still, what joy was there in giving if Uncle Dylan always suspected that what he gave was not lovingly received because it brought him with it? And so:

"Now, Richard," he would say to me, one greedy creature virtuously reproving another, "let us not be so sure we have a present today. Why should we have? What have we done to earn it? Do we think others are made of money? Presents cost something, my boy. Do you ever think of your poor old Uncle Dylan except when he has something for you?"

SUCH an attitude made me shudder for him, as he looked over at his wife to see if she smiled at his humor, blinking both his dry, scratchy eyes at her, and then besought my parents to witness his openness of heart, forcing them to admire his latest gift, and to swear that I would not be allowed to accept another single thing after this time. Then, confirmed and strengthened in his poor power over us all, he would sigh and say, "Try the left-hand pocket," and I would plunge my hand in and find nothing. But by then I was not alarmed, for I knew that he could not afford to fail me, and when, with a feeble start of surprise, like that of a vaudeville magician, he would say, "Try the right-hand one, then," I knew the sorry game was about over, to my advantage.

Even as I bled him unmercifully every chance I had, and knew he was a dullard, I never considered him an odd choice as a husband for Aunt Bunch. He simply *was* her husband, and that ended the matter. As such, he belonged in my world, as she belonged, and I could not possibly imagine any disturbance of its order. What was, was right, to me, as to other children. So long as they remained fixed, any relationships were accepted. If a new one should appear, the quicker it was absorbed and fixed, the better. But it must be added to what existed, without changing anything.

In that season of so much love, when the heavy winter had come and left snow that would stay for weeks, and the warmth and light of our house was a twilight joy after the steely-cold out of doors during the day, an old friend returned to us as somebody new. He was my father's friend and business associate, who, many months before, had joined the Army, and was now a captain of artillery on leave before receiving new orders, which everybody knew meant going overseas to France to fight the Hun.

NOW he came to see us in his uniform, with its high collar and stiff stock, its Sam Browne belt, pegged breeches and officer's boots. Captain Jarvis McNeill seemed like an entirely new person, with no relation to the infrequent visitor of the same name before the war. He was unmarried and appeared at parties mostly as a stray, to fill in. Now home on leave, he took to coming to our house late in the day, when the curtains were drawn and a fire was burning in the fireplace and other friends dropped in without announcement.

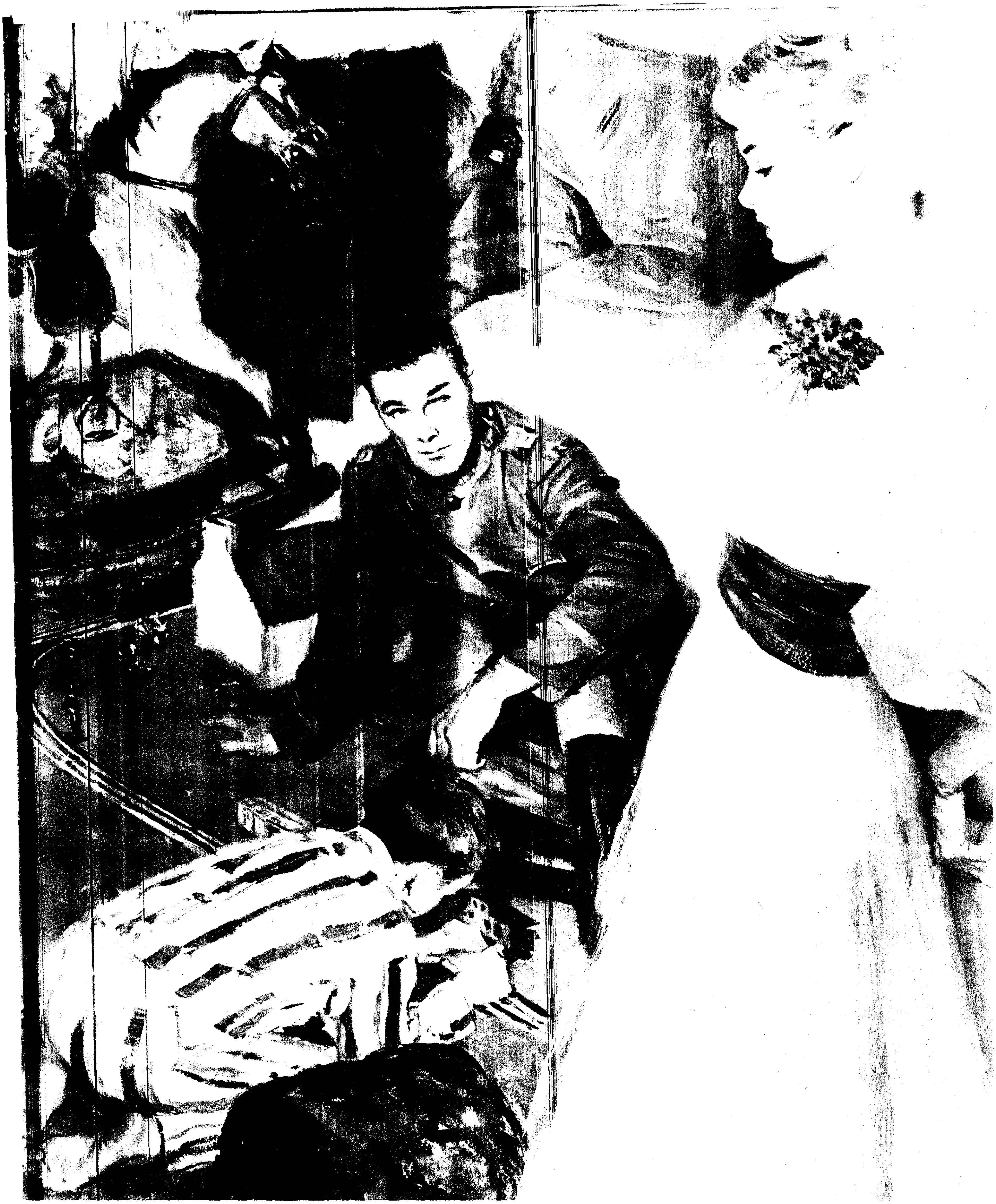
Sometimes such little gatherings would turn into supper parties; people would stay, and the animation and conviviality of my parents would have happy expression. Almost always, late in such an evening, the piano would be played, and then Captain Jarvis McNeill would sing in a crackling baritone voice distinguished by both volume and purity. He had an instinct for communicating true feeling, and when he sang, a lump would sometimes come into my throat in sorrow for what people knew, and were, and did, beyond the boundaries of my knowledge.

I always knew when Captain Jarvis McNeill arrived. I would know it by the sound of his boots in the entrance hall, when he stamped off the snow. He was big, and his movements and gestures were necessarily large, though never awkward. In his ruddy face there was a comic appeal that he be understood and forgiven for anything he might do—with a broad hint, in his raised eyebrows, his blue eyes, his crescent smile, that he might indeed do anything.

When I heard him downstairs, I held my breath to listen. His speaking voice was heavy and carried through the rooms. I listened to hear if it grew louder in my direction. Then I would hear him coming up the stairs. He was coming to see me in my room. To see *me*. A real captain, a soldier who fired cannons, who had a sword, and wore boots, and was going to war, and would himself hang the Kaiser, and was a hero.

Captain Jarvis McNeill repaid my worship with serious and simple appreciation, which took the form of getting down on the floor of my room, where my toys were, and playing there as I played, as long as the company downstairs would let him. He filled the room with his presence, and brought the spicy, sharp aromas of a barbershop with him—the clean, adventurous smell of a man who has been combed, slapped and shined to his most presentable state. His cheeks got hotter as he bent to the miniature task of imagination among my lead soldiers and wooden artillery. His collar choked him, his big legs were in

(Continued on page 70)



Dimly I knew I did not want Aunt Bunch and Captain Jarvis McNeill with me together. I wanted them with me separately

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

"Mr. Roberts" Is a Banker Now

By JAMES POLING

MRS. HENRY FONDA recently spoke her mind when her actor-husband showed signs of invading a sphere she rightfully considers her own. "I was struggling with a piece of embroidery," she says, "when Hank came up and looked over my shoulder. After a while he announced, 'That looks interesting, maybe I'll try it.' I almost burst into tears, and I screamed, 'Hank, don't you ever dare pick up a needle! Let there be just one thing I can do that you can't. Now go away someplace and act like you're acting, and leave me and my ego a little breathing space.' "

Under ordinary circumstances, Mrs. Fonda's ego is nourished by her husband's many accomplishments. She is proud that, after having starred in 41 motion pictures, he has now established himself as one of the finest actors in our legitimate theater. Mrs. Fonda, the former Susan Blanchard, twenty-two-year-old stepdaughter of Oscar Hammerstein, has no doubt that his role in Point of No Return, scheduled to open December 13th at New York's Alvin Theater, will be as fine a job as his celebrated Mr. Roberts. And she is content that he should be a talented painter, an expert builder of model planes, trains, boats and guns, a talented photographer, an organic-farming enthusiast with a deep interest in the temperature of his compost piles, a knowledgeable ceramicist, an ex-pilot, an amateur sculptor, a competent handy man and an atrocious trumpet player. But she won't let him take up needlework, or even demonstrate his boasted culinary skill.

"Women's work is my work," Susan Fonda says. "You'd think he'd be content to work at his acting. Embroidery, indeed!"

Henry Fonda very probably would devote himself exclusively to his acting, if he could manage to make it fill all of his waking hours. Away from the theater, however, he is a restless being, deprived of his orientation. His friends say, "Hank's really living when he's acting, just existing when he isn't." But since he can't spend his whole conscious life on stage, Fonda has taken up hobbies, with a passionate intensity, during his existing, or nonacting, hours.

An example of Fonda's dedication to hobbies emerges when he talks of that golden moment when he first achieved stardom in the 1934 Broadway hit The Farmer Takes a Wife—after a six-year period during which he learned to eat corn flakes moistened with water because he couldn't afford milk. He says, "I don't remember anything in particular about the opening. I don't think I even got tight." Then he adds, revealingly, "What I do remember is that I just couldn't get used to having free days. Suddenly I didn't have to make the rounds looking for a job and I didn't know what to do with myself.

"Jimmy Stewart and I were living together at the Madison Square Hotel, and just about that time Jimmy got his first job in a hit, Divided by Three. He had time on his hands, too. So we bought a model airplane set—it was a Martin bomber, I remember. We'd sleep till ten, then work on it all day until it was time to go to the theater. Our room got ankle-deep in balsa shavings and glue, but we had to order the maid not to clean; she'd have probably swept up a strut or something. We did a painstaking job and got every detail just right, but Jimmy changed his mind about the paint job so often, and put on so many different coats, the plane was overloaded and crashed the first time we tried to fly it."

Fonda's new starring vehicle, Point of No Return, is Paul Osborn's dramatization of John P. Marquand's best-selling novel of the same title. Moreover, it is opening at the same playhouse in

In his new role as Charles Gray, a harried big-city banker, Henry Fonda enjoys a visit from an old friend, played by Robert Ross

Having immortalized the naval officer, Henry Fonda returns to Broadway in a play based on J. P. Marquand's Point of No Return. One result: less time for hobbies that bring him almost as much praise as his acting

which Hank made Broadway history for over three years in the role of naval officer Mr. Roberts, in the Thomas Heggen-Joshua Logan play of the same name—which Brooks Atkinson of the New York Times called "the ideal romantic play of the war." Whether or not Hank's new show will be a comparable hit will be determined in the next week or two by the length of the line that forms at the Alvin box office on West Fifty-second Street. However, for some weeks now theater-wise people along Broadway have been speculating, "This may be it. It could be the season's big one."

If this should happen, it will be in a large measure due to Fonda's performance. In the role of Charles Gray—an assistant vice-president of a New York bank in subtle but vicious competition with a colleague for the bank's vacant executive vice-presidency—he is on stage for practically the whole performance. It is a grueling role and on it depends the whole effectiveness of the play.

Thoughts After the First Rehearsal

But the length of the part doesn't bother Hank. "Let me tell you," he says, "I was so happy after the first rehearsal I couldn't get to sleep. First Mr. Roberts, then this. I had to call Leland Hayward, our producer, just to tell him how happy I was. I doubt if any actor has ever had two fatter parts in a row."

As readers of the novel will remember, Charles Gray has spent his adult life wooing the fickle goddess, Success. With the penultimate goal almost within his grasp—if he is willing to indulge in the necessary apple-polishing and compromise—his dormant integrity inopportunely flares up. He begins to have self-doubts and to ask himself why he has channeled his spirit into a "Yes, sir," "No, sir," "Polish your apple, sir" routine. When, at the play's climax, he learns the unpalatable answer, he also finds that he has reached the point of no return and that his awakening has come too late.

Like Charles Gray, Henry Fonda has, himself, been in ardent pursuit of a superfickle goddess, Theatrical Success. Unlike Charles Gray, he has yet to have any doubts about the wisdom of his course. Nor has he, apparently, ever stumbled along a path of compromise strewn with polished apples. Bretaigne Windust, a Broadway and Hollywood director who has known him for 20 years, says, "He's never gone out of his way to please anyone just for the sake of pleasing, in or out of the theater. Instead, and this is probably a helluva thing to accuse Hank of, he carries a sort of Holy Grail around with him—acting is sacred and he's its crusader and anything and everything's got to give way before it."

Joshua Logan, director of such shows as Annie Get Your Gun and On Borrowed Time, and coauthor as well as director of South Pacific and Mr. Roberts, has also known Fonda professionally, socially and intimately for over two decades. He repeats, "The man's dedicated to his art, to the point where it irritates him if everything isn't in what he considers a state of perfection.

"When rehearsals for Mr. Roberts began, we hadn't worked together for 14 years. In the meantime, I'd achieved a fair position in the theater and I was used to a certain amount of respect from the casts I directed. But Hank treated me just like the big, fat slob he used to work with in summer stock. Once, when I did something during rehearsal he didn't approve of, he yelled, 'Look, this may have been all right for the Princeton Triangle Club, Josh, but just try and remember this is the professional theater.' Yeah, Hank can get pretty intense —which is possibly one of the reasons he's one of our best actors."

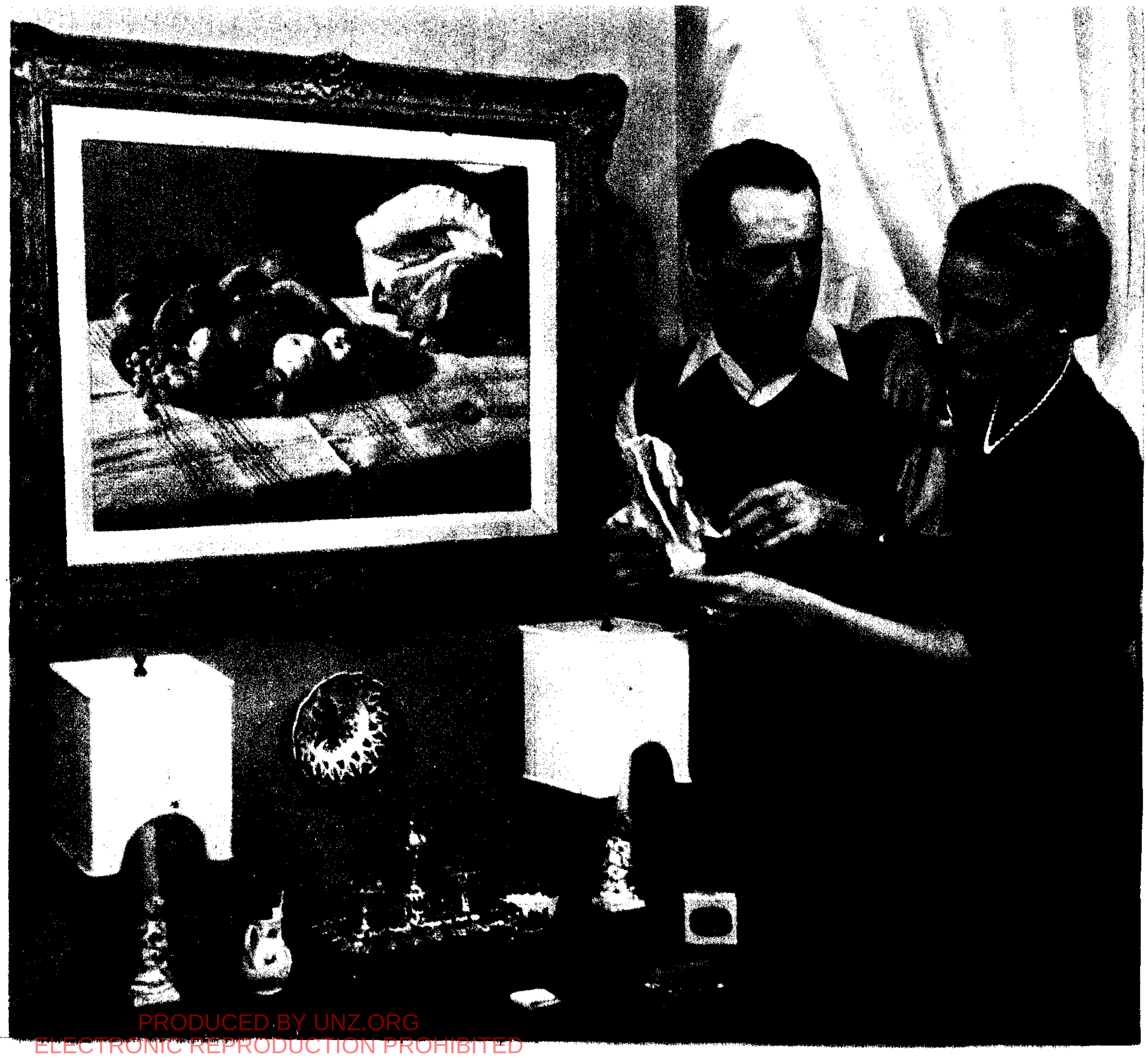
Leland Hayward, producer of Mr. Roberts and Point of No Return, and Hank's friend and agent for many years, says, in addition, that words like integrity, duty, responsibility and loyalty are very important to Fonda, *(Continued on page 42)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ZINN ARTHUR

Hobbyist Fonda's room at home is cluttered with everything from laundry to a bust of son Peter

In Point of No Return, actor Fonda phones from the station to make up with his wife

Hank's real-life wife, Susan, admires the shell used as a model in this pastel he painted for director Josh Logan. Jimmy Stewart wanted and got a Fonda original as a wedding gift



Collier's COLOR CAMERA

"SCOOP" POLLARD

MARY ORENDA POLLARD, of Middlebury, Vermont, was a schoolteacher for over 40 years. Today, at seventy-eight, she is as perky as a kitten, has more energy than two buckets of sunshine and is among the most active newspaper correspondents in the state of Vermont. As Middlebury's sole reporter for the Burlington Free Press, Miss Pollard turns in nothing but scoops. "Nobody beats Pollard," is the way the townsfolk put it. "Scoop" Pollard covers her home town from stork to cemetery, from assault and battery to sorority teas, from fire truck to courthouse.

Miss Pollard went to work for the Free Press some nine years ago. She had just come out of four years of retirement, after more than four decades of teaching: first in Middlebury, then in Minnesota, two Illinois towns, Nebraska, a settlement school in Tennessee and (for 20 years) at Frances Shimer Junior College at Mount Carroll, Illinois. Though she describes herself now as "primarily a housekeeper in a seven-room house," she devotes eight to 12 hours a day to gathering news. Her hurly-burly day starts with a six-o'clock breakfast. By eight o'clock her house is tidied up, the dishes done and she's on the phone taking reports about the previous evening's events from local churches, Middlebury College and social groups. By ten o'clock she's out doing the town, hitting all the high spots—court, jail, college and hospital—with notebook in hand, keeping her ears open for gossip and her eyes peeled for accidents. All doors are open to her. "You have to come clean with Miss Pollard," one lawyer said. "She taught most of us in school before we were dry behind the ears."

To get her copy to Burlington on time, Miss Pollard leaves an envelope at the bus depot every afternoon to be picked up by the bus driver and delivered to a copy boy at the Free Press, 36 miles away.

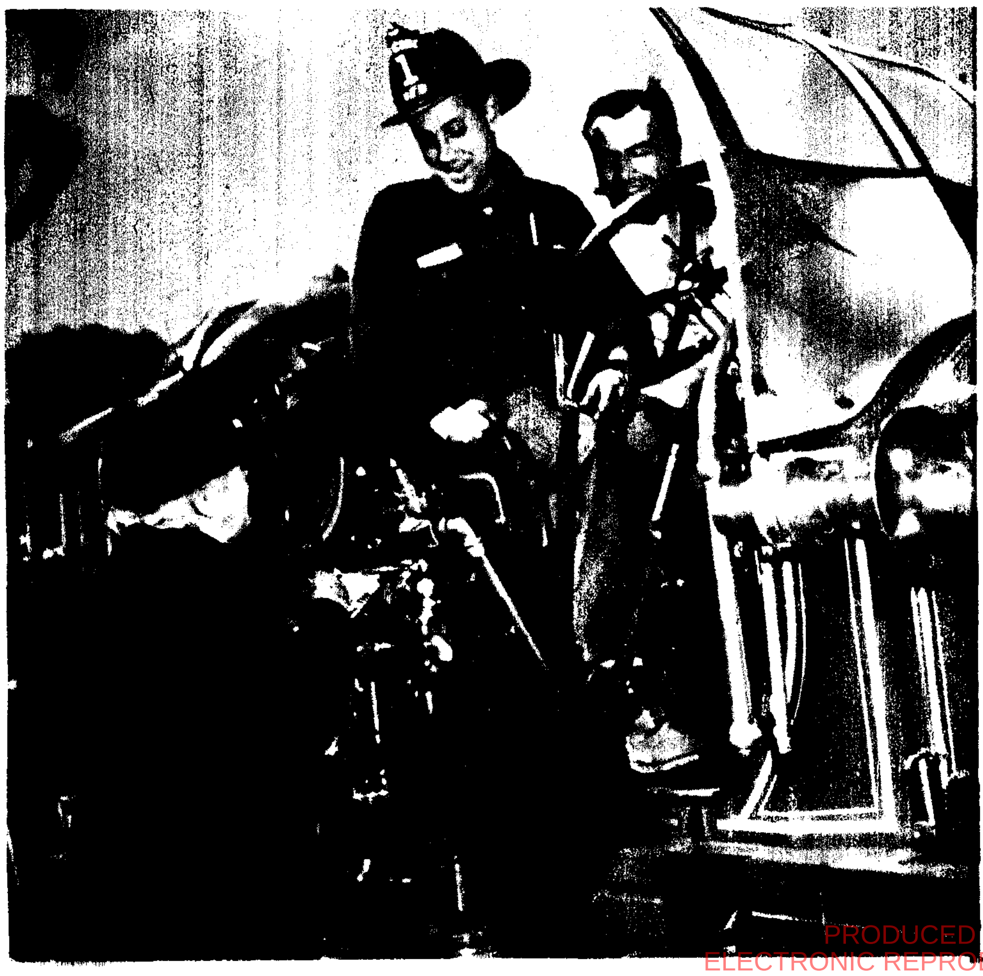
Despite her sunup start, Miss Pollard's evenings are full. She visits, attends club meetings, helps school children with their problems, and writes a column—"Looking Backward"—for Middlebury's weekly Addison Independent. She's a good cook, an active gardener, a Chicago White Sox rooter since 1903, and is presently weaving cloth for a winter dress.

"I'm having a wonderful time," she says, "always have and always will. Tell *that* to the boys on the city desk." JOHN MAGUIRE

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY TOMMY WEBER

At 8:00 A.M., Mary Orenda Pollard, Middlebury, Vermont, correspondent for Burlington Free Press, begins day by taking stories over phone

On way downtown, "Scoop" Pollard flags fire engine, gets report from Captain Ralph Hayes (in helmet) and assistant fire chief Mike Nappi



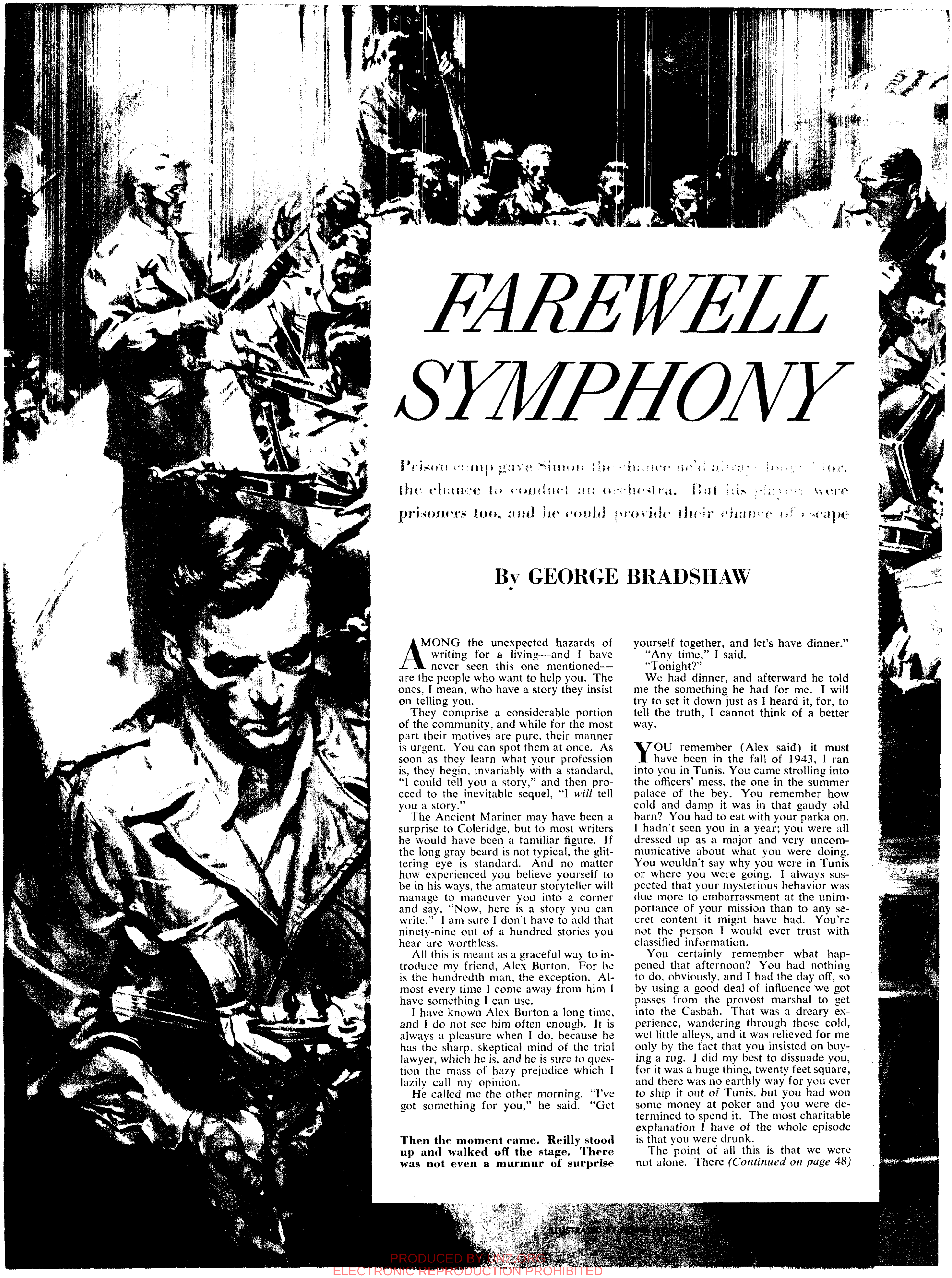
At home, Miss Pollard often receives Middlebury College girls; many, like Sally Dulles (fourth from left), are her sisters in Pi Beta Phi

Between news breaks, reporter Pollard whips up locally famous breads and pies. Here she gives a pie to Mrs. Clark Burrows and Clark, Jr.

For story on Vermont Forest Service, 78-year-old reporter went up in plane with pilot Bill Fennell. Aiding her is forester Art Heitmann

Ever alert, "Scoop" Pollard caught this accident while walking home. She was on story before drivers got out of cars to see what happened

For her weekly column, "Looking Backward," Miss Pollard visits local cemetery to check historical data on former residents of Middlebury



Then the moment came. Reilly stood up and walked off the stage. There was not even a murmur of surprise

ILLUSTRATED BY [illegible]

FAREWELL SYMPHONY

Prison camp gave Simon the chance he'd always longed for, the chance to conduct an orchestra. But his players were prisoners too, and he could provide their chance of escape

By GEORGE BRADSHAW

AMONG the unexpected hazards of writing for a living—and I have never seen this one mentioned—are the people who want to help you. The ones, I mean, who have a story they insist on telling you.

They comprise a considerable portion of the community, and while for the most part their motives are pure, their manner is urgent. You can spot them at once. As soon as they learn what your profession is, they begin, invariably with a standard, "I could tell you a story," and then proceed to the inevitable sequel, "I *will* tell you a story."

The Ancient Mariner may have been a surprise to Coleridge, but to most writers he would have been a familiar figure. If the long gray beard is not typical, the glittering eye is standard. And no matter how experienced you believe yourself to be in his ways, the amateur storyteller will manage to maneuver you into a corner and say, "Now, here is a story you can write." I am sure I don't have to add that ninety-nine out of a hundred stories you hear are worthless.

All this is meant as a graceful way to introduce my friend, Alex Burton. For he is the hundredth man, the exception. Almost every time I come away from him I have something I can use.

I have known Alex Burton a long time, and I do not see him often enough. It is always a pleasure when I do, because he has the sharp, skeptical mind of the trial lawyer, which he is, and he is sure to question the mass of hazy prejudice which I lazily call my opinion.

He called me the other morning. "I've got something for you," he said. "Get yourself together, and let's have dinner."

"Any time," I said.

"Tonight?"

We had dinner, and afterward he told me the something he had for me. I will try to set it down just as I heard it, for, to tell the truth, I cannot think of a better way.

YOU remember (Alex said) it must have been in the fall of 1943, I ran into you in Tunis. You came strolling into the officers' mess, the one in the summer palace of the bey. You remember how cold and damp it was in that gaudy old barn? You had to eat with your parka on. I hadn't seen you in a year; you were all dressed up as a major and very uncommunicative about what you were doing. You wouldn't say why you were in Tunis or where you were going. I always suspected that your mysterious behavior was due more to embarrassment at the unimportance of your mission than to any secret content it might have had. You're not the person I would ever trust with classified information.

You certainly remember what happened that afternoon? You had nothing to do, obviously, and I had the day off, so by using a good deal of influence we got passes from the provost marshal to get into the Casbah. That was a dreary experience, wandering through those cold, wet little alleys, and it was relieved for me only by the fact that you insisted on buying a rug. I did my best to dissuade you, for it was a huge thing, twenty feet square, and there was no earthly way for you ever to ship it out of Tunis, but you had won some money at poker and you were determined to spend it. The most charitable explanation I have of the whole episode is that you were drunk.

The point of all this is that we were not alone. There *(Continued on page 48)*

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"Ummm—Ham-and-Eggs!"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

due to the fact that in curing, the hams are racked in tiers like firewood. The shape is an indication of a slow cure. In Tennessee, they often used molasses, vinegar, peppercorns, herbs and spices in their curing process. In Pennsylvania, New York and the Midwest, hams were placed in a simple brine, then smoked and aged. In the South, hogs were frequently fattened on peanuts; elsewhere, corn served the same purpose.

Curing works a strange miracle in food chemistry. The brine or salt tenderizes the meat, and at the same time protects it against spoilage. The sugar endows it with a delicate flavor. And the saltpeter protects its red color; otherwise, the meat would be gray and uninviting. Smoke permeates the meat, gives it a special additional flavor. Aging serves to shrink the fat, makes the meat sweet and succulent; it seems to concentrate and refine latent flavors as the ham matures and mellows. And, adequately cured, properly smoked for at least a fortnight, the hams remain sweet and palatable in warm weather.

When the colonial hams were at long last ready for export, they went to England, to Germany, to Holland, Spain and other parts of the world. They had to compete with the traditionally famous and lordly Westphalian hams of Germany, the huge, fat Bohemian hams of Prague, the French hams of Bayonne, British hams cured in beer and spices at York.

The gourmets tentatively sampled and savored—and gave American hams the stamp of hearty approval.

Feasts Cooked in Skillets

One factor in colonial America that tended to increase the popularity of ham-and-eggs was that all food was cooked conveniently in the kitchen fireplace. It was skillet cookery, primitive and wholly appropriate. Slices of home-cured ham were placed in the cast-iron skillet, which was then set over the coals in the fireplace. When the meat was cooked, it was placed in a warming oven; the melted fat was permitted to cool somewhat, and into it were dropped as many eggs as could be eaten. As they started to cook, spoonfuls of the hot fat were poured over them, giving the yolks a delicate glaze. With the ham and eggs, perhaps the most popular of pioneer breads was served, johnnycake, made of corn meal baked to a golden brown. There, ladies and gentlemen, was a feast. It still is.

Today, although there is some home curing, most hams are commercially prepared.

The physical appearance of a home-cured ham may not be appealing. The skin is blackened and curiously wrinkled by smoke and age; it may even have a patina of greenish mold. It should be scrubbed with soap and warm water, brushed and dried thoroughly. If the mold persists, it may be wiped off with a cloth dampened with vinegar. To freshen a country-cured ham, score the fat heavily and cover it with cold water for 12 to 48 hours. If you happen to know the vintage of the ham, soak it 12 hours for each year of its age.

The methods employed by the big packers of nationally distributed hams are largely an extension of country-cure methods. To attain mass production, uniform quality and relatively low overhead, the packers have applied new and highly scientific methods that have substantially cut down the curing time, yet result in fine, flavorsome ham well within the budgetary limits of average homes. The fact that America's per capita consumption of hams is probably greater than that of any other country is possible only because of a great packing industry, modern refrigeration, fine transportation, and safeguards for quality and flavor.

The nationally distributed hams usually come with instructions on the wrapper. The boneless variety is a joy to slice; the precooked ham requires little more than a delicate heating and browning before it is ready to serve—but don't forget to score that priceless rind of fat. Nothing need be added in the way of spices.

An active controversy can be launched within any group of gourmets if you ask which is the best ham, which has the richest flavor, which the most delicately textured meat.

Some enthusiasts maintain that no ham is fit to be eaten unless it is from Smithfield, Virginia. Many years ago, descendants of John Smith moved across the river from Jamestown, after a slight disagreement about pig culture, and there established Smithfield. They discovered their pigs could forage until late in the fall. When the fields of peanuts ripened, the lean English hogs made a shambles of them, quickly put on a layer of fat and were driven to slaughter. The hams were dry-cured, slowly smoked, aged for at least two years before they were exported, and commanded a premium price in Europe.

When rank imitations of Smithfield ham glutted the market, giving the genuine hams a black eye, the legislature of Virginia passed a law saying, in effect, that only hams cured in the immediate vicinity of Smithfield can bear that proud old name.

The Bluegrass country also produces notable hams; citizens of Virginia and Kentucky have fought duels over the relative merits of the hams produced in their states. The Kentucky ham is inclined to be large, as the hogs are older when slaughtered —at least this has been my experience with the Kentucky hams that have graced my table. The curing method follows largely the Virginia formula, and the hams have a delicate flavor, the meat tender and meltingly good to taste.

Out in Iowa, superlative hams are processed. The best ones are home-cured in heavy brine, smoked with cool smoke of hardwood, aged for at least a year before being offered on the market. Local corn is used to fatten the pigs and it produces a flavorsome, sweet meat of incomparable goodness. Within the past year it has been my good fortune to nibble on a pair of these Iowa hams, and they were endowed with a memorable flavor.

In Iowa, ham-and-eggs differs just a trifle from the pioneer formula. The ham is broiled slowly, rather than fried, and emerges from the broiler juicy and tender. The eggs reach perfection in the fat in the bottom of the broiler pan. The end result leaves nothing to be desired.

The Pennsylvania Dutch produce a ham that is slowly cured in brine, then given a bath of hard cider before it is smoked. When the hams are redolent with spicy smoke, they are encased in thick bread dough, sprinkled heavily with pepper. The dough hardens to a heavy, airproof crust and the hams are often hung in the corncrib where they drowsily age. Having lived in a Pennsylvania Dutch sector for six years, I can testify to the excellence of this cure. Open one of these hams in early September, cut off a few slices, fry or broil them, grace them with fresh eggs of your own choice and you will have something that approaches absolute perfection in the ham-and-egg field. A pound slice is about par for the course.

In Praise of Sassafras Smoke

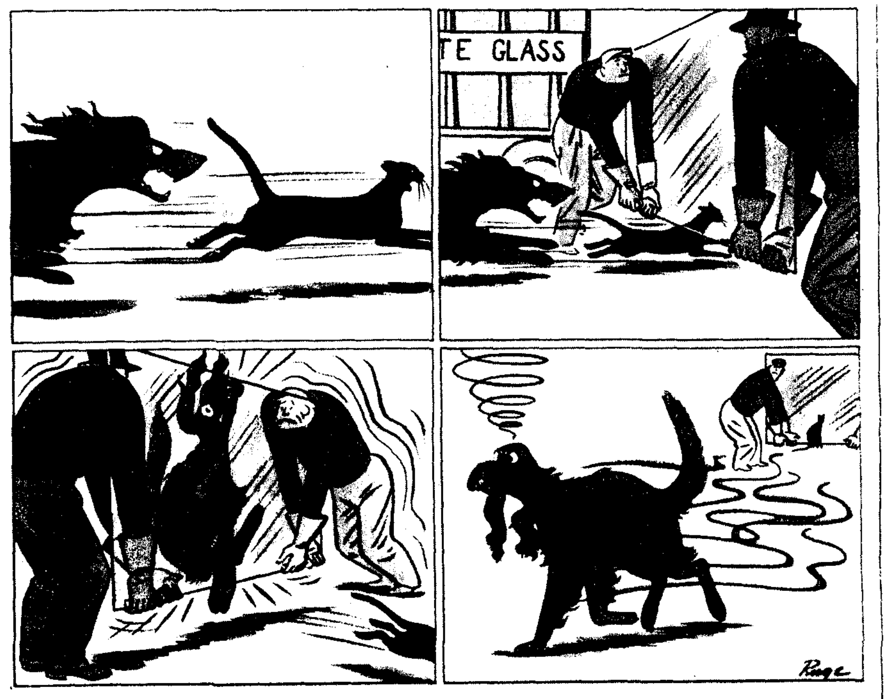
Northwestern Pennsylvania produces its own special type of ham, meat that owes its spicy taste to aromatic sassafras smoke. My father cured hams and bacon in this manner. To this day I don't think the special taste of sassafras can be beaten by any other cure.

Tennessee hams are usually processed from true razorback hogs, fattened just before they become pork. The hams are rather lean, deeply smoked in applewood and maple. The Tennessee ham has a special taste, the citizens of that state claim, that differs from hams cured elsewhere, a theory with which I did not wholly agree until I tasted hams cured at Nashville.

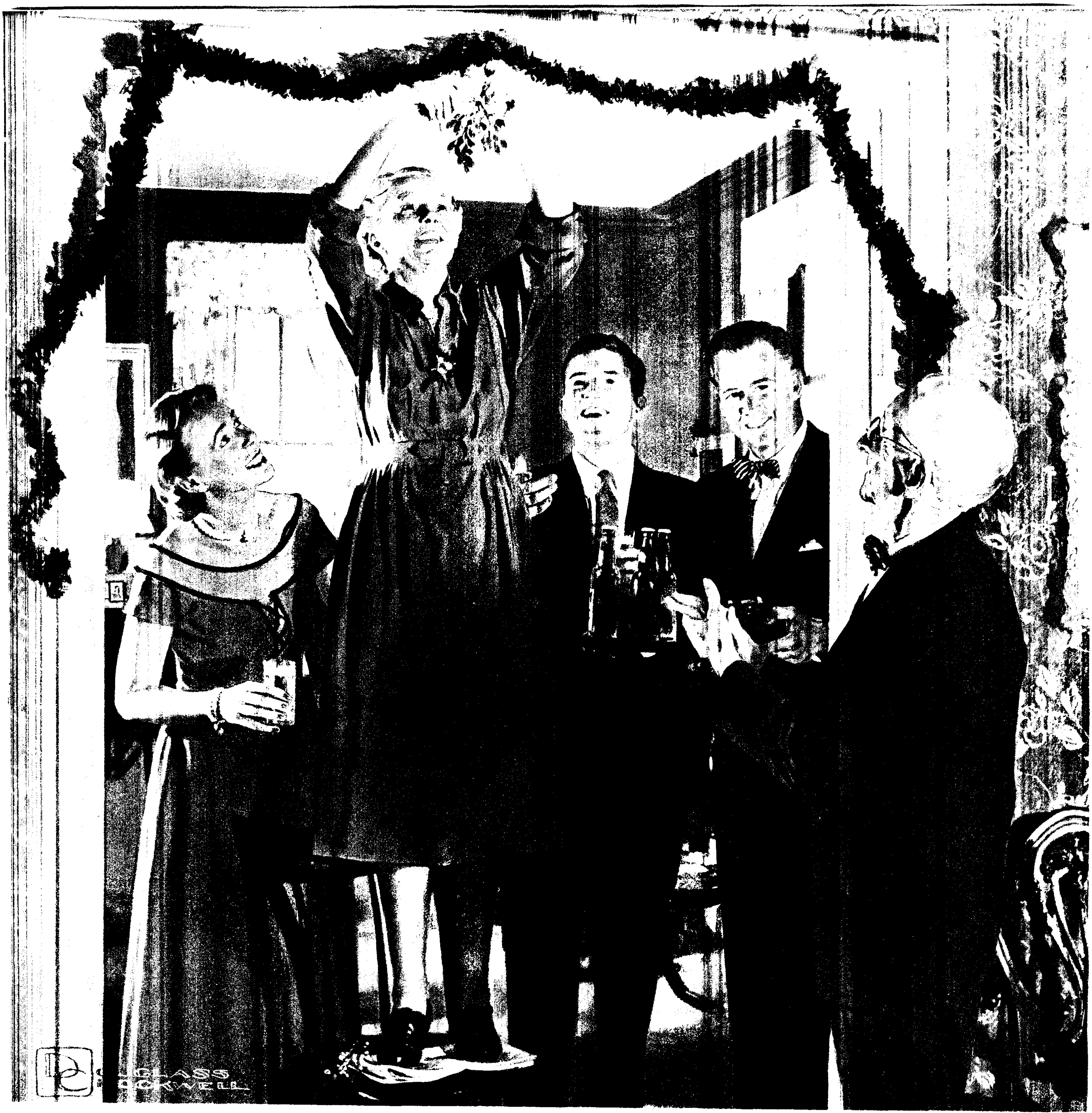
In preparing ham-and-eggs, the Tennessee cook fries the eggs lightly in butter. From the ham fat is brewed the traditionally famous "red gravy." Into the bubbling-hot ham fat goes a cup of hot coffee, two thirds of a cup of milk, freshly ground black pepper, a few drops of Tabasco sauce. The gravy is stirred as it seethes, tastily enriched with tiny fragments of ham that remain in the fat.

All over the country, as in Tennessee, the usual method of serving up the eggs is to fry them. However, for those who dislike their eggs thus prepared, there is a happy compromise in Eggs Benedict. The

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE



"GRANDMOTHER HANGS THE MISTLETOE," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 63 in the series "Home Life in America."

In this friendly, freedom-loving land of ours–*beer belongs... enjoy it!*

Beer and ale—
mealtime favorites

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

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eggs are delicately poached in a buttered ramekin, set in boiling water. A slice of toast is placed on a hot plate, lightly buttered, and topped by a thin slice of ham, quickly grilled and very hot. On the ham, its crowning glory, is set the poached egg. Covered with hollandaise sauce, it makes a great breakfast, prologue to a perfect day.

My secretary, a knowledgeable person in the kitchen, performs a minor miracle with ham-and-eggs, a gourmet's dream come true. She places one teaspoon of butter in the bottom of a hot ramekin. Meantime, a thinnish slice of ham has been frizzled delicately in butter. This is cut into bite sizes and is added to the butter in the ramekin, and thence into the oven, while the eggs are prepared, two for each person. Whites and unbroken yolks are separated and the whites are beaten very stiff and heaped on the ham. With a spoon, the cook makes suitable depressions in the whites, pops the egg yolks into the cozy nests and adds a light sprinkle of pepper, no salt. The concoction then goes into a 300-degree oven for 10 minutes, or until the whites brown. The result is an entrancing dish, a symphony in pale brown and sheer gold that tastes just as good as it looks.

A poached egg can be a gustatory delight when served with a slice of fried or broiled ham. An artist friend spreads his ham slices with prepared mustard and broils them. In a saucepan, he brings a pint of Marsala wine to the boil, decants the eggs, one at a time, into a saucer, and slides them into the wine. After three minutes, the eggs are removed with a skimmer and permitted to drain. Meanwhile, a smidgen of butter, a trifle of parsley and a little of the wine have been simmering in a hot frying pan. The poached eggs are placed atop the ham slices, and a teaspoonful of the sauce is poured over each egg. Season as you taste, and you will agree that my friend is an artist indeed.

Also appropriate with ham is a shirred egg. The process is simple: line a muffin tin with partially broiled ham strips, cut thin and easy to handle. Pop the egg into the center and place the tin in a moderate oven until the egg is cooked. Baste with a little melted butter and pepper the white of the egg, and you have a breakfast dish of indisputable merit.

The simple omelet, for some obscure reason, has always baffled the average American cook. The French alone seem to have mastered the technique, creating their omelets without excessive whipping of the eggs, or the addition of cream or baking powder.

A French omelet is not fluffy; prepared in the classic manner, it is toothsome, flavorsome. The heavy cast-iron omelet pan is placed over high heat for 20 to 30 minutes. Then a small piece of butter is put in the pan, where it literally smokes into liquid. Remove the pan from the fire, add eggs that have been beaten only enough to mix the yolks and whites.

The experienced chef grabs the handle of the frying pan, slants it, hits the handle sharply to loosen the coagulating eggs, and shakes and twists the pan until the omelet is folded into a long narrow concoction, temptingly and lightly crusted pale gold on the outside, sheer manna under the fork. The egg is cooked in seconds, but eating it—with a slice of broiled or fried ham, thick chunks of toasted French bread and fine, strong American coffee—is a pleasant and unhurried task.

Restaurant fortunes have been founded on the simple formula of satisfying city appetites for ham-and-eggs. As testimony to the extent of this appetite, one small chain of restaurants now sells 1,500,000 eggs a year.

Nine years ago, radio salesman Arthur Maisel ordered ham-and-eggs in a restaurant. It was nearly cold when served. He had $3,500 and what he thought was a hot idea: Why not serve eggs right in the skillet in which they were cooked? He discussed the idea with Arthur Ganger, who was in the restaurant equipment business. They constructed the Glorifried Ham-n'-Eggs restaurant on Fifty-first Street and Broadway in New York City, and served ham-and-eggs piping-hot, right in the pan.

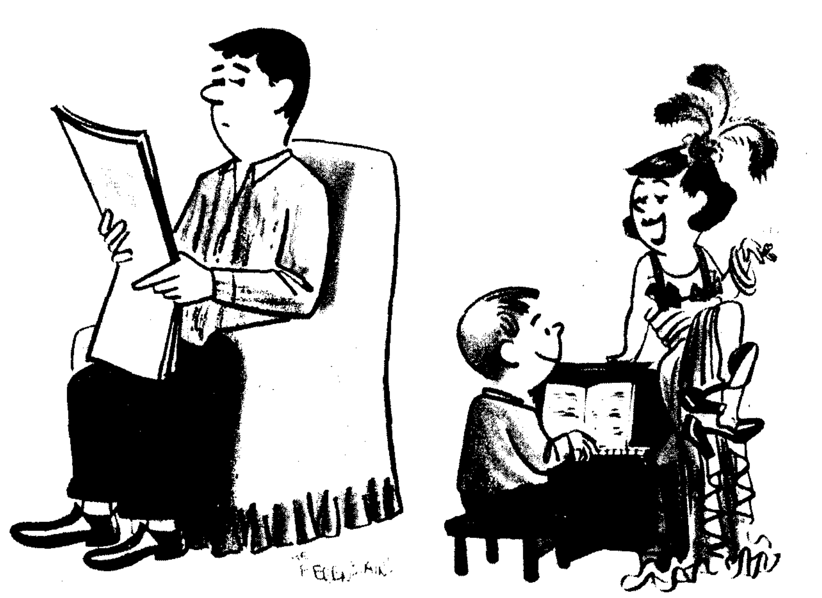
There had been other small establishments specializing in ham-and-eggs previously, but Maisel claims to be the largest operator in the field today, with an annual gross of around $5,000,000. He also operates four state-named restaurants in New York—the Californian, Texan, Virginian and Georgian—and plans on a chain of similar restaurants in other major cities. What he has accomplished he plans to duplicate in other establishments from coast to coast, from Maine to Key West. Ham-and-egg restaurants usually flourish, and there is a rash of them across the country.

During the Revolutionary War, to hark back again to historical days, a dashing British cavalry officer named Banastre Tarleton once moodily informed his general, Sir William Howe, that the two best things about the American rebels were their women and their ham-and-eggs.

That was a long time ago. But in Brigade Major Tarleton's cynical analysis was one basic, undeniable truth: American women, ham-and-eggs—both are still delightful dishes.

THE END

SISTER



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VOLATILE - AVOID FLAME
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For Men of All Ages! It's *sure* to please — this large bottle of Vitalis in its special Christmas package! Dad's favorite — and Junior's too!

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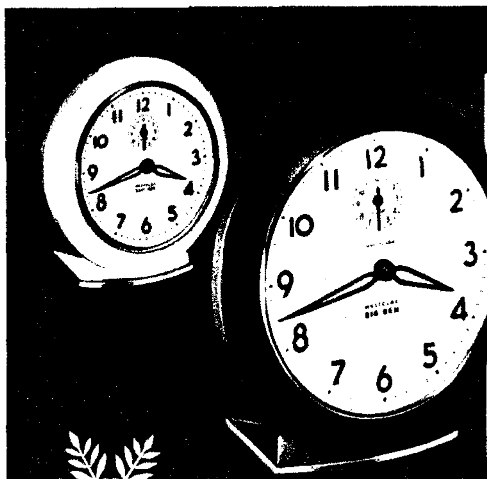

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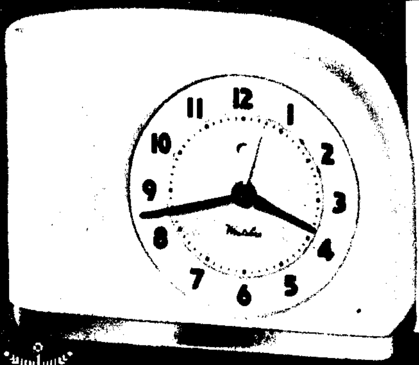

MOONBEAM Electric Alarm is a Westclox exclusive . . . an unusual gift. Wakes you silently. His first call is a blinking light. After several minutes, the light is joined by an audible alarm. $9.95. With luminous dial, one dollar more.

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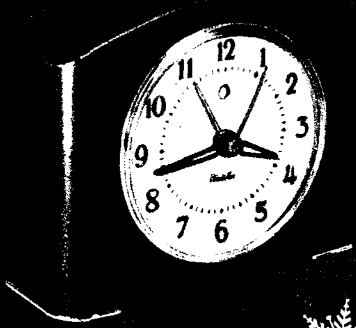
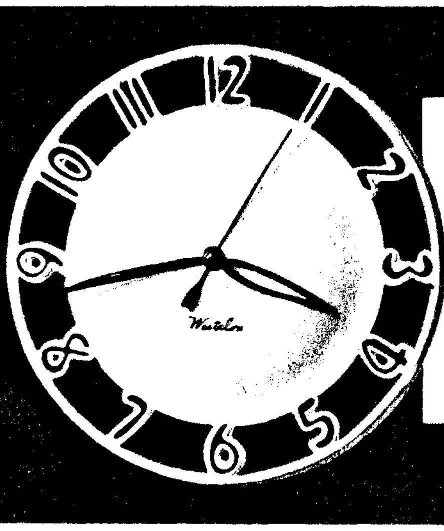
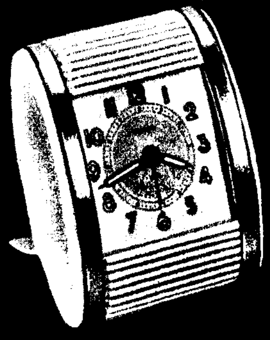


GREENWICH Electric Alarm makes a truly handsome Christmas gift! Gracefully designed, it combines beauty of a rich, mahogany-finish wood case with utility of a pleasant bell alarm. 4 inches high. $7.95. With luminous dial, a dollar more.



MELODY Electric Wall Clock. Adaptable to any room, any color scheme, smartly-styled Melody mounts flush on wall. Removable case ring comes in variety of colors. To change color, flip out ring, flop it over. $6.95.

❧❧ but every single day. When you give a Westclox, you give the gift of time ❧❧ a long-remembered gift which,



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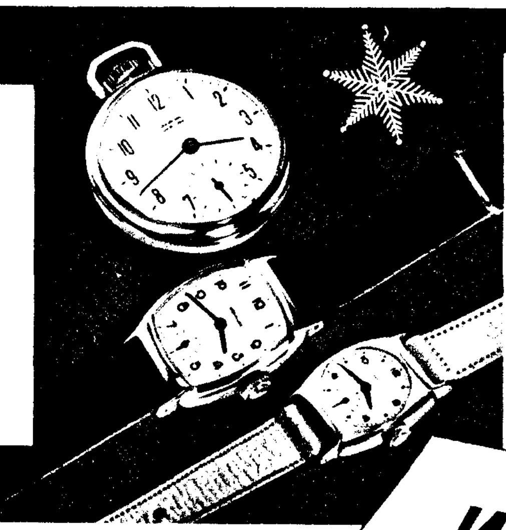

POCKET BEN. Thin; good-looking. A reliable watch that can "take it." $3.25. Luminous, a dollar more.

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with every passing hour, relays your constant best wishes to those you love!

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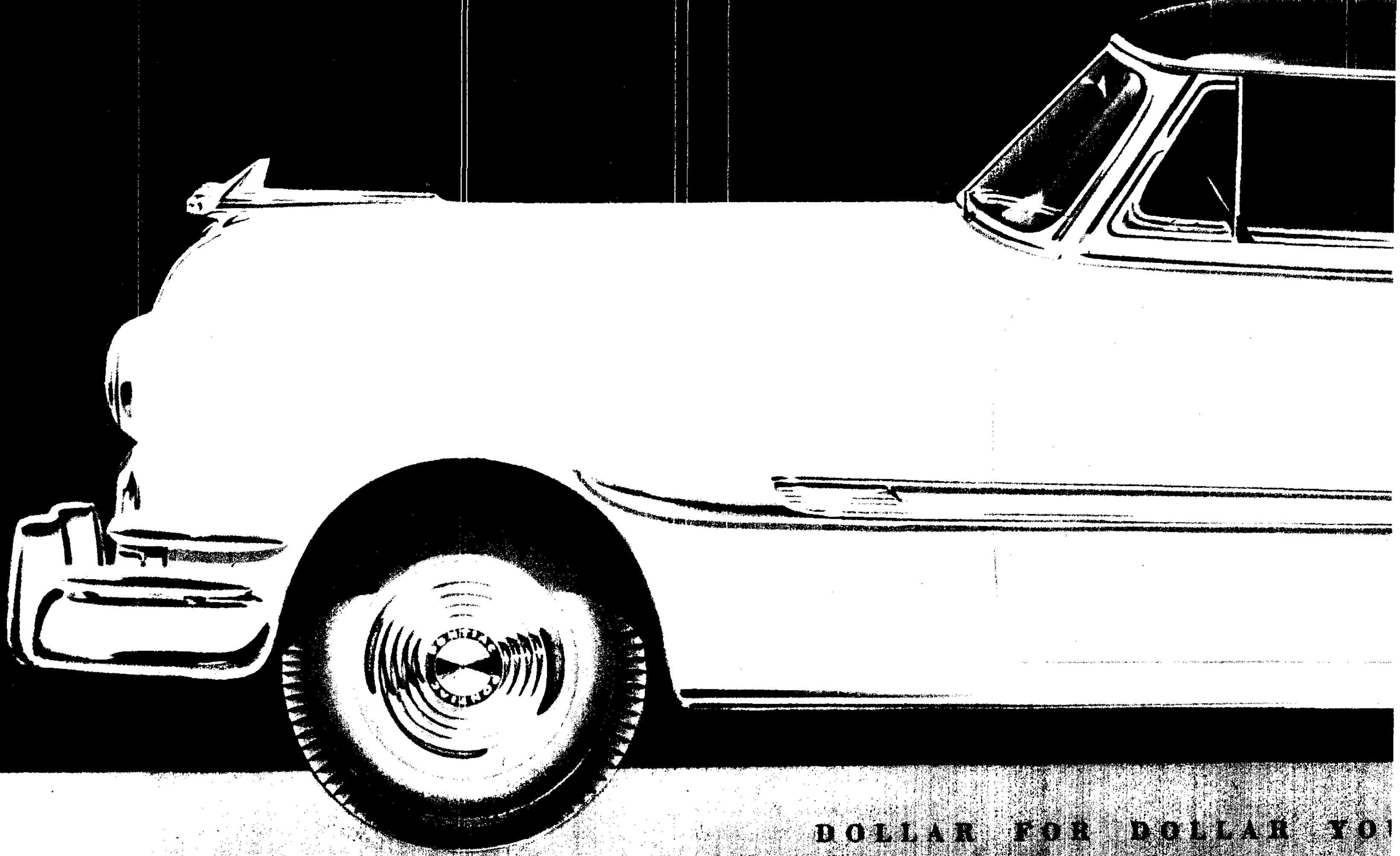

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Featuring a Wonderful New Power Train

1. More Powerful High-Compression Engine
2. Wonderful Dual-Range Hydra-Matic Drive*
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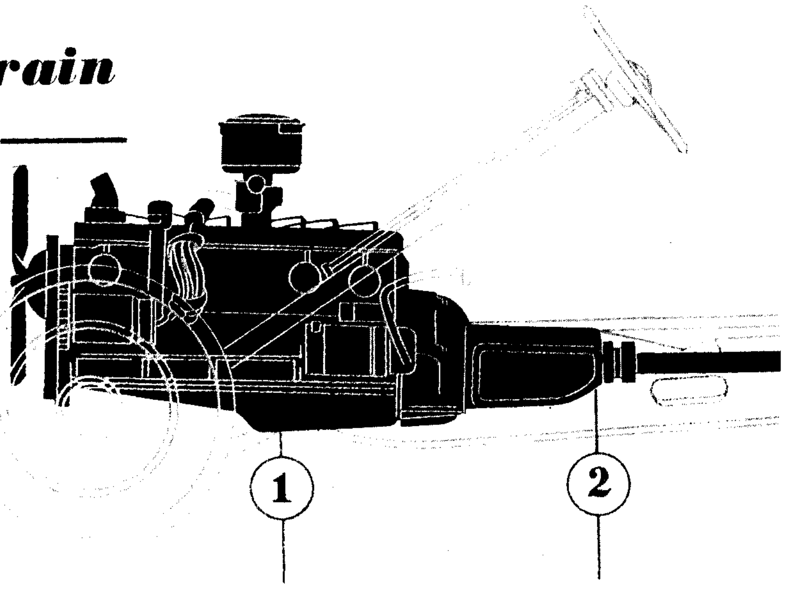
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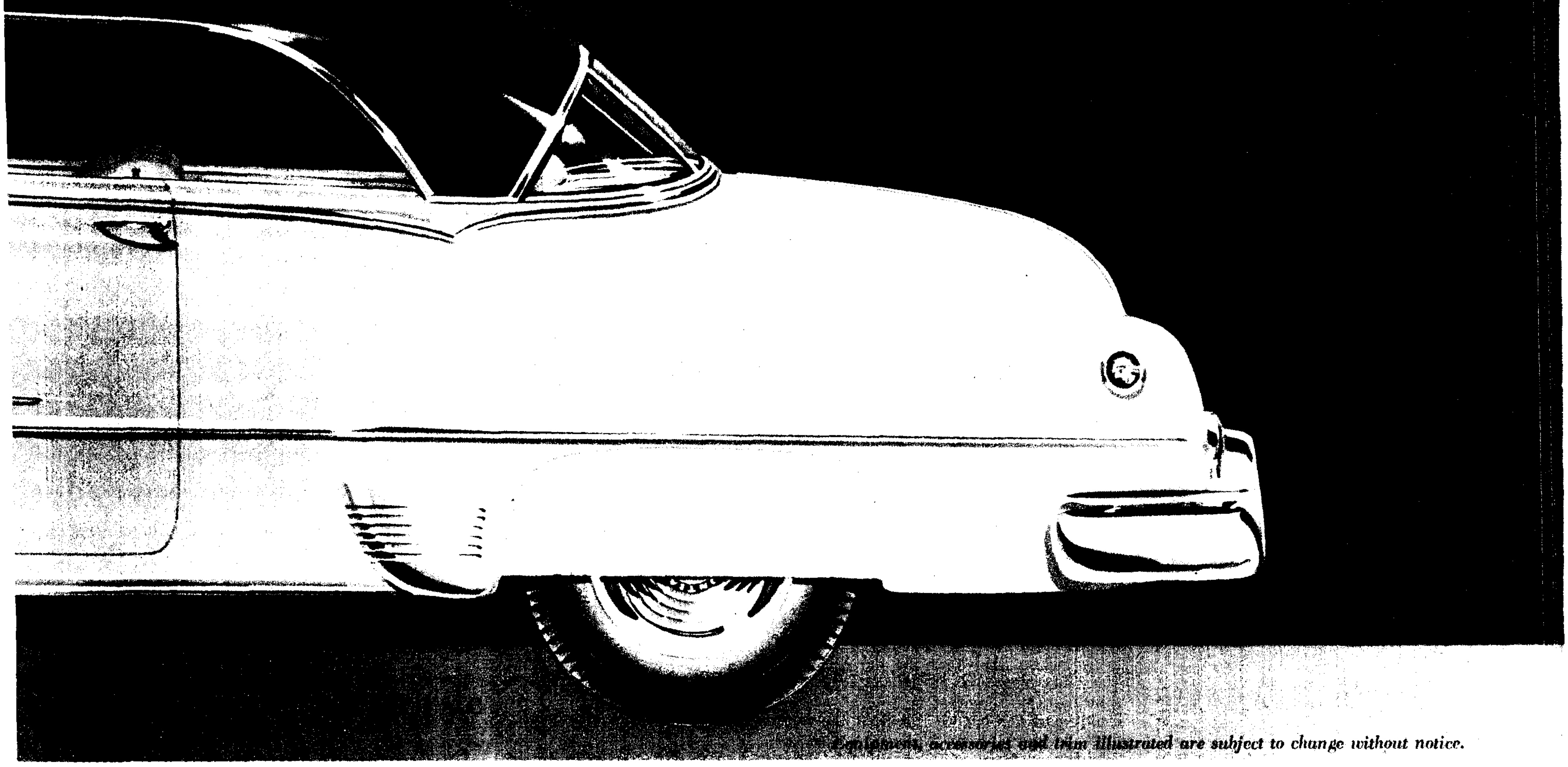

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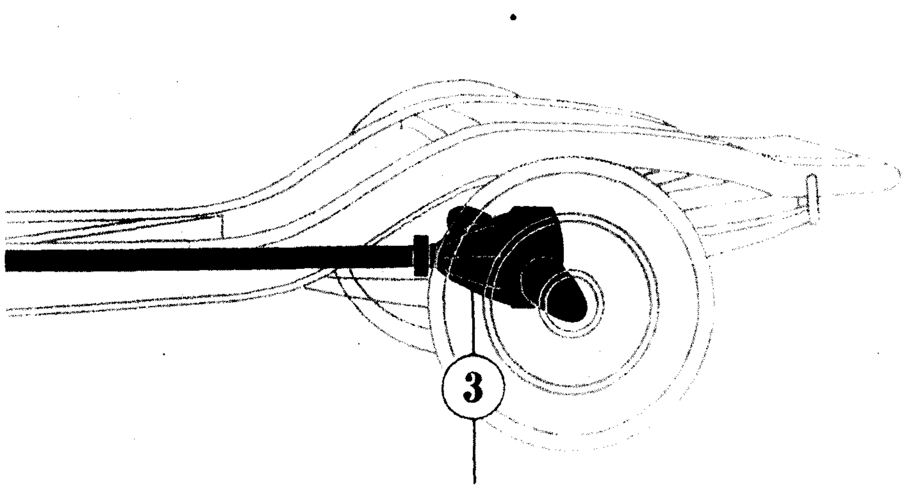

ANT IT WHERE YOU WANT IT

THE great 1952 Pontiac is so *new* and *different* in its performance that only a ride can tell you what it's like! First of all, it brings you General Motors' sensational new Dual-Range Hydra-Matic Drive.* Pontiac is not only the *first* car to bring you this amazing development —*but it is the lowest-priced car to offer it for 1952!*

Coupled with this wonderful advancement is Pontiac's great high-compression engine—plus a new high-performance, economy axle. These three great developments combine to form a "power train" that actually delivers "tailor-made" performance. At the *touch of your finger*, you can elect to have tremendous acceleration and snap and go! Or, with equal ease, you can choose an altogether *different* type of performance: silken, gliding, gas-saving—perfection itself for the open road.

Truly, it's a never-ending sensation to order the *power you want—when* you want it—and *where* you want it. And there are many *other* advancements in the new Pontiac, too. Better *see* it—and *drive* it—today!

**Optional at extra cost.*

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"He's been looking for a hairdressing like this for years"

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Suave
FOR MEN
the luxury hairdressing

Royal gift at modest cost! Luxury hairdressing in striking alligator-grained squeeze flask.

"Water-soluble—rinses right off hands. Non-oily—no more oil-soaked hatbands; no dust-catching grease."

"I like it! Just 3 drops grooms stubborn hair without 'loading'. Leaves it 'natural'; not matted, plastered-down."

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"Suave puts my hair in superb condition! Look at the healthy, glowing 'tone'."

Suave
FOR MEN
The 3 drop luxury hairdressing

"Mr. Roberts" Is a Banker Now

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

governing his behavior in every activity that is meaningful to him.

Hank's deep sense of responsibility shows itself in small as well as large ways. He is, for example, the kind of baseball fan who proudly flies a Giant pennant in his dressing room and who has, on the occasion of an important game, been seen on the street with a portable radio held to his ear.

But during this past season's hectic National League play-off and World Series, while Point of No Return was being readied for Broadway, he didn't miss a rehearsal period—even though his beloved Giants fought for glory only a few miles from the stage on which he was laboring. Only once did the discipline he'd imposed upon himself falter. Then he asked to be allowed to listen to the radio—for those few minutes in the final play-off game when the Giants came on sensationally to win in the last half of the ninth.

In larger matters his sense of duty is just as apparent, as his whole Navy career illustrates. Hank was thirty-seven, married and the father of two young children, when in August of 1942 he joined up as an enlisted man. "Of course, I didn't want to go, but I thought I should."

He came out of boot camp with a quartermaster's rating and with orders to report to a destroyer. But a regular Navy officer, Lieutenant Commander John Knox, who had himself come up from the ranks, intervened and shoved an application form for a commission into his hands.

Hard Weeks at Quonset Point

At the Naval Air Station, Quonset Point, Rhode Island, Hank graduated second in a class of about 800 officer candidates. He was then sent to the Air Combat Intelligence School, also at Quonset Point, where, in eight crammed and grueling weeks, he was taught the fundamentals of 14 subjects pertinent to combat intelligence work, ranging from Photographic Interpretation to Aerial Tactics, and from Pilot Briefing to Captured Document Analysis. In a class of 100 screened and selected officers, he graduated in the first 10—a feat that can perhaps only be appreciated by others, like this writer, who went through the same school and were happy to be able to survive. After graduation, he reported for active duty at Kwajalein, for service on the staff of Commander, Forward Area, in mid-April, 1944.

Fonda got a Bronze Star for staff work, and a sense of disappointment that he never saw action. However, he nearly made a casualty list, and he learned the literal meaning of "point of no return" when he took part in what was probably the weirdest bombing of the war. One afternoon, having business on Iwo Jima, he took off from Guam in a C-46 loaded with fresh vegetables. The pilot realized he was lost only after he'd passed the point where he had gas enough to return to Guam. The Japs were jamming the plane's radio frequency and he couldn't get through to the Iwo air strip to ask for a range and bearing.

Finally, when their gas was so low that it was obvious they would have to begin jettisoning cargo, there was a break in the jamming and they obtained a range and bearing which, when plotted, placed the plane directly over the Jap airfield on the tiny island of Chichi-Jima. While they circled slowly in the overcast, Hank and the crew bombed the Japs below with watermelons and crates of tomatoes and cucumbers. They reached Iwo with only minutes of flying time left. Hank says, "I was sort of uncomfortable afterward. It horrified me to see all those good vegetables going out the hatch and I guess I ate too many cucumbers, too fast."

Around the theater, Hank occasionally breaks out in antics that can hardly be classified as dead-pan. Once, while playing The Wizard of Oz with a children's theater company in Washington, D.C., he insisted on wearing the hat of the Wicked Witch of the West around the lobby of the staid Wardman-Park Hotel. In stock in Baltimore, he went on stage in a role that called for a putty nose and a long beard with only half his face made up, because the staging was such that he played the whole scene in profile.

During a summer stock engagement he and the company's leading lady indulged in a strange pastime. The two of them would appear in front of the theater just as the first playgoers began to arrive. Hank, clad only in a tattered pair of trousers, would squat on the ground and fold his arms across his chest. Then the leading lady, with seven or eight assorted hats piled high on her head, would straddle his shoulders and solemnly fold her arms on her chest.

They would then sit motionless and expressionless, like a ludicrous totem pole, while startled playgoers filed past them into the theater. At the last possible moment they would make a dash for their dressing rooms, and then go on and play their roles before an understandably baffled audience. And, at one period during the run of Mr. Roberts, callers at his dressing room were handed a trick fountain pen which sprayed them with black ink—which quickly evaporated. "But," his wife says, "he's only a practical joker when he has the opportunity and equipment."

These zany outbursts, so seemingly out of character, are explained by Bretaigne Windust as "the moments when Fonda's escape valve pops. He prides himself on being self-contained but he always looks as if he's sitting on an emotional volcano—and I think he is. He's supercharged with tension and occasionally has to let go. Even his painting is an outlet; it isn't an artistic expression that fills some great need of Hank's—it's a form of occupational therapy and he goes to it for relaxation."

Hank is inclined to agree, although he refers to his painting as "recreational." Since he began painting, in 1948, he has done 15 still lifes. The pictures are done with infinite patience and fabulous detail and the end product is so true to life, so photographic, the eye is almost fooled.

Most of Hank's output has been given to friends. A picture was the only wedding present Jimmy Stewart would accept from him. When he learned what Joshua Logan had spent to frame the picture that had been given him, Hank beamed and said, "Think of it, a $350 frame on a Fonda!"

There is nothing in Hank's background, apparently, to account for his artistry, whether it be framed by a proscenium arch or $350 worth of hand-carved wood. He had a stereotyped upbringing and, if the pattern had been adhered to, today he should, like Charles Gray, be assistant vice-president of one of his home-town banks.

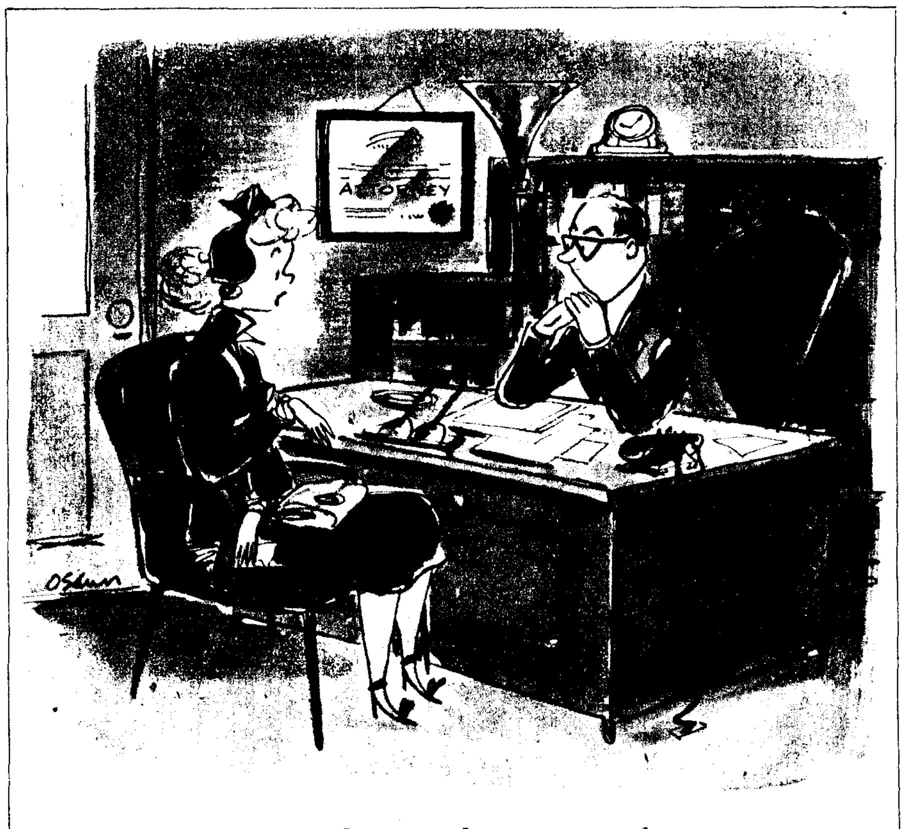
School Days and a Novel

Fonda was born May 16, 1905, in Grand Island, Nebraska, and his family moved to Omaha when he was eleven. His father was a printer with a modest income, his mother a housewife.

When he was nine, his grammar-school teacher, Ruth Randolph, wrote the usual note to the effect that "while Henry's daily lessons are very good I regret to report that his conduct is very annoying and unsatisfactory." At twelve, Hank was doing the writing: a two-chapter novel for which he made the prefatory claim, "In this story the author brings out vividly the boyhood of youth." Hank's conduct evidently picked up conspicuously, for when he was seventeen he had won 18 merit badges as a Boy Scout, passed his Y.M.C.A. Bible Study Examination with a grade of 90, and demonstrated that he was competent in basketball, incompetent and self-conscious in romance.

At eighteen, he went to the University of Minnesota to study journalism and fell in love, which led him to write home, "Joyous days! Come and gone; leaving memories that swell with dreams of what might have been! But Love is unparalleled, and I think you can understand . . . My cedar chest of candy got by big."

He didn't like college, but he knew he couldn't quit and then face his family, so he deliberately flunked himself out. He had been working his way through, but his father sent him an occasional $10 for which he had to make a weekly accounting. The account for the week 1/11/25 to 1/17/25 shows $9.58 on hand the 11th, 95 cents on



COLLIER'S

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KATE OSANN

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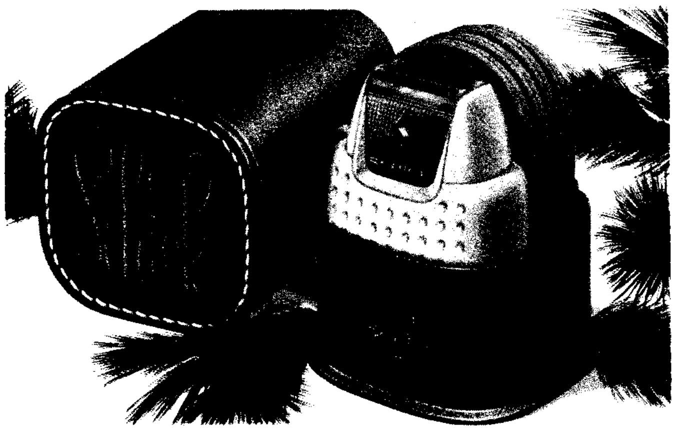

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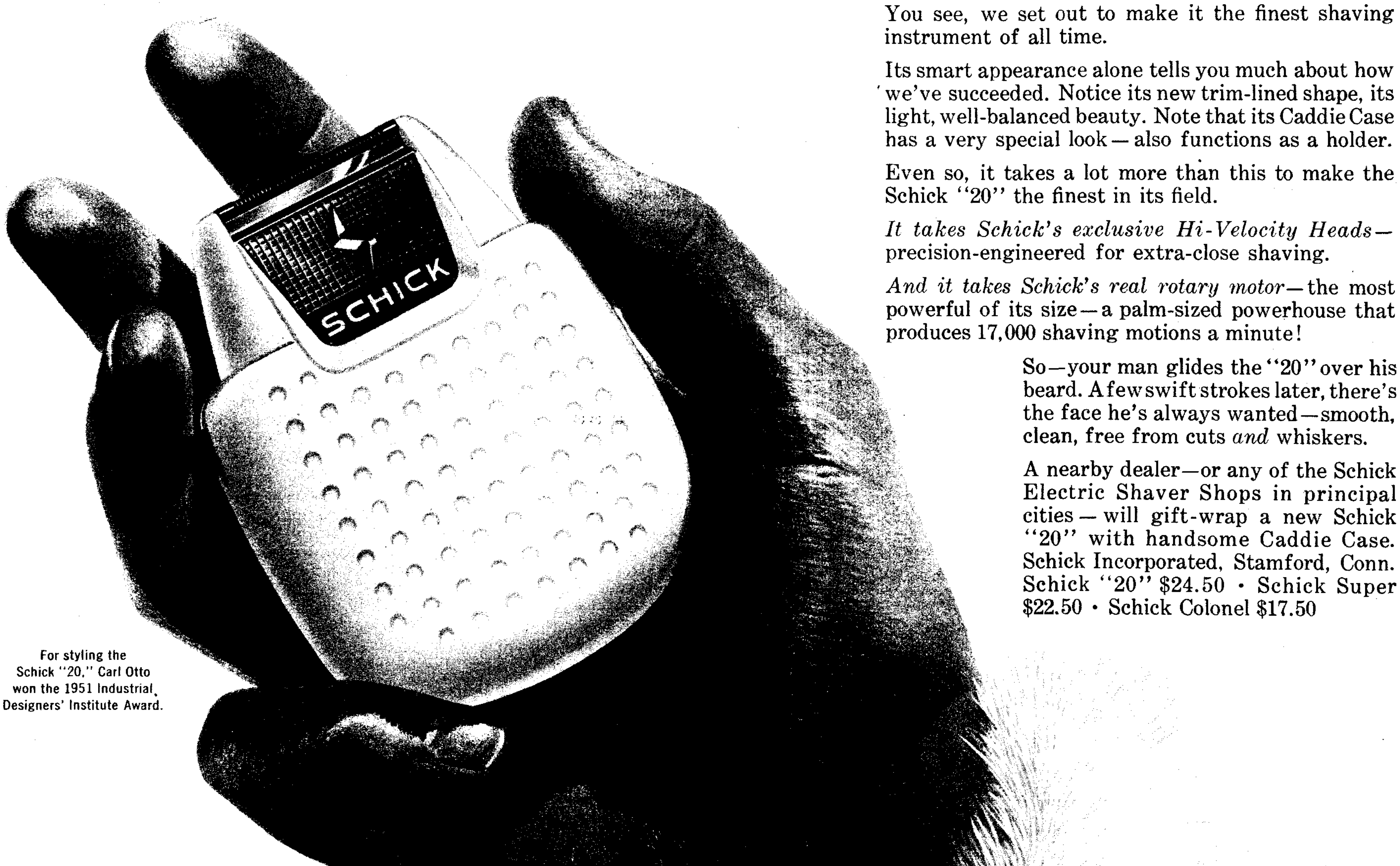

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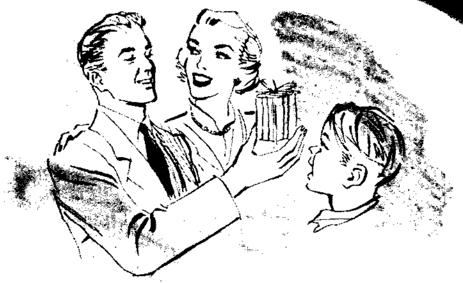

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the 17th. Listed expenditures are for carfare, stamps, theme paper, shoes, history maps and ukulele strings. Six lunches, at 25 cents each, are also listed. But this is a rigged account. Hank didn't eat lunch; the money was spent on dates—"Love is unparalleled."

"I had a picture in my mind of what college meant," Hank says, "and it didn't mean going to classes from nine to two, then slogging back to Unity House, where I was a settlement worker, to labor from three until ten. It was always eleven before I could get to my room, to fall asleep over my homework."

But Hank did get something out of college after all. He first realized he had some artistic talent, he says, when his drawings of a frog's stomach helped him earn an A in zoology. And, curiously enough, this talent not only turned out to be an end in itself but played an important role in furthering his theatrical career.

In Summer Stock on Cape Cod

Hank left college in 1925, at the end of his sophomore year, and returned to Omaha, where he "bummed around a while." He got a job as a file clerk for the Retail Credit Company but he didn't let it interfere too seriously with his activities at the Omaha Community Playhouse, where he gained entree through the recommendation of Mrs. Dorothy Brando, whose daughter, Jocelyn Brando, was later to play the only feminine role in Mr. Roberts, and whose son is now motion picture and stage star Marlon Brando. Then, in the early summer of 1928, having saved $100, Fonda went East and eventually joined the University Players, a summer stock company at West Falmouth, Cape Cod.

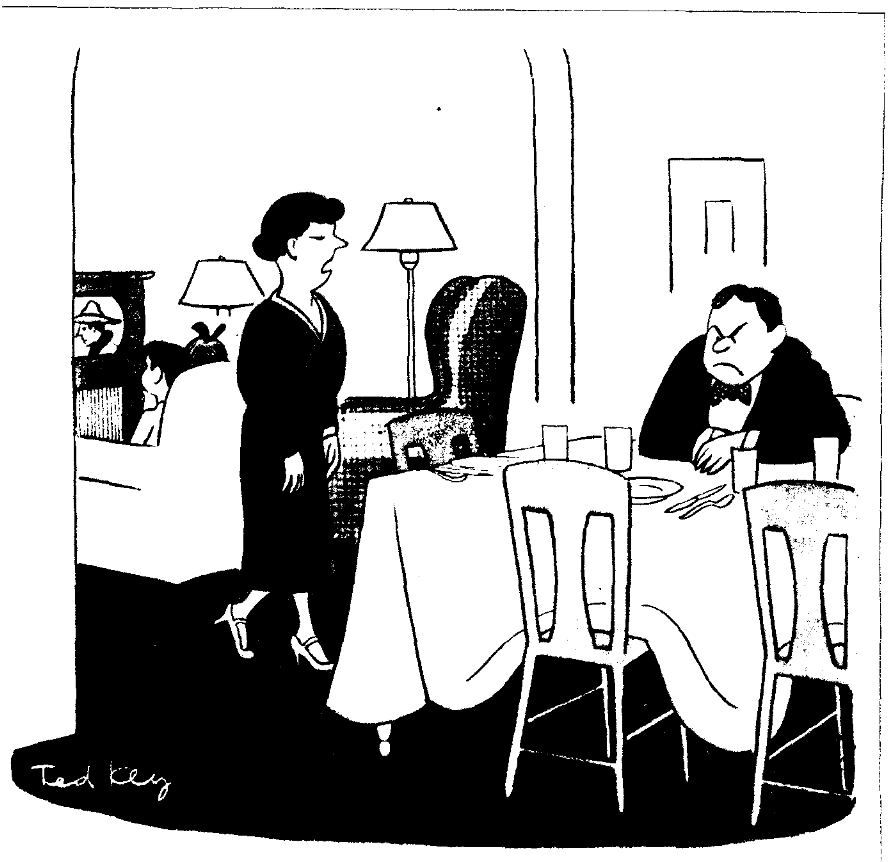
The University Players was a unique organization, formed by a group of Harvard and Princeton undergraduates with the intention of giving theatrically inclined students a chance to practice their careers, professionally, before graduation. Its members, almost without exception, were to achieve notable positions in the theater. They included Joshua Logan, Bretaigne Windust and Norris Houghton, directors, and actors Kent Smith, Mildred Natwick, Myron McCormick, Jimmy Stewart, Margaret Sullavan and Hank.

Fonda gave such a poor performance in his first role with this group that its director considered dropping him. Fortunately, Windust had noticed Hank helping the scene designer, and he argued, "Anyone who can paint a stage fireplace that well and that quickly has some function in life. Let's keep him on as a scene painter." Hank's brushwork may well have saved his career as an actor. Later in the season the company's director relented and let him audition for another role, which he won. He redeemed himself on stage and once more became an actor.

From that summer of 1928, until he achieved stardom six years later in The Farmer Takes a Wife, Hank had a rough time of it in the theater. He alternated summer stock jobs (three with the University Players), where board and room at least were guaranteed, with winter seasons when he seldom had a warranty for his next meal. In six years he got walk-on parts in three Broadway flops and aroused some mild interest as a comedian in a revue entitled New Faces. He also played in winter stock in Washington, Baltimore and East Orange, New Jersey. And, on occasion, he slept in the theater after the day's rehearsal was over, worked as a delivery boy for a florist and had his publicity picture taken wearing a turtle-neck sweater because his only shirt was dirty.

The barometer of his career gave its lowest reading in the summer of 1931, when he took the job of handy man and chauffeur at the Surry Playhouse, Surry, Maine. For five weeks he wielded a broom and drove a station wagon. Then the company's scene designer quit. Hank had spent some of his spare time sketching the actors, and his portraits had been hung in the theater's lobby. They were evidence that he could at least draw. He was promoted, overnight, from the broom to the scene designer's brush.

As a designer, Hank was so successful that word of his talent seeped down to the Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, New York, and he was offered the scene designer's job there for the following summer of 1932. In the middle of that season the management, to save an actor's salary, let him play a bit part in It's a Wise Child. He stole the show with a performance that led to his being invited back to Mount Kisco the following summer as an actor. And it was then that he was seen by June Walker who, when she signed to star in The Farmer Takes a Wife, persuaded producer Max Gordon to choose Hank as her leading man—and so it was his talent as an artist that



COLLIER'S "Can't be long. Cutting 'em off at Eagle Pass" TED KEY led, indirectly, to the biggest break of his theatrical career.

During the summers he spent with the University Players, Hank met and courted Margaret Sullavan, the company's star. It was, according to one eyewitness, a truly bravura courtship: "They fought and they made up. They bought marriage licenses and they tore them up. They wouldn't be speaking to each other in the wings, but they couldn't wait to get on stage to play their love scenes, which they usually invested with a little more fervor than the script called for. It wasn't a placid romance. Maggie likely as not would toss a pudding in his face (she had a good arm), storm out of our dining room, cross the sands to the ocean, and go plunging in, fully clothed. And Hank would grope after her, wiping pudding from his eyes, to rescue her from a watery grave. This went on and on. You had to admire their stamina."

It went on and on through two sunny summers and two bleak depression winters. Then, on Christmas Day, 1931, while the University Players were playing a winter stock engagement in Baltimore, Hank and Miss Sullavan were married in the ballroom of the Kernan Hotel. Windust played their wedding march.

The couple left on their wedding trip in an ancient Stutz Bearcat for which Myron McCormick, the belly-dancing Luther Billis of South Pacific, says, "Hank paid about 90 per cent of his total savings, or 75 bucks." After four blocks, the Bearcat collapsed, never to move again. Undaunted, the newlyweds returned to the hotel. Mrs. Fonda bought a geranium plant for their room. Hank lettered a placard, OUR HOME, and hung it on the door. They loafed a week, then went back to acting.

This was, maritally speaking, a mistake. Soon thereafter, Miss Sullavan was winning critical acclaim on Broadway. "Maybe Maggie succeeded a little too fast for my ego's comfort," Hank says. By Thanksgiving Day, 1932, they weren't on speaking terms and Hank tucked their turkey under his arm, found a policeman who knew of a poor family with hungry kids, and that was that. They were soon divorced and Miss Sullavan went off to fame and fortune in Hollywood.

Hank was not far behind her. He went to Hollywood as soon as The Farmer Takes a Wife closed. He says it was never his ambition to make pictures, but that he was talked into it by his agent—a seduction to which Leland Hayward happily confesses.

Many "Boy Next Door" Roles

Fonda's lack of ambition had no noticeable effect on his picture career. While Academy Awards weren't showered on him, he starred in 41 movies, and his acting, as one critic wrote, was ". . . as real as the dirt on which he walks." And, because of the nature of most of his roles, Hank became established in the public mind as practically the prototype of the-boy-next-door.

As his friend, novelist John O'Hara, says, "It may easily be that Hank is the Charlie Caldwell of actors: until last year Caldwell (of Princeton) was the most underrated football coach in the United States. Hank seems to walk through a part entirely effortlessly and consequently falls into neither of the two major classifications of actors. One I call the cigarette-case actor, who plays suave by taking a long gold cigarette case out of his inside breast pocket, extracting a butt, tapping same on case, and tossing a king-size leer at the ingénue. The other is the heaving, torn-shirt type actor, who is equally unconvincing. But there is also the homespun actor and although I regret to say Hank has come dangerously close to making a million bucks playing that one, he at least always takes the curse off it somewhere along the line."

Hank, today, isn't particularly interested in lengthy discussions of his cinema days. "At first," he says briefly, "pictures were a new kind of a kick. And the technical aspects fascinated me. If I wasn't in a scene, you'd find me at the snow machine, tossing bleached corn flakes in front of the fan. I guess I did sort of forget the theater for a while. There are some sums of money you just can't refuse, and I was living in a way I'd never lived before. So I signed a long-term contract. Some pictures were fun—Jesse James, Young Mr. Lincoln, Grapes of Wrath, Lady Eve, The Ox-Bow Incident and a few others—but I gradually discovered I wasn't as happy as an actor as I thought I was. I began looking for a play. Then there was the war and, finally, Mr. Roberts. I was back in the theater and that's where I, at least, feel I belong."

Socialite Wife's Tragic End

In 1936, a year or so after Hank arrived in Hollywood he married Frances Seymour Brokaw, a New York socialite, who became the mother of his two children, Jayne, thirteen, and Peter, eleven. During the run of Mr. Roberts she suffered a nervous breakdown and, while under treatment for "psychoneurosis with depression" at Craig House Sanitarium, she committed suicide, on April 14, 1950. Fonda has been both criticized and admired for giving a performance the night of the day it happened.

He says, "I didn't know what to do. I asked Leland." Hayward says, "Naturally, I told him to go on. A guy's got to keep busy at a time like that. He played that night before an audience that didn't yet know what had happened, and he got control of himself; he had to, once he got out there. If he'd waited, he'd have felt later audiences thinking, *That poor guy up there;* he'd have been a pushover for a dose of self-pity, which never helps anyone."

On December 28, 1950, Hank married Susan Blanchard. She was being courted by some of the younger members of the Mr. Roberts company—whom she'd met through her stepbrother, William Hammerstein, one of the show's stage managers—and her marriage to Hank, then forty-five, came as something of a surprise to them.

"How could I be expected to resist such an impetuous guy?" Susan asks. "There I was in the kitchen, in blue jeans and my brother's old college sweat shirt, scrubbing out an oven, when Hank walks in and tosses me this box and says, 'Try this on for size.' It was an engagement ring. That's my Hank, just a moonlight-and-roses boy."

The Fondas live in a New York house so recently entrusted to an interior decorator's care that it hasn't had time to develop a lived-in quality—except for one room. There, the lived-in element is somewhat overpowering. The room is a chaotic mess of ski boots, records, tools, fishing rods, packing boxes, sculpting material, cans of paint and varnish, an easel and canvases, a bust of Peter Fonda (on which Hank has been working for two years and which he intends to finish when Peter learns to sit still), racks with drying laundry, and a kitchen table which is Hank's workbench.

He will probably spend very few evenings at this table in the months to come; he'll be more profitably employed in Point of No Return. This despite the fact that when the show opened in Boston, on its tryout tour, Hank—not many hours before curtain time—was groaning, "Keep me away from high windows. I feel suicidal. I'm so lousy I'm ashamed to be on the stage. And I look for Elliot Norton to rip us apart." Mr. Norton, drama editor of the Boston Post, double-crossed him with a review that read, in part:

"This is an occasion for rejoicing, a high point in the theater year . . . Point of No Return is a perfect play, wise and warm and witty . . . Henry Fonda keeps it endlessly in balance with a fabulous performance. Although he uses almost none of the actor's conventional tricks, never hurries, shouts, waves his arms, he reveals with complete lucidity everything that goes on in the mind of Charles Gray, a decent, honest, courageous, affectionate man of our time."

Hank was a little stunned, but grateful, and his attitude improved slightly. "I'll feel a little safer, now," he said, "near open windows."

THE END

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Farewell Symphony

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

was a lieutenant along from the bomber base where I was stationed. Simon Taylor. Does the name mean anything to you? He was a navigator in our B-24 group, a slight fellow, quiet and rather good-looking, with dark brown hair. The thing I remember about him is that while he had no more opportunity to take care of his clothes than anyone else, he never looked as rumpled as the rest of us did. He was congenitally neat; you know people like that.

What attracted me to him was the fact that he had a little prewar conversation left over. Most of our kids—you know I was an intelligence officer—while they were the best fellows in the world, were children, and had, literally, one thing to talk about. While it is an inexhaustible topic, still I am old enough to like variety.

Simon was twenty-eight, no child. He was a musician. Oddly enough, a number of navigators were musicians, or perhaps it isn't odd; musicians are always good mathematicians; it follows.

By his own admission, Simon was not a great musician. "I can play almost any instrument you can name," he told me, "but none of them quite at concert level." By that, however, do not suppose that he was a dilettante. He had no other interest in life, and he had had years of hard training. "The fact that I did not specialize was not purely chance," he said, "because for as long as I can remember, I've wanted to be one thing—a conductor."

That's an ambition you don't run into often—conducting a symphony orchestra. But it is not, I found out, quite so unique as you'd think. Do you know there are schools for conductors? I am by no means a habitué of the concert halls, but I go often enough to be acquainted with the spectacle, and in my innocence I had imagined that those motions a conductor makes, the sawing movements, the outstretched arms, the finger to the lips and so on, are purely personal, or even—to watch some of them—haphazard, but that is not the case. Each wave of the hand has a meaning which is intelligible to the players watching.

WELL, Simon had been through all the training. "And fortunately I have the knack," he said, "of remembering scores. I need to read through a symphony or a concerto only half a dozen times and I have it forever, in my head. It would be a great convenience."

Would be, in the conditional future, for of course Simon was not conducting any symphony orchestra. There are none to conduct, Simon explained to me, for it is a fact that orchestra leaders never die. They grow older and older and older, but they do not die. I exaggerate slightly, but not much.

Simon had a job before the war as music librarian for the New York Symphony. It was not a splendid job, I take it, but it fed him, and kept him near what he wanted to do, and also gave him an opportunity to read a lot of music. Old Wurdman, the conductor, was civil to him but no more than that. I mean he never offered Simon a chance to take rehearsals, say; there was a young man of fifty to do that.

There you have Simon Taylor. "Eating his heart out" is the stock overstatement, but with him I imagine it may very well have been true. At the very least he must have felt a considerable frustration.

Then, of course, the war came, and his troubles were over. . . .

I first saw Simon in Texas, where I joined the group in its final phase of training. I knew him only by sight there, but in that long mass hop we made to Florida and then Natal and Dakar and up over the mountains to our field outside Constantine, I flew with him. From then on we were friends.

Don't get the idea that Simon and I talked a lot about music. We didn't, for I frankly didn't know enough to keep up with him. We discussed everything; he had a spry mind and a humor that was mostly underplaying. No, the reason I have emphasized music is that it is what the story is about.

I went on only three missions, each time in Simon's ship. From the third mission—it was a routine one over Milan—we did not return. An oil line failed—they were always doing that—and we landed on a beach in the heel of Italy. It was a good landing; the ship wasn't even slightly damaged.

AS SOON as the plane landed we were surrounded by peasants, and in five minutes the *carabinieri* had arrived. The landing of a B-24 almost anywhere is not a thing to go unnoticed. That night we were held in the local jail, and the next day the Italian army came and hauled us off. In a couple of days we found ourselves in a prison camp at Palena, where we stayed.

You know Palena? I had been there in peacetime; it's one of the hill towns, not far from Chieti. A charming place to visit for a few hours, but nothing you would choose for a long stay.

Our prison camp was a mile or so from town. While it was no pleasure dome, it was not quite so bad as the name suggests, for it had been, formerly, an officers' training camp. We had expected a barbed-wire enclosure with tents or possibly huts, and so we were agreeably surprised to find that the place had athletic fields, a hospital, and even a theater. The entire camp, except at the entrance, was walled, with towers at intervals where guards sat; fifty feet inside the wall was a barbed-wire fence, and the alley thus made, surrounding everything but the theater, which was set right at the main entrance, was also out of bounds. A prisoner, even if he went in the alley only to retrieve a lost ball, was fair game to be shot.

When we crashed, Simon had been wearing one of those Air Force coveralls; you remember them, made of gabardine, with pockets below the knees. It was an ordinary enough costume, but Simon was the only one of us who happened to be wearing it; we were all surprised when on our second day in camp at least ten of the old prisoners tried to bargain with him for it. I guess I haven't mentioned that there were British and Australian and New Zealand officers as well as American in the camp, have I? In any case, it was an Englishman who first approached him, and offered to trade him an overcoat in excellent condition for the coveralls.

"But why?" Simon said.

An American major said, "I'll give you a practically new pair of flying boots."

A New Zealander said, "I'll give you my wine ration for two months."

An American said, "I'll give you my candy."

Others said, "I'll give you this," "I'll give you that."

We were all bewildered. For two days Simon hesitated between the offers. Then a Captain Charles Reilly, who slept in the same barracks with us, offered a violin, and with no hesitation Simon handed over the coveralls. When the others heard about it, they groaned.

"I could have given you three violins, and a flute, and a big bass drum," the Englishman said. "The Red Cross has showered us with the stuff. One violin. My word."

It was two weeks before we found out what the commotion had been about, when, that is, we found out about the Escape Committee. This, like the ones you've heard about in other camps, was a highly organized, extremely acute, and surprisingly successful group which managed to smuggle prisoners back to our lines. In Palena there was a house, a station on a sort of underground railway, from which, if you reached it, you were moderately sure of being passed along to safety. The great trick—and hazard—of course, was to get out of the camp. While the guards were something less than combat troops, they were, nevertheless, handy with their rifles. It was the Escape Committee's purpose to deliver you to that house.

I said it was highly organized. It consisted of tailors, bootmakers, dyers, armorers—every sort of worker who could be of assistance. The reason for the covetous attitude toward the coveralls was that, properly resewn, dyed and fitted, and with the addition of boots, a cap, and a painted wooden pistol, it could be made into the perfect counterfeit of a German paratrooper's uniform—a handy thing for an American behind the lines to have. We saw Simon's old garment a month later and found it completely unrecognizable. Captain Chuck Reilly was not wearing it—his curly black hair and Irish eyes had made the committee decide against him.

But enough of that. It is the violin that we were really interested in. The violin and a peculiar circumstance. It is a circumstance which, if it sounds fortuitous now, was in wartime almost standard practice. The Red Cross, while it had managed to stock the Palena camp with an oversupply of almost any sort of musical instrument you can name, had somehow neglected to send a single sheet of music to go with it. Now this lack of music naturally did not make a great deal of difference to the jazz players who could of course remember tunes and improvise, but to the serious musicians—and peculiarly enough the preponderance of players even among the Americans was serious—it was a real handicap.

You've guessed what I'm coming to? You must have. Simon had enough music in his head for *fifty* concerts.

You see the situation he was in. There were months, possibly even years, dragging on ahead, for by then we all knew the war was not going to end quickly. Here were men frantically unoccupied, with literally nothing to do, for you know that there is an international convention which forbids officers to do anything—even wash dishes—and the Italians respected it.

SIMON took advantage of the situation. He made this proposition: he would write out the parts of all sorts of scores on the condition that he was to be the conductor of the group. If Simon felt a little diffident about this squeeze play, his fellow prisoners never gave it a thought. They jumped at the offer, and out of about forty applicants Simon found twenty-seven men who played adequately enough to form an orchestra. Chuck Reilly, who before the war had been with the Boston Symphony, was made first violinist. Simon found some paper and got to work.

I said to him one day, "Are you really remembering all those notes?"

"Why not?" he said. "It's like the alphabet. Look."

I looked. There were the neat scores: Mozart, Haydn, Scarlatti, Bach; and some moderns: Poulenc, Milhaud, Copland.

He said, "You can help if you want to copy out parts."

I did. It was a way to pass the time.

Musicians are devoted to music. Simon's orchestra practiced as much as four and sometimes five hours a day. At the end of three months they were beginning to make really competent sounds.

The next part of the story is something that could have happened only in Italy. I suppose it is no news to you that Italians love music, but I wonder if you know quite how general that love is or how nice the appreciation? One of the guards at the camp, a fellow called Gino, began, after the first few weeks of practice, to hang around the hall or auditorium, or which-

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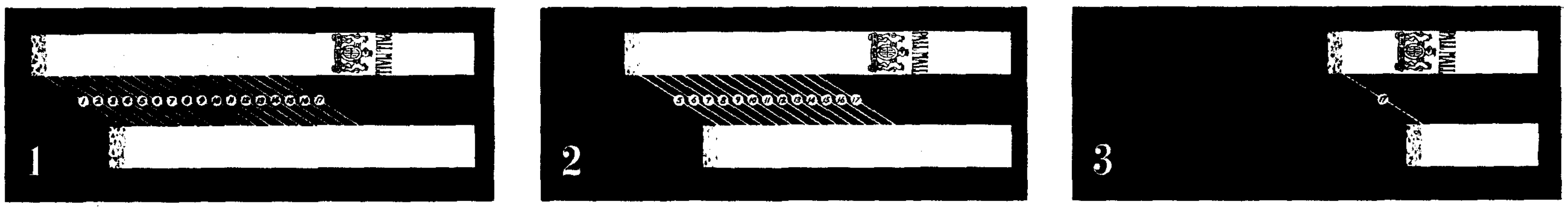

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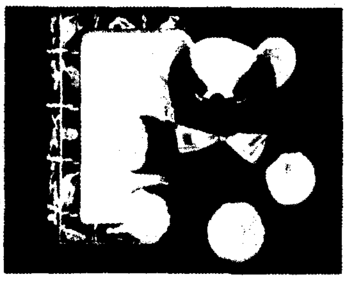

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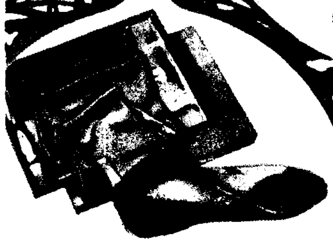

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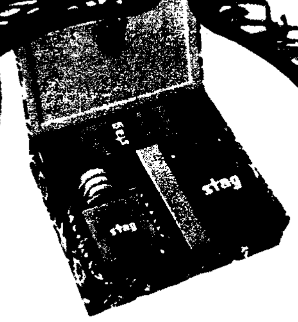

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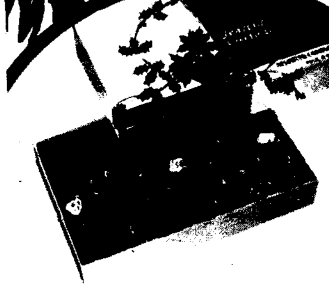

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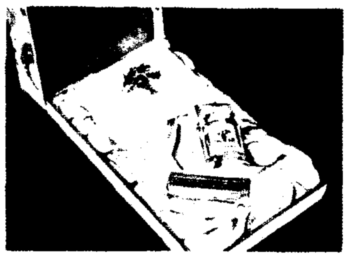

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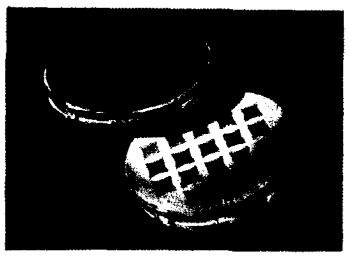

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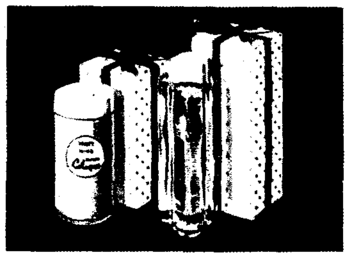

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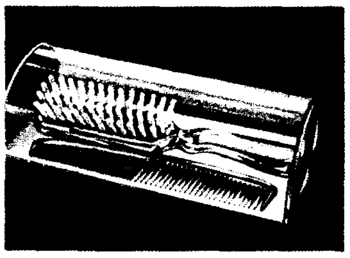

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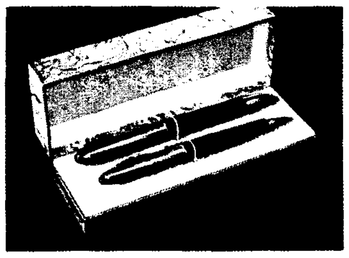

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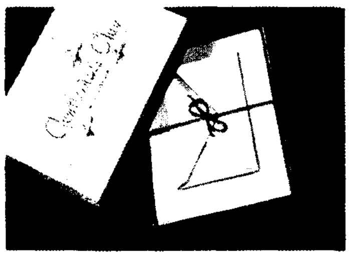

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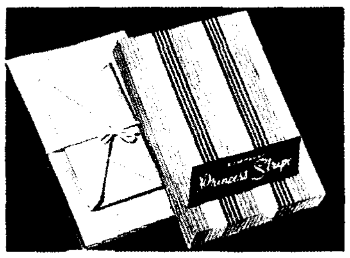

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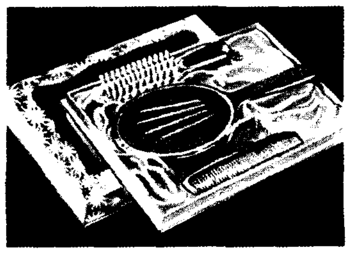

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GIFT HEADQUARTERS

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ever place Simon and his men were using. Gino was a middle-aged man, stocky and undistinguished-looking, but he sat, we noticed, with a rapt and happy look on his face whenever the rehearsal went well. Some of the other Italians would stop and listen sometimes, but Gino, whenever he had time off, spent all of it with the orchestra.

Simon was happy. That's an odd thing to say about anyone in a prison camp, but remember, for the first time in his life he was doing exactly what he wanted to do.

Finally the time came when the orchestra was good enough to attempt a series of public concerts. A delegation, of which I was a member, called upon the *commendatore* of the camp, and requested that the theater be allowed us each Friday night, with those prisoners who wished to come as audience. The *commendatore*, a harassed man, you can take my word, and an Italian, considered for a day and then granted the request. Busy prisoners, he'd probably learned, were good prisoners.

IT WAS then that the remarkable thing happened with Gino. Simon and I were leaving the mess one noontime, and Gino stopped us. "Excuse me, Lieutenant," he said, "but I have something to tell you. The violin, the one the Captain Reilly plays, is not a good one. For a concert it is not good enough. I have a violin, a real one, at home. I live in Chieti, not far, and I could bring it."

Simon said, "You have? What kind is it?"

"A Guarnerius," Gino said.

Simon opened his eyes. "You don't mean it?"

"Yes," Gino said.

"A real one?"

"A real one. It belonged to my grandfather and my uncle, and now it is mine."

Simon put out his hands and grasped Gino's arm. "This is wonderful," he said. "Reilly will play a concerto."

I won't insult you by telling you how good an instrument a Guarnerius is. If you don't know, you should. In any case, Simon decided that Reilly should play Mozart's Concerto in A Major on Gino's.

It was upon the choice of the music to be played in the concert that much of this story hangs, and that choice, quite innocently, was Simon's. He planned to begin with selections from the Nutcracker Suite, then do the Mozart. After a short intermission he would begin again with the Brahms lullaby, and finish with Haydn's Farewell Symphony.

The Farewell Symphony—you know it? It isn't played much. But it has something very interesting about it, which Simon knew. Joseph Haydn was for a long time conductor and composer to Prince Nicolaus, a fabulous eighteenth-century character who lived better than most kings. One of his palaces, Schloss Esterházy, which was way the hell and gone from Vienna, was, next to Versailles, the most fabulous establishment in Europe. It had three theaters, for instance, which should be enough to give you an idea. And of course there was Haydn and his orchestra. Nicolaus was rather a tyrant, for he allowed none of the members of the orchestra to keep their wives and families with them. They had to remain in Vienna.

One winter, when he himself was off to Paris for four months, he arbitrarily ordered the entire orchestra to stay at the palace. It was then that Haydn wrote the Farewell. You know, of course, that as it progresses, one after another of the players picks up his instrument and leaves the stage, until at the end only two are left. Well, Nicolaus got the point and allowed his players to go to Vienna, and Simon's idea was this: he said to Reilly, "We poke a little fun at the *commendatore*. Suggest to him, delicately, that we would like to go home. It ought to put him in a good humor, and it will give the rest something to talk about."

Reilly nodded. "Good programing," he said, "very good programing. That's what people like—tricks." And then, I saw a change come over his face. "It's a hell of an idea," Reilly said. . . .

I am not sure how to tell the rest of Simon's story. You see, it is made up of two elements—one of suspense, for you have guessed by now that this is a tale of escape, and the other, and to me far the more important, of irony, of Simon's ironic career as a conductor. Ideally you should combine the two in their proper balance. I don't quite see how you can, but maybe it's possible; anyway that's your business. I'll tell you things just as they happened. You see, Simon knew a week before the concert exactly the part he was to play, and that dulls the irony a trifle. Perhaps when you write it, you should make the whole business a surprise to him.

Well. You have gathered that Captain Reilly was a member of the Escape Committee. He called it together and laid before it a plan. It was a plan so simple, and indeed so obvious, that I am sure you have guessed it. Each member of the orchestra, as he walked off stage in the Farewell Symphony, was to make his escape.

What made it so good was this: there was only *one* complication, and it had already partly solved itself. That was Gino.

FRANK O'NEAL

"JUNIOR!!"

COLLIER'S FRANK O'NEAL

Gino had to be persuaded that on the night of the concert he would be the guard at the front entrance of the camp. You get the picture? I told you the theater was situated at the entrance. Gino must trade whatever post he had with the entrance guard, so *he could hear his violin being played*. Logical.

Reilly gave Simon and me the details one midnight in the barracks. I'll never forget that, and Simon's silence as he listened. "I'll be the first off stage," Reilly said. "A violation of Haydn, but it can't be helped. I'll go to the doorway, hold up the violin, beckon to Gino. If all goes well he'll come toward me. By then a second man will be off. Maybe even a third. And we'll all have blackjacks."

You see, it all depended on Gino. If he played—fine. But if he didn't, and here was one of the best things about the plan, nothing would be suspected, nothing lost.

Well, that was it. The underground outside was advised. They were to be ready with clothes and transportation and further plans.

In its way it's sad, isn't it? Imagine to yourself Simon's *feelings* that last week. The musicians were tense, stiff; rehearsals went badly; the ambition of Simon's life was souring. His position had been reduced from that of star to that of most unimportant actor.

But let's get to the night of the concert and, actually, the point of this story. My friend, it was a triumph. Simon found out—we all did—in those two hours, that he had *within him* whatever the qualities are that go to make up a conductor. Somehow, with his own strength he forced out of his players music that had seemed beyond their capacities. He was a conductor. It was plain. It was plain to him, plain to everyone who listened. He could take players, shape them into an orchestra and make them respond to what he wanted. That is something that, however you hope for it, you can never be sure of until you have tried. Simon felt, heard, knew. He was a conductor.

The auditorium was jammed. The *commendatore*, with his staff, sat in a roped-off section, and he had with him the mayor of Palena.

The men responded to the gaiety of the selections from the Nutcracker Suite. If they did not entirely understand all the beauties of the Mozart Reilly played on the rare and powerful Guarnerius, they were certainly respectful. The Brahms, of course, was soothing and faintly familiar; then came the Haydn.

The Haydn. All through it, to a man, we sat rigid. Our attention never wandered, our eyes never left the stage.

Then the moment came. Reilly stood up and walked off the stage. There was not even a murmur of surprise. The next man left, then the next. The *commendatore* getting the point (for it had been told to him), turned to the mayor and whispered the secret. They both smiled.

The next man left. The next. I watched Simon's hands swing over the score; they were shaking. He turned his head in profile, and forced himself to smile.

The next man, the next man, and finally the last. Simon held his arms meaninglessly, tensely in front of him, as if, perhaps, he were expecting the entire orchestra to return so he could relax. For a minute, a whole minute, he stood so. Then he relaxed, turned, smiled.

THE applause was a roar. Poor Simon. He would never know how much of it was real. At the beginning, certainly, it sounded real. But the applause that went on and on—the roars, the cheers, the stampings, the bravos—had been ordered, we all knew, by the Escape Committee.

For five minutes, *five minutes*, it went on, and would have gone on for ten had not the *commendatore* made a move. He sent one of his men down the aisle to speak to Simon. But it was difficult, very difficult, with all the noise. Simon could not hear, although he leaned down and cupped his ear.

Finally, the *commendatore's* man leaped on the stage and walked into the wings. The *commendatore*, you see, had told him to have Simon bring out the whole orchestra to share in the applause. He thought, evidently, that this American conductor did not understand the amenities.

Then, of course, what had happened was discovered. Gino had co-operated. They found him, beside his guard box, stretched out cold, with his Guarnerius laid on his chest.

Well, you can imagine what followed. Pandemonium. Sirens, bells, searchlights, guards running, guns shooting.

But the orchestra got away. There had been time, just enough time, for them to make it to safety. Oh, I should not call it safety; they had a tough and bitter time afterward, but that is another story.

As for Simon, I suppose I do not need to point out to you that there was no more music at the Palena prison camp for Allied officers. . . .

Alex Burton got up and walked over to a table to fix himself a new drink. I looked after him.

As he poured the soda into the glass, he looked back at me and said, "Any questions?"

I nodded. "Yes," I said, "Where is Simon Taylor now?"

Alex frowned and shook his head. "My word," he said, "that should be obvious. I told you this was an ironic story. Simon Taylor is librarian of the New York Symphony Orchestra." THE END

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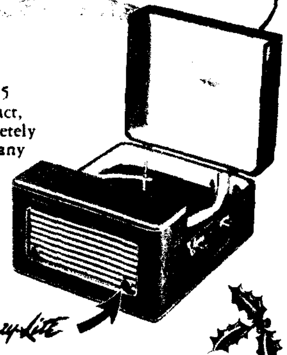

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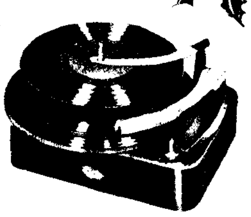

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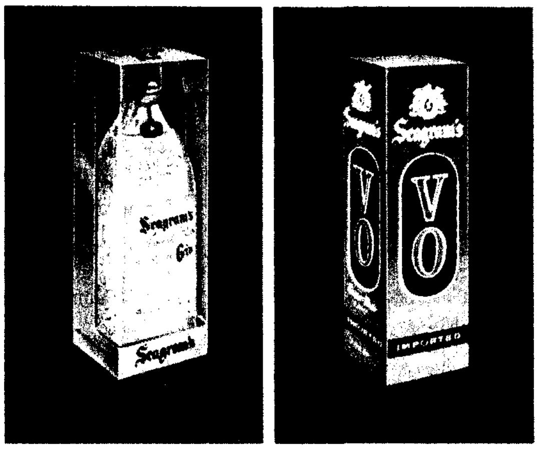

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Open Sesame

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

the two men and the gig emerge from the mirage, and saw the smaller man spring over a wheel of the gig and jerk a rifle to his shoulder.

Three bullets slashed the froth on the water beside him. A red bitch jerked over on her back, shot through the head. A fourth bullet killed a tawny dog. Then the shooter was fumbling for more shells, and the pack was swimming to the far side of the pool. The wallaroo, watching stupidly as he gulped in his breath, saw the seven dingoes, their leanness exposed by the clinging wet fur, find footing on the dry clay. The man fired twice again and missed both times; and then the dogs vanished one by one into the lapping mirage, heading back to the ridge on the south side.

THE little bushman with the rifle looked after them a moment. Behind him the two-wheeled gig was moving forward a foot at a time, as a big roan horse fought the bit and strained toward the water. But his driver, a burly, scowling man with a stubble of red beard, jerked him back.

"Plug the wallaroo now, Mason," he called. "What the hell are you waitin' for?"

"Not me, Jake! Not after the show the poor beggar was puttin' up. Nine of 'em onto him, and he was doin' fine! Give me a rock 'roo for a fight to a finish. But the pack had him done in, at that. Look at him pant, poor devil. Lucky for him that Marrabee boundary rider told us there was some water in the low end of this clay pan, or I'd've took the long road round to Caldwell instead of short-cuttin' this way. Well, better take Roany out of the shafts an' water him while I fish out them two dogs an' scalp 'em."

He looked up and waved his rifle at the wallaroo. "An' there goes the rocky."

For now, at last, the wallaroo moved. He floundered over to the far bank, the way the dogs had gone. On the hard ground, he hopped away, but he was still exhausted, and after two hundred yards he stopped. He turned then, sitting back on his hind legs and bowed tail.

The burly redhead had at last climbed out in front of the off-side wheel and was leaning against a shaft of the gig, rolling a cigarette. He glanced once at the rifle Mason had laid down but apparently decided it wasn't worth while trying for a shot at the wallaroo. But his eyes were surly.

Jake Williams preferred robbery to work, even for good wages; if necessary, robbery with a little violence, though never with a gun and never, for that matter, with a real risk attached. The pickings were smaller that way, but a man didn't have to sweat, thinking he might go up for two years or ten. It was barroom talk that had brought him at last five hundred miles into the desert, the lure of big money filling his mind. He had persuaded Mason to take him on this prospecting trip, offering his last pound toward expenses. And for three months now he'd bullocked with Mason in shaft after shaft, looking for opals. For three months—and for what? Lord!

The little man, up to his waist in the water, was moving toward the shore, towing the two dead dogs by their tails. A few minutes later, he laid their sopping wet bodies on the hard-baked clay, a few yards from Jake. Mason guided his muddy feet carefully through his trouser legs and put his shirt back on.

"Hand us down the big water billy, Jake. Got enough mud on me feet to start a slag heap. An' take ol' Roany out. If he snoops into the water, gig and all, he'll slip over an' lay on a shaft an' bust it, nothin' surer."

"Be a pity, wouldn't it? The shafts is mostly splints an' wire now!"

Jake looked across the pulsing sea-mirage to the low, timbered ridge. What he saw changed his surliness to anger.

"What a country! Prospect country, you call it! Well, either the country's wrong or you're a damn' lot wrong! Three months' bullockin', the last month eatin' dough cakes an' rabbits every meal, an' not fifty cents' worth of anythin' to show for the lot. Not even a man's train ticket back to the coast. Nothin'."

From where he squatted, the little bushman watched Jake warily. Then he was grinning again, and he replied without rancor, "Lord, Jake, I warned you. A whole lot of prospectin' trips is mostly hard work for nothing. Lookin' for gold or opals or anything else, you gotter know what to look for in the way of signs. But you gotter have luck, too—a hell of a lot of luck. I warned you when you wanted to divvy in for the trip." He jerked his stained felt hat forward over his eyes, propped both arms behind him and, still grinning, looked up steadily into the redhead's face.

"Anyhow, you can have these two dog scalps. They're worth a pound each at the Caldwell Police Station, an' I reckon, between us, we can dig up your fare back to Brisbane. But look, now we come this 'ere short cut, what's wrong with headin' across and campin' on that sandstone ridge an' I'll give it a going over this afternoon. None of this country's been close combed yet. We got enough flour left for three days easy, so we can try one more shaft an'—"

"One more!"

The words seemed to stick in the big man's throat, and Mason read his answer in his blazing eyes. He watched them warily, but his own were unafraid.

"Okay, Jake, if you feel as bad as that about it. We'll push on back to Caldwell like we decided. It's thirty mile yet, but we'll make it by dark; and there's a train out tomorrer."

Jake grunted, struck a match fiercely and lighted his cigarette. He bent beneath a cloud of blue smoke to jerk a fire-blackened billycan from under the seat of the gig. Then, while the little man dipped water and sat down again to sluice the mud from his feet, he undid the traces and breeching and finally rolled the heavily loaded gig back clear of the horse. At once the old roan, of his own accord, followed a cattle path to the water, moved in cautiously and thrust his nose deep.

MASON pulled on his boots, drew a clasp knife from his pocket and bent over the first of the dogs.

"I never thought to come on a pack of dingoes on Marrabee cattle run. From what I hear they got the best dog fences in Queensland. A pack of nine dogs, mind you!"

Scalping a dingo is no matter of two or three knife cuts. The "scalp" must include the skin of the cranium together with both ears and a long strip right back to the tail if the Pastures Protection bonus is to be claimed. Mason talked on as his keen knife blade slid under the pelt of the she-dingo. His companion made no sign that he heard him. Suddenly his eyes narrowed as though in swift speculation, and he slowly stubbed out his partly smoked cigarette.

In those few seconds his decision was made. He turned with a quick, yet stealthy movement, strange in one of his bulk, reached one hand into a box in the tilted gig and lifted out a heavy calico bag of salt. His vast hand closed tightly round the slack neck of it. Then, with a glance upward at the sun, he stepped behind the kneeling Mason in two noiseless strides. The little man was still talking.

"A powerful brute, this one, Jake. And they're all smart, these dingoes, let me tell you, especially when they takes to pack-huntin'. I remember one time out on Capparoo seein' a whole flamin' pack go to cover to—"

But Jake Williams had struck. It was a blow delivered with the skill of a back-alley thug. Mason slumped forward beside the dog he was skinning, his floppy felt hat falling off his gray hair. His red-smeared knife, left in the last slit it had made, slid out gently.

The wallaroo, watching from out in the mirage, saw Jake fumbling with Mason's coat, draped on the sulky seat. The redhead found what he was looking for, then tossed the coat down so that it covered the bushman's head. From the floor of the gig he dragged out and threw down a rolled blanket, then lifted and dumped down a box that tipped and spilled a tin of tea and several other tins onto the clay. He unhooked a canvas water bag and set it beside the box. Finally, from the cast-iron spring bracket at the rear of the sulky he jerked clear an assortment of digging tools that clinked as they tumbled on top of one another on the ground: two little one-handed picks with shiny points, a shovel with an absurdly short handle, four tamping drills, a windlass handle, a coil of wire cable with a knot of light rope tied to it. Jake spat as he scowled down at them.

Five minutes later, the stiff-legged old gelding once more between the shafts, he clambered up into the gig and drove off.

His panting stopped at last, the wallaroo watched till the man, the horse and the gig became a single blotch that lurched drunkenly in the mirage. But he still felt uneasy. He had never before been out on this heat-bedeviled plain in daylight; and his testing of the fiery air told him that somewhere between him and the rocks of his ridge the dog pack had gone to cover. This warning of danger made Mason's motionless figure somehow significant to the wallaroo. He bent and, with his small hands on the ground, shambled forward slowly.

But he stopped a hundred yards from the water hole; and, presently, from where he squatted, he saw Mason sit up slowly and drag the coat from his head.

It was five minutes more before the prospector's sight cleared. Then his first thought was for his wallet. He jerked it out of his coat pocket and opened it. He nodded slowly, closed it and threw it down on the bunched-up coat; then he stood up shakily and stumbled to the water. He bathed his head and torso, sopping his hair and his shoulders.

He'd been waiting for this, and then hanged if Jake hadn't got him after all. The swine must have seen him put his wallet in his coat pocket when they were breaking camp—and there'd been four five-pound notes in the wallet. It wasn't a good idea not to bring cash with you on a trip. You might find something and have to give the show away to get extra supplies quickly in some little one-horse town.

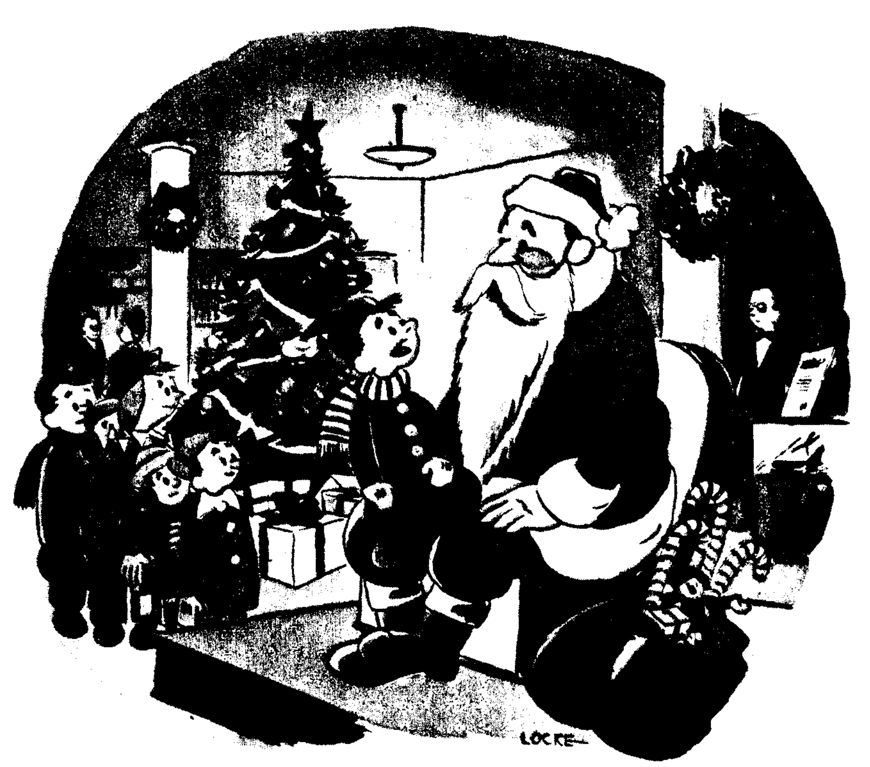
So now, he thought, Jake had the twenty pound out of his wallet. He'd leave the horse and gig in the scrub near Caldwell and maybe thumb a ride some of the way east and board the train tomorrow. If he met anybody on the way to Caldwell who knew old Roany and the outfit, he could say he was going in for supplies. They'd believe him, seeing no tools or gear in the gig. And the swine had reckoned to stave off trouble, leaving him grub and things, and even covering his head so the sun wouldn't get him before he came round.

The bushman picked up his coat again and took a pipe out of one pocket. Then he saw the wallaroo and grinned: "Well, it looks like we both been done over, pal!" he said. "But are we dead? We ain't, an' that's the main thing, let me tell you!"

He picked his knife up off the ground and finished scalping the dogs. Then, having washed his hands, he cheerfully set about preparing a meal, boiling his billy over a fire of herbage stalks from beyond the edge of the clay pan. His meal finished, he washed again in the muddy pool, soaked his felt hat and stuck it on his head. Finally he selected some of the tools and other gear and rolled them into a heavy swag, which he tied tightly with a rolled strip out from the blanket.

That done, he worked the big galling pack high across his shoulders with a blanket loop, gathered up the rifle, billy, and water bag and trudged off, heading straight for the ridge.

The wallaroo watched Mason till only his head and shoulders and the top of the big swag were bobbing above the mirage. But now the fiery puffs of wind brought the scent of the dogs no longer, for the pack, having rested an hour in the first cover the timber offered, had jogged off eastward along the ridge to hole up in a gully till night. And, having drunk once, the wallaroo moved slowly toward the ridge. Once off the clay pan and in the sparse, white grass, he plucked handful after handful of the tindery stalks and munched busily as he half-hopped along. Twice he stopped to dig out a tuft and munched the roots. Then he changed his shamble to easy hopping till the scent of



COLLIER'S

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LAFE LOCKE

"BOTANY"*

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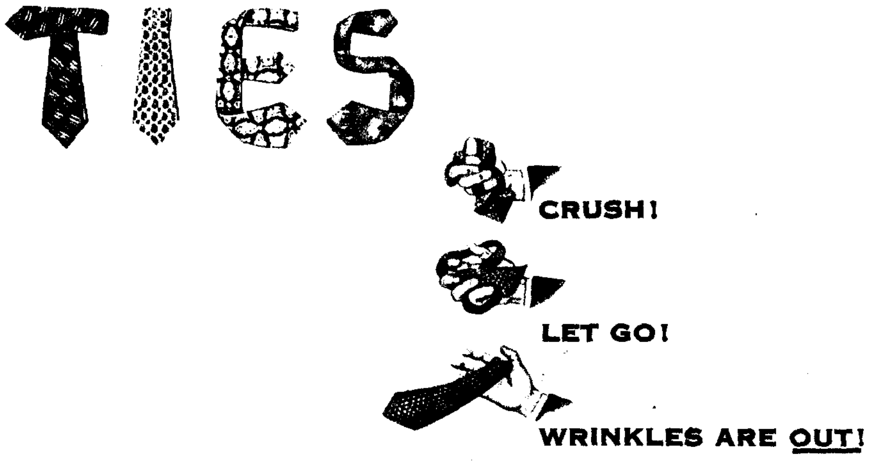
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the man ahead was quite plain once more. He did not know this man had spared his life. It was simply that, to his keen nose—keener than a fox's—there was mixed with the man smell and the smell of the man's burden a faint scent that he knew, a certain tenacious sweetness he could never fail to know; and each time it came it brought him reassurance. . . .

It was little more than a mile to where the light timber of the ridge stopped short at the edge of the plain. But humping the awkward pack in the terrific heat was proving too much for Mason. At shorter and shorter intervals he had to set it down and rest, and it was nearly an hour before he made the timber. He trudged up through the first group of trees, and at last, with a gasp of relief, he slipped the swag off his back and dropped it under the one good shade tree of them all—the desert oak the wallaroo had left three hours ago.

The wallaroo, watching warily from the plain, tested the air again for the dogs. When his twitching nostrils made him sure they were nowhere ahead, he made a close detour past the man sprawled on the sparsely grassed ground under the tree and thumped away up the ridge.

The timber grew thicker as the slope steepened, till, just below a sandstone outcrop, the wallaroo came to a clump of whipstick pines. He thumped past it, his eyes and nose alert, then straight up to the sheer rock. And suddenly he seemed to acquire an agility his stocky build belied; for he leaped up eight feet to a narrow, outtilted ledge on the face of the cliff. Then, with only that precarious footing to hold him to the sheer rock, he hopped nonchalantly along and up for nearly forty feet.

Then he paused, twisting his humped shoulders to look down the ridge toward Mason. He tested the air, but from habit, not from uneasiness, for no dog could reach this ledge from below or above or keep its footing on the tilted rock his roughened pads gripped firmly. A moment more he stared out and down through the timber, a startlingly old-mannish figure stooped over half-bent arms. Then he turned again and squeezed into a crevice behind him. He made his way farther and farther in, several times having to squeeze his bulky body again between the crevice walls. Then suddenly the crevice widened, and he shambled forward into the dimness of a cave.

MASON'S head was throbbing from the blow that had knocked him unconscious. He lighted a small fire and made some tea again and presently he pillowed his head on his coat, and went to sleep.

At sunset Mason woke up. The pain in his head was gone, but now, despite his sleep, lassitude dragged at his limbs. He knew that was an effect of the blow too. Lord, he thought, thirty years ago a crack on the head wouldn't set a man back this way! Moving slowly, he made up a fire and ate a scanty meal, then lighted his pipe and lay back on his blanket. Well, what was next? he wondered. No good at all trying to push on tonight. Jake'd get clear away, the swine, but no darned use worrying about that now. An early-morning start was the only thing, and find poor old Roany as soon as he could. He'd start in the morning.

A bad trip this one. Everything had seemed to go wrong from the day he'd been fool enough to think that that big, hefty redhead would be a useful mate. Lord, this prospecting gave a man a heck of a spin when the luck stayed wrong all the time and you didn't even make wages. The luck was the trouble, all along the line. You knew your rock chemistry, knew the formations, but you had to have the luck your way. He sighed, set his pipe on a stone beside his blanket, and turned on his side. Ten pound in the bank and a couple of dingo scalps wasn't much of a finish to a trip. . . .

The pack of dingoes left the gully at dusk and jogged right out to the clay pan to drink. The wedge-tailed eagles had left little enough of the two dogs Mason had shot. But dingoes fear the crack of rifleshot more than anything else, and the shooting of the morning had made the leader nervous and half-minded to return tonight to his own hunting grounds. It decided him against traveling on farther east. He led the pack in off the plain to hunt the two miles of the ridge to the west of Mason's camp. Hunting silently all night they had several kills. Then, just before dawn, the leader came on the wallaroo's trail leading up past the camp to the cliff. If he had found it earlier, after half a day's heat, it would have been too faint to halt him. But now the light dew had freshened its scent. He knew it.

Only gunshots will make a dingo give over his quarry. He will hold to a trail, day and night if he must, till he kills. The big brindle brute flung his pack call through the trees and up to the star-packed sky.

Mason slept on, but the wallaroo heard the dingo's cry. His wound had stiffened and his right side hurt when he moved. Though he was a night feeder, he had fed well enough on his slow journey in off the plain. He got up and drank from a rock seepage in a crevice, then returned to his cave and slept again.

But his hunger was keen when, in the cool dawn, he stood on the ledge on the face of the sandstone outcrop and looked again down the ridge. He could catch no scent of the dingoes, and the dawn breeze, now from the west, told him only that they were nowhere to the westward. Down through the timber he could see the smoke spiral of Mason's fire. With a last questioning tilt of his broad snout, the wallaroo leaped from the rock ledge, landed with a soft thud on the tuft grass below, and shambled away slowly, now and then pausing and stretching his neck to bite off a bunch of woody seed cups from the branch of a gum tree.

He was almost past the pine clump before the pack sprang from their ambush. As he flung away in a bound, the brindle leader and a yellowish dog fanned out on either flank, and his chance to double was gone. The dogs were rested and the wallaroo was able to keep his slight lead only because of the ground slope. Tree trunks, pine boughs, fallen trees flashed past or beneath him, and the thudding of his long leaps was loud in the timber.

And then suddenly the danger was past. Mason, rolling his swag, heard the thudding, looked up and saw the dogs and the red wallaroo. He snatched up his thirty-two. With the timbered ridge for a soundboard, the shot came like a thunder crack. The pack leader wheeled away from the bullet's whine, and the pack swung with him.

When the rifle's echo crashed back from the rocks the dogs were gone—and gone this time for good.

THE wallaroo pounded on down, circled left below the campfire and was well up the ridge again before he slowed and finally shambled to a halt beside a tall blue gum. But his blood still pulsed hard from his fright, and his hunger was forgotten. Just then the sun's rim cut the horizon, and the crown of the sandstone outcrop, lifting above the treetops, was suddenly shining gold. The flash of it caught Mason's eye for a moment and then he saw the watcher far up the ridge beside the blue gum. He grinned and seemed on the point of launching into a long speech, then frowned instead.

Then, half frowning, half amused, he began moving slowly, very slowly, toward the wallaroo. But he had taken scarcely a dozen steps when the kangaroo swung about, put his hands on the ground, and shambled on up the slope toward the rocks.

It was perhaps twenty minutes later that, having gone back for light rope and tools, Mason made a grappling iron of a pick and hauled himself up the ten feet of cliff to the split into which he had seen the wallaroo vanish. And when he thrust his head into the crevice, he caught the scent—a scent faintly sweet—that was all around. He wormed his way farther and farther in to where the rock split widened to form a little cave. Far back in the cave, humped in a vee of the overhang, the wallaroo watched him.

Opal earth is a soft rock, really, a soft gray rock that lies under sandstone. It is toughest right under the sandstone, and will cling there, suspended, even when its lower layers have been carved away by water. To one unused to it, its smell is a mere earthiness. But there is a sweetness in it of new-turned soil, faint, but strangely tenacious and permanent, that will cling for years to tools or rock sacks or in a gouger's clothes, defying water and washing. And Mason had been an opal seeker almost all his life.

He found the soft gray rock up under the roof of the cave. But he found opal potch packed in it—the glinting, valueless opal that lies beside and around the real gems. He found potch, then opals—black opals, fire-hearted.

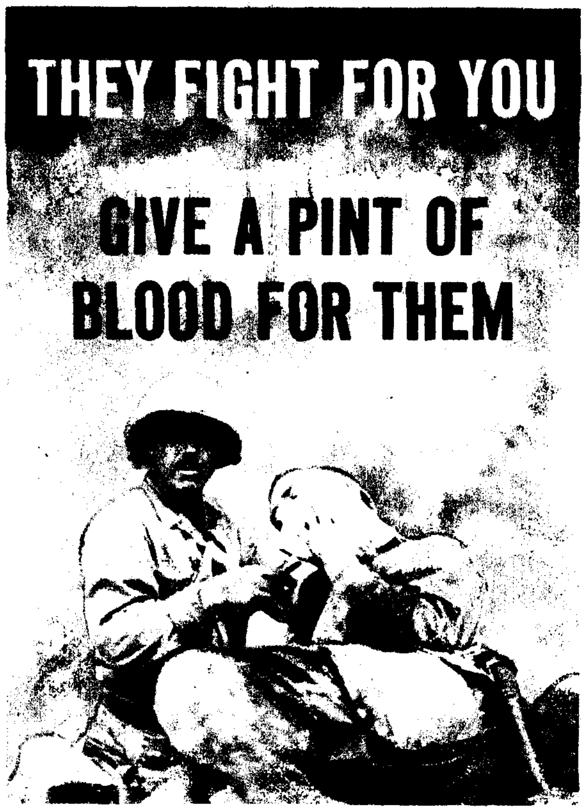
Before midday he had a fortune piled on a clean-swept space at the dimly lit mouth of the cave.

Still crouched in the darkness, the wallaroo watched him toss down his gouging tools and potch snips and kneel beside the little pile of uncut gems.

Mason's hand trembled as he groped for his pipe, his mind going back over his discovery. Rock kangaroos often live in caves. Seeing the wallaroo head back once more for the sandstone outcrop, he had wondered. There just might be a cave up there; and a cave in hard sandstone usually meant that a softer rock had been seepaged out from under a sandstone layer. And sometimes—only sometimes—that softer rock was opal earth. Yet that wasn't all or nearly all. How many times had he found and tunneled out opal earth that held no opals at all, nor even a sign of potch?

"But, so help me, you wasn't foolin' me, pal!" he told the silent watcher. His voice, high-pitched and breathless, echoed only in whispers. "An' to think it was just flamin' luck we met up with each other!"

THE END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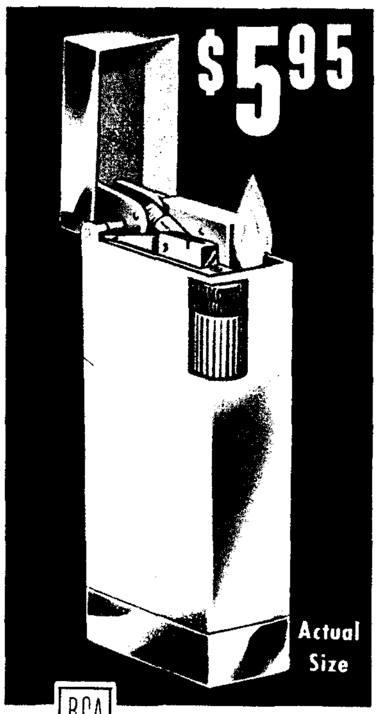

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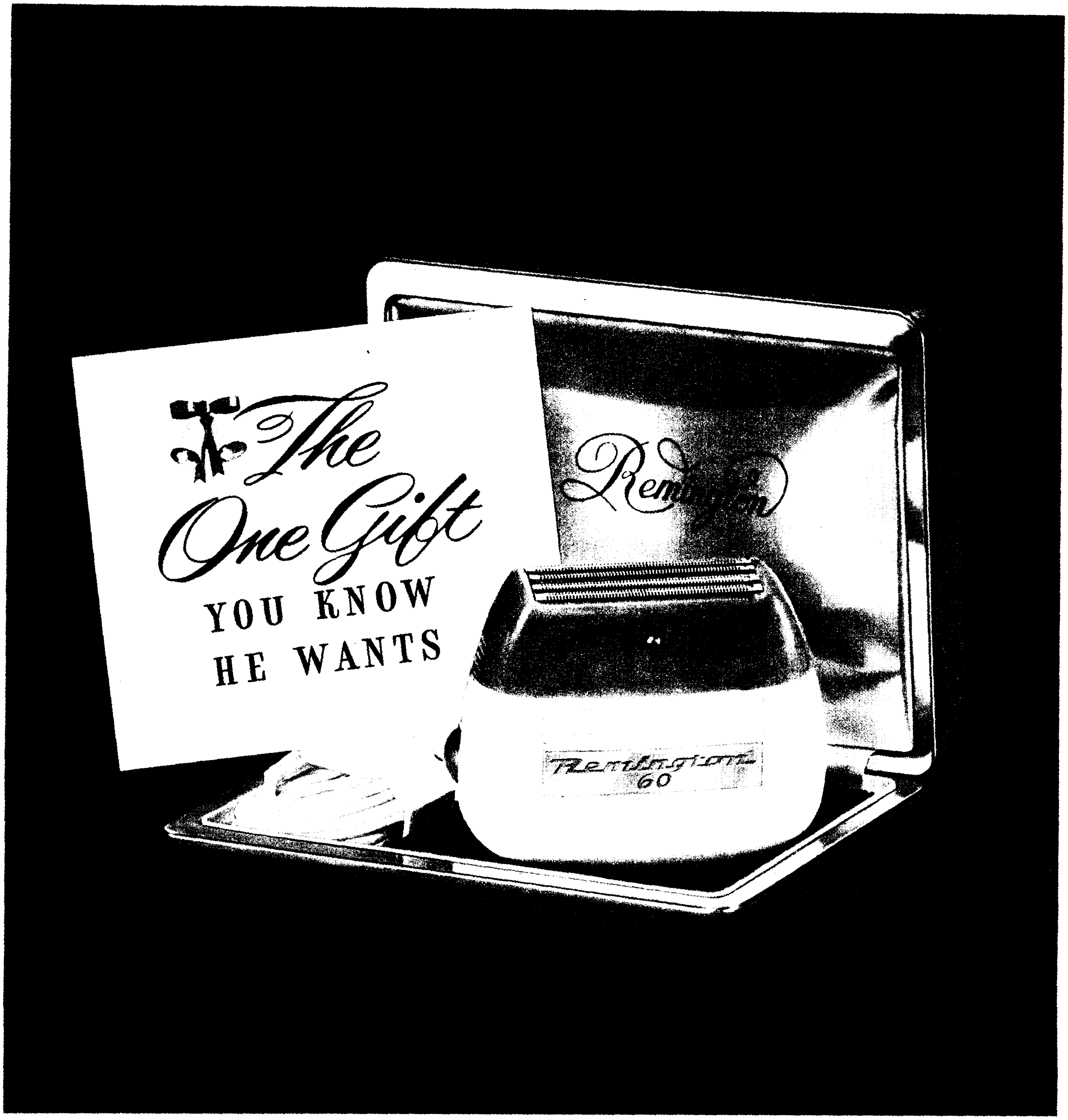

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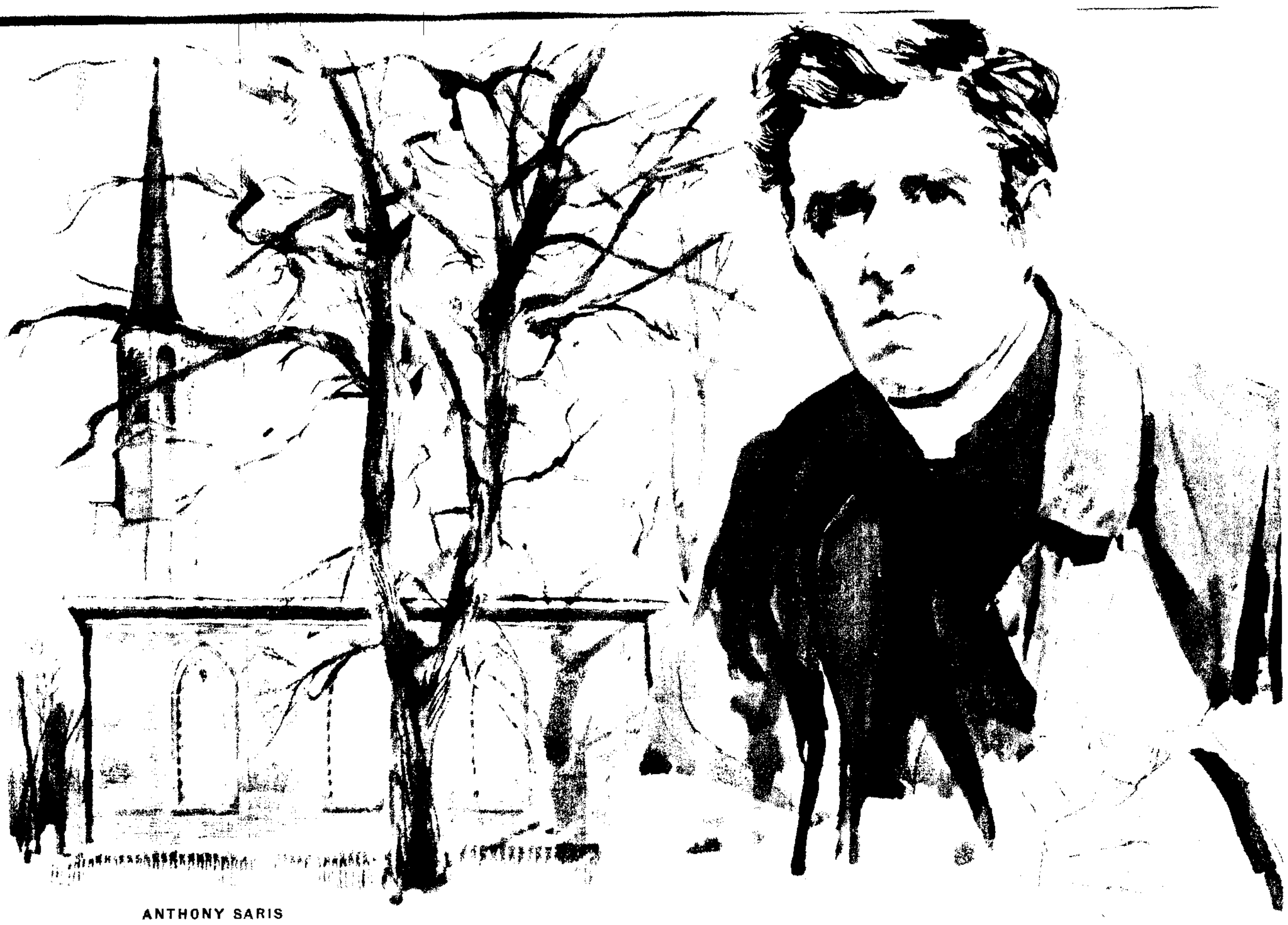

ANTHONY SARIS

He was a very intense and sincere man; he loved everybody and hated evil

Reverend Jerichy

By ELIZABETH STARR HILL

TODAY I heard someone quote the phrase, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."

The man who said it was joking about something, but as soon as the words began I heard the rest of them in my mind, and the man's voice seemed to change to the Reverend Jerichy's, and I could see Reverend Jerichy again in the pulpit of our church, with his black hair standing straight up on his head where his angry hands had gone through it. I could hear him, and I could see his face; and it seemed to me for an instant that our first Sunday in Jordansville was not so far away.

Al and I had been married a little less than two years, and those years, and the ones before them, had been spent in the city. We had been cliff-dwelling children, living only a few blocks apart but never meeting until we were grown. City things and city people were all we had experienced.

Yet in each of our hearts, varnished over with the quick contempt of the city person for country living, there was a little town, a place we had never seen; and its streets were as dear and as well-remembered as a favorite childhood dream.

We didn't find out that the town belonged to both of us until we had been married nearly a year. It was then that we began talking to our friends about what fun it would be to live in a small town for a year or so, just to see what it was like. And, laughing at ourselves a little, we finally moved to Jordansville. . . .

That first Sunday, the Reverend preached the sermon about the eye of the needle. He was a very intense and sincere young man; he loved everybody very much and hated evil because evil hurt people. He was angry about it, and his young face shone with anger, and his dark hair stood up straight because he pushed it there, angrily, as he talked.

As he went on about the danger of rooting your faith in material things instead of giving freely to help others, I whispered to Al, "Is this supposed to be a *rich* place?"

Al grinned faintly, to show that he knew what I meant, and I looked about the little wooden church at the plain, listening faces and thought that Reverend Jerichy was rather funny.

We met other couples of the parish on the way out of church, and one of them, the Barretts, asked us home for Sunday dinner.

During dinner we began to realize that the weekly sermons were anticipated in Jordansville, judged carefully, and commented upon vociferously afterward.

"Reverend Jerichy is new, you know," Mrs. Barrett told us. She was a stout, pleasant woman, and she spoke thoughtfully. "He came to us only two months ago, when Reverend McCann died. And he's so *strict*. It's very hard for us to accustom ourselves, after Reverend McCann."

"You know what he meant today, don't you?" Miss Tibble, a spinster friend of the Barretts, said, and smiled understandingly at Mrs. Barrett.

There was a small pause. "What?" I asked, knowing perfectly well that it was expected of me.

Mrs. Barrett turned to me, pleased, with a bustling air of explanation. "Well," she said, "we're giving this bazaar to help the hospital. We told the Reverend we were just going to sell things and have a white-elephant table and all. The way we did under Reverend McCann. And Reverend Jerichy said that since the hospital needs money so badly, we should ask for donations *too*, and of course we explained that we never did that in Reverend McCann's time. So you can see what he meant today."

"He put it very strongly," Miss Tibble said.

"Of course, it's up to us," Mrs. Barrett said. "We think it over, and we make up our own minds."

ON THE way home Al and I talked about it. "I'll bet a community fight gets started over him," I said, laughing. "'He's not like Reverend McCann, you know. Awfully strict, you know.'"

Al chuckled. "They'll probably lynch him."

"Of course," I said, "if a bunch of women like that get mad enough, they can probably get the poor guy removed."

We didn't admit we really were quite interested in the Reverend's fate.

I can't say I thought about him much, though, for the next few days. We were busy getting settled, and meeting the neighbors, and of course Al was starting his new job. But on the following Thursday morning, the telephone rang three times, each time about the same thing, each time a different woman of the parish.

Al was surprised when I told him. "They were phoning everybody, they said, and asking for small pledges for the hospital! Give it at the bazaar or send it in ahead. I told them I'd see."

Al raised his eyebrows. "The Reverend seems to be having his way! And," he said, "it's sort of nice."

We smiled at each other, and suddenly I had a sense of being surrounded by comforting layers of warmth and security: Al in the house, and the house in the town, and myself in the center of it all. I never had felt that way before. And when we sent off a little check to Mrs. Barrett, I was happy inside. I decided to go over next day and see what our hospital looked like; and when I saw the small gray building, I felt proud, and I could imagine Reverend Jerichy's face lighting up with pleasure when he heard about all the little checks that were coming in.

A month or so after that, we found out that Andrea was on the way. She—or it, as she was then—would be born in seven months. At first we were too dazed and happy, wrapped in our private miracle, to pay much attention to the little excitements and controversies of the town.

But after a few weeks, realizing that we had a long way to go, we got interested in other things again. We learned that Reverend Jerichy was now harping on the six-fifteen service, which always had been very poorly attended. He said he wanted us to be willing to sacrifice our sleep to God, and he gave the impression that we were losing ourselves in material things again.

And then, his severity presented a concrete problem to the women of the parish. Someone had discovered that his birthday was coming up soon, and nobody knew what to do about it.

"In Reverend McCann's time," Miss Tibble told me, "we gave a church supper on the rector's birthday. It was very pleasant. But we're afraid that Reverend Jerichy might"—she paused delicately—"feel that the money should be spent in other ways."

"It could be given to the hospital," I suggested tentatively.

"We thought of that," Miss Tibble said. "Only it still leaves the problem of marking the day itself." She looked quite provoked. "Everything is really very difficult with Reverend Jerichy."

A lot of people said the same thing. I began to wonder, with an uneasiness I did not understand, how angry the parish was, and what the pleasant women really were thinking.

MRS. BARRETT had called me a few days before. Now Al and I were hurrying with all the others from all over town, through the watery early sunshine, into the dimness of the little church. And suddenly the church seemed inexpressibly beautiful to me, more beautiful than it ever had before.

It was six fifteen in the morning, and it was the Reverend's birthday. And the church was filled with the people of Jordansville, the expectant, warmhearted people, smiling at one another, their eyes bright.

He came in then, just as we were seated, and walked toward the chancel. He had taken several steps before he glanced up. Then he stood dead still, his young face as blank as that of a startled child. He stood for several seconds, his eyes going all the way to the extra chairs, each one filled, that were set up in the back.

Then he took a small rustling step toward us, unsteadily, and his smile was full of glory. It was as though he knew now that his people were going to let him lead them into the kingdom of God; and as though he realized, too, for the first time in his very young life, that they were not so desperately far from it already.

I like to remember the day because from then on we were part of Jordansville, and of all little towns where the people belong to one another, no matter what.

THE END

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The Green-Headed Hoot Nanny

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

hummingbird nest on a limb about fifteen feet above the ground. Dolly rolled her big blue eyes and casually mentioned that she didn't have a hummingbird nest in her collection. The Colonel and Uncle Lester got to fighting like a couple of turpentined squirrels, each one trying to beat the other one up the tree. Or so it seemed. The Colonel didn't realize that Uncle Lester was pushing him up the tree.

Just about a minute later, the limb, the nest, and the wailing, flailing Colonel came crashing to the ground. We carted him into the house. He was groaning that his trick knee had gone bad on him again. That was just what Uncle Lester figured on when we'd planted the nest in plain sight there and then sawed the limb in half. Didn't want to hurt him, just wing him enough to lay him up and keep him out of the Garden of Love for a couple of weeks.

THERE was a slight delay about carting the Colonel off. He wanted his old buddy Doc Lane to come over and look at the knee first. Uncle Lester went out to make the call and I went with him. "Randolph," he said, smirking, "let this be a lesson to you. Never trifle with Lester Dallywick Bartley!"

But when Doc Lane arrived, he couldn't find anything wrong with the Colonel's knee. Then the Colonel mumbled something to him. The next thing we knew, Doc Lane was telling us that the knee was just so much bone meal and it would cripple the Colonel for life to move him over to his own place. He had to stay with us a couple of weeks. Fifteen minutes later, he was in bed upstairs, in a pair of Uncle Lester's pajamas, asking Dolly if she knew how to give an alcohol rub.

For an hour after that, Uncle Lester was down under the cherry trees, blowing his top again. "I'm gonna shoot that Doc Lane!" he shouted. "Shoot him down like a dog!. Chant the Hippocratic oath and dance on his evil remains!" He shook his fist up at the house. "And tonight I'm gonna disembowel that lying beast, Pomeroy."

Well, for the next three days it was a tossup as to who had trapped who. Mother put the Colonel on such short rations that he started screaming that he was coming down with scurvy. She confiscated all his cigars. "You're not smelling up my house, you old fake," she said. "If you want to inhale something, inhale this." She fired up an old Chinese incense burner that'd short-circuit the nose on a skunk.

Drinking was out, too. The hard way. She put a fifth of Uncle Lester's best whisky on the dresser across the room and told the Colonel that if she heard some helpless cripple loping over after it she'd shoot him.

All this just opened up more vents in the Colonel's spleen. He was going to save Uncle Lester if it killed them both. Every time he heard Uncle Lester courting Dolly downstairs, he screamed for Dolly to come running. "Gangrene's setting in!" he'd shout.

The hell of it was that Dolly not only came running but when she got there they'd have these long, confidential whispering sessions. Uncle Lester nearly ruptured both ears but he couldn't hear what they were saying. He felt like Romeo being pushed off the balcony.

By the afternoon of the third day, Mother was half crazy. "It's just dreadful, Randolph. Dolly is supposed to go home two days from now. Despite all that mysterious chitchat with Pomeroy, I can't help believing that she's beginning to really care for Lester. He just can't have a moment alone with her, though. It's—"

"Well, if she likes Uncle Lester so much," I said, "why doesn't she stay over?"

"I heard her remark once, Randolph, that you can't herd an old steer too close or he'll turn on you. I believe she's afraid that Lester might think she was staying over just for him. And I'm afraid that he's coming down with apoplexy. You know he tried to set Pomeroy's bed on fire yesterday. Smuggled his cigar in between the sheets and—"

Just then there was a screech of brakes, and Uncle Lester came zooming up the driveway like the W.C.T.U. was after him. He'd been to town on some secret mission. When he drove past the porch, he hollered for me to come back to the stables.

He was in the tack room when I got there. But he wasn't alone. Lying there on the table, beside about six boxes of dye, was a trussed-up jay bird. Uncle Lester was stroking it like it was the last of the dodoes.

"Randolph," he said, "about an hour ago I was down under the cherry trees, shouting directions to the heavenly host about the disposal of that godless interloper, Pomeroy. At the peak of my exhortations, this magnificent fowl lit in the top of one of the trees and started trying to outsquawk me. He reminded me so much of Pomeroy that I picked up a stick and slung it at him. Down he came. Bird lover that I am, I was panic-stricken. I was giving him artificial respiration when he started squawking again. Hadn't killed him at all, just stunned him. Didn't let him go, though. Just held him there, looking at him and wishing that he was some sort of rare green-headed hoot-nanny bird. Then Dolly would be out chasing around after him instead of up in that room, pampering that vulture Pomeroy."

I stared at all the different kinds of dye Uncle Lester had piled on the table. "That's right, Randolph," he said, "we're gonna create us a rare hoot-nanny bird—just like they create them green Easter chickens. Now, if you'll get some pans and water, Dr. Frankenstein will proceed."

In an hour or so we'd got something that Noah wouldn't have let on the ark. A purple-breasted, red-tailed, orange-winged, blue-backed, green-headed hoot nanny. Every peacock in the state would commit suicide when they saw the thing.

WE LET him dry out good, then took him out back of the stables. Uncle Lester gave him a final briefing on his duties and turned him loose. He took off through the trees, looking like a winged barber pole and bellyaching like he knew it. "Randolph," Uncle Lester said, "nature ain't always right, but Lester Bartley is."

We headed for the house. The game was afoot. All we had to do was turn the hounds loose. We reached the back steps, and Uncle Lester went into his act. He fell in my arms and cut loose. "Smash 'em all!" he yelled. "Every bottle of it! The bourbon! The corn! The rye! Bash in the kegs! Trample down the vineyards. Burn the—"

Mother and Dolly came tearing out of the house. "You were right, O sister mine!" Uncle Lester raved. "I finally got 'em. The d.t.s. The flying d.t.s. There ain't no such bird. Plow under the mint beds!"

"What in the world is the matter with you, Lester?" Mother gasped.

"Dam up the branch water! Salt the barley fields. The thing had a green head. Its tail was red. Orange wings—"

"A bird!" Dolly said. "An orange, green, and— Never mind the whisky, Sarah—he's been on opium!"

"But I saw it too!" I told her. "Purple breast—"

That was enough for her. She flounced down the steps, with Mother after her. Uncle Lester watched them and shook his head. "Randolph," he said, smirking, "never trifle with Lester Dallywick Bartley!"

That was damn' good advice. If anybody ever had the curse of Cain on him, he did. Not a half an hour after he uttered those magic words, he was down under the cherry trees, blowing his top again. Dolly had announced that, as soon as she got some shells for his gun, she was going to shoot the hoot nanny. Uncle Lester could shout all he wanted to about it being the first of its race or the last of its race or whatever it was—she knew by the way it squawked that it was some fantastic offshoot of the jay-bird family. She had a collector's license and she was going to collect.

Uncle Lester figured he had not only been collected but filed away with the passenger pigeons. He slumped down in a chair and said, "Randolph, you know the eagle that kept tearing at Prometheus' liver? I think the hoot nanny is gonna turn out to be a direct descendant of his."

Around nine o'clock the next morning, Uncle Lester was out weaving around under the cherry trees again. Every minute or so he stopped under one of them and shook his fist up at something in the branches. "Don't you ever migrate, you idiot?" he shouted. "Shoo, damn you, shoo!"

ABOUT nine thirty, Mother and Dolly came back from town with the shells for Uncle Lester's twenty-gauge. When Dolly came out of the house with it over her shoulder, Uncle Lester tore up through the yard. "Too late!" he shouted. "Too late! The old chicken hawk got him. Damnedest mess you ever saw. Feathers and guts all over the—"

He didn't get to finish. There was a squawking down in the cherry trees. The hoot nanny. Dolly glared at Uncle Lester. "Honestly, Lester Bartley," she snapped, "the way you carry on, you'd think you'd hatched that bird." She started stalking the hoot nanny. Uncle Lester planted himself in her path. "Dolly, I'm warning you! That's a pump gun. It's tricky. Blow up in your face. Horrible."

She kept stalking. He kept backing up. And the hoot nanny kept sitting. Dolly stopped about thirty yards from it and brought the gun up. The hoot nanny was sitting right in the top of the tree. A perfect target. Dolly steadied herself, held her breath, and cut loose. The hoot nanny let out a hideous screech and took off. Three feet below and to the left of where he was sitting, there was a big swath cut through the branches.

"My God!" Uncle Lester shouted. "You harvested half my cherry crop! You never shot a gun before!"

"Lester Bartley," she said, "you open your mouth one more time and you're going to get it full of bird shot! You just shut up and I'll show you what a shooter I am!" She pumped another shell into the chamber and swished off toward a pine tree where the hoot nanny was squawking again.

That evening, just as we were finishing up supper, the telephone rang. It was our next-door neighbor, Mr. Jason Hadley, calling Uncle Lester. "Hello, Jason," Uncle Lester said real airily, "why weren't you home this afternoon? Dolly and I were over in your yard shooting at— . . . Why, you filthy-mouth' old— . . . She's a great shot. Finest marksman I ever— . . . Well, how the hell would I know why all your dogs are cringing under the porch? . . . Quit screeching . . . She wasn't shooting at 'em . . . She wouldn't hit a buffalo, much less a— . . . I mean— . . . Hunh? . . . You're a damn' liar, Jason. That hole was already in your house. She did shoot up your garage a little but— . . . You screech in that phone one more time and— . . . I tell you she's a great shot! I'll bring her over and— . . . Jason? . . . Jason? Are you there, Jason?"

He hung up and came back to the dining room. Dolly started to say something, but he just patted her on the shoulder. "Don't mind him, honey. Just because two of his uncles were shot by women, he's superstitious. Now let's take our little walk. Might find the hoot nanny's roost."

She smiled up at him like he was Sam Houston. Then she turned to Mother. "Sarah, are you sure now that I won't be imposing on you, if I stay over? I just can't go home until I get that bird—and shoot it myself."

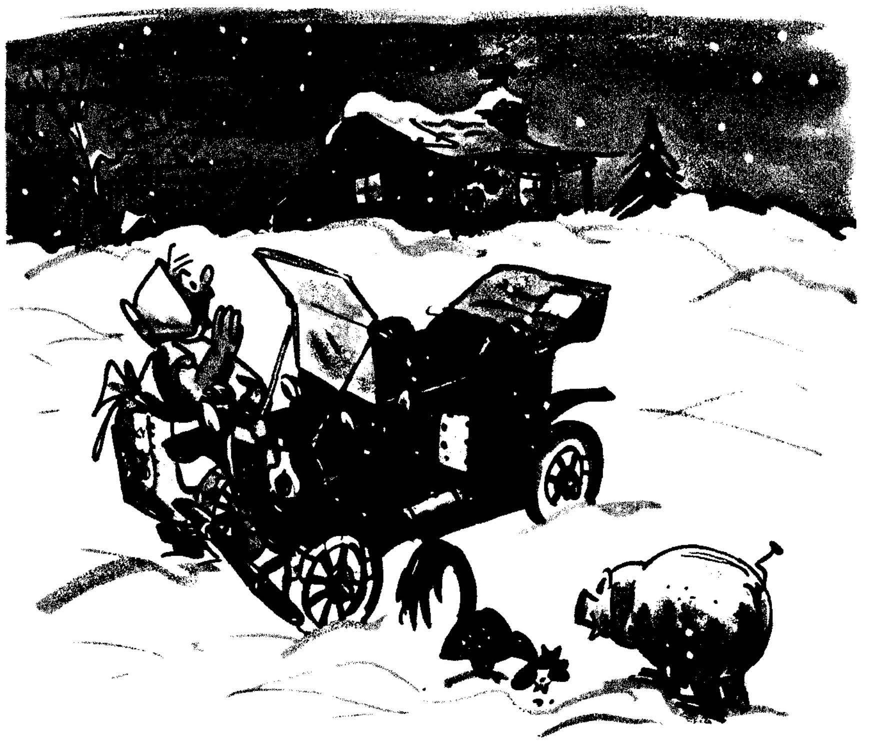
Mother gave a funny kind of smile. She'd turned mysterious herself all of a sudden. "We won't let you go even then, dear," she said. "Now you and Lester go for your walk."

They started out the door, and Colonel Jones, upstairs, cut loose like an orphaned elk. Dolly was supposed to read him another chapter from a nauseating volume called "Our Little Brothers of Field and Forest."

"Don't you fret, Pomeroy!" Mother called out. "Randolph will read to you. He has a lovely voice."

Dolly, though, didn't seem to think it was funny. She went upstairs to see the Colonel. She stayed up there for fifteen minutes or so, and when she came down she had a strange light in her eyes. The way Uncle Lester growled he ought to be

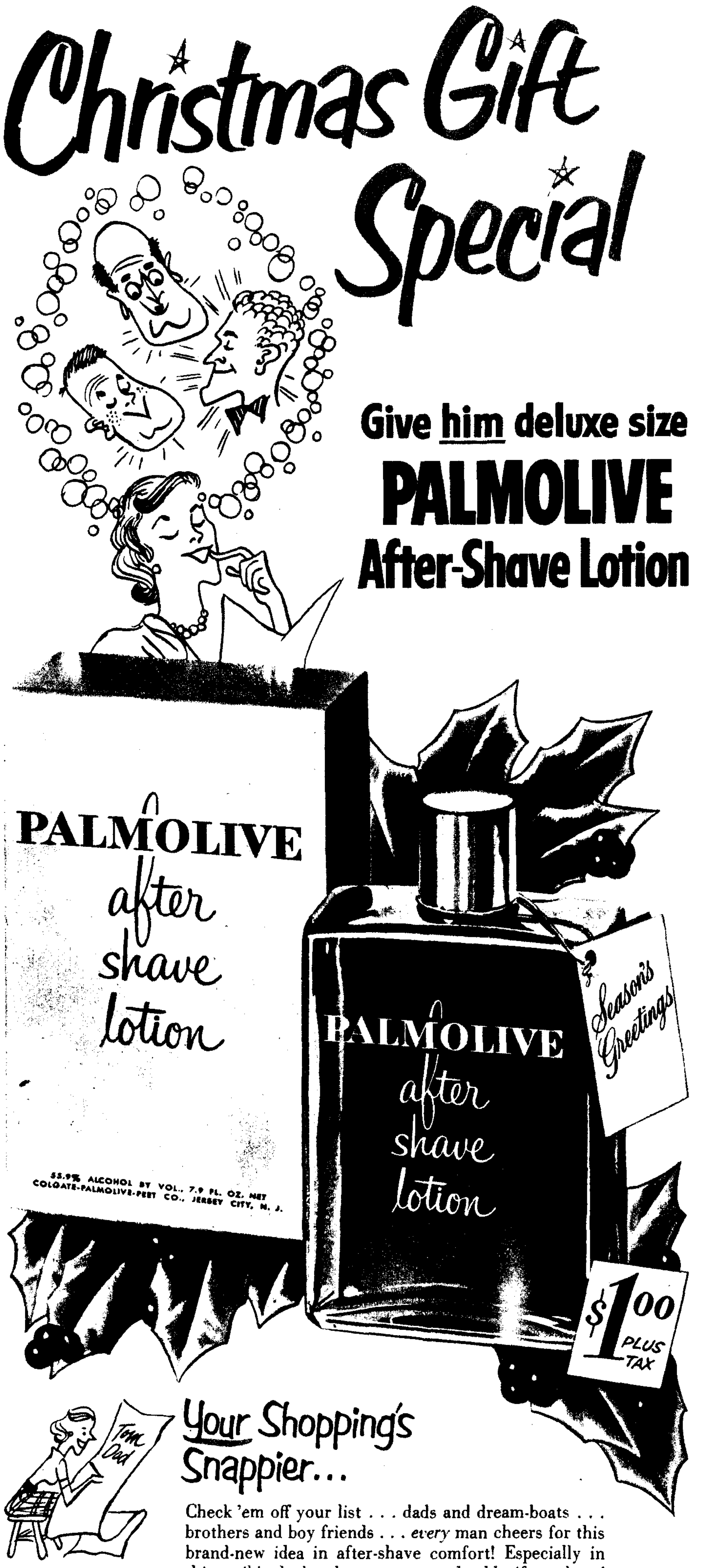
KENNESAW



"Kennesaw, the windshield is frosted up. Come here and blow your breath on it"

COLLIER'S

REAMER KELLER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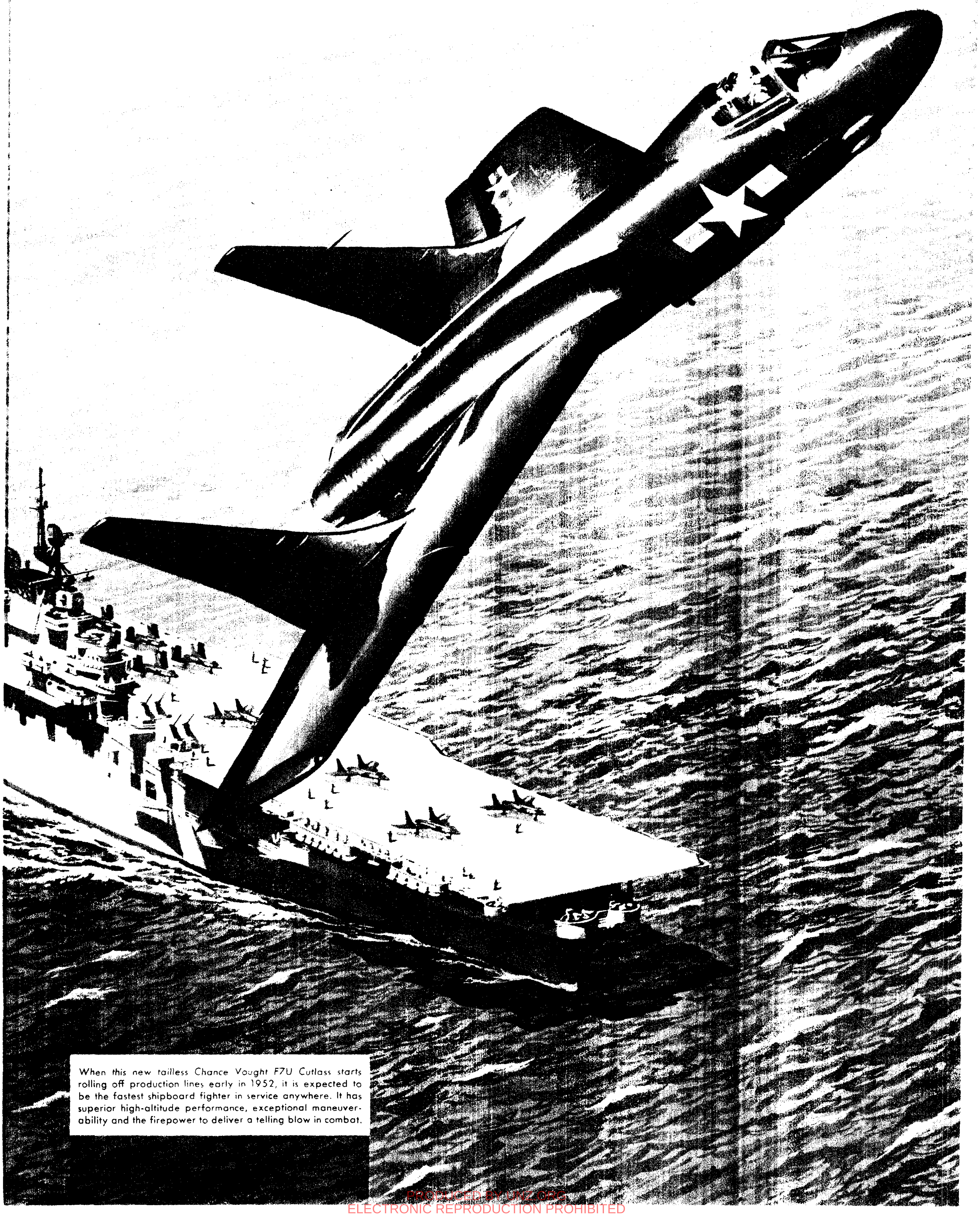


When this new tailless Chance Vought F7U Cutlass starts rolling off production lines early in 1952, it is expected to be the fastest shipboard fighter in service anywhere. It has superior high-altitude performance, exceptional maneuverability and the firepower to deliver a telling blow in combat.

DESIGNED IN 1946 TO BE The Fastest Naval Fighter in 1952!

Development of the Navy's twin-jet Cutlass illustrates the years of constant effort required in the struggle for air supremacy.

SOON the sleek-looking, tailless Chance Vought Cutlass will be the fastest fighter with the U. S. Fleet. It was designed to out-climb, out-maneuver, or out-fight any other carrier-based fighter in the world.

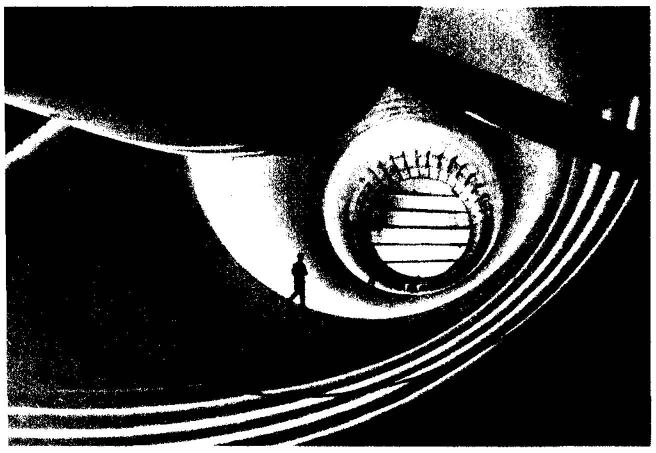
BUT your Navy will have the Cutlass in 1952 only because it foresaw the need and authorized development work in 1946.

THE assignment was a tough one: no true jet had ever been flown from a carrier. To provide the extremely high performance required, Chance Vought came up with the unique Cutlass design—a tailless airplane with sharply swept-back wings, hydraulically operated controls, new lightweight materials, and other novel features. It showed so much promise that the Navy gave its go-ahead—in April, 1946.

THEN began a long and difficult period of transforming a paper concept into an actual airplane. Designers, aerodynamicists, stress analysts, weight control engineers, metallurgists, production experts — all of them toiled as a team to solve the complex problems of stability and controllability involved, and to find the strongest, lightest most efficient design for each of its 22,000 parts.

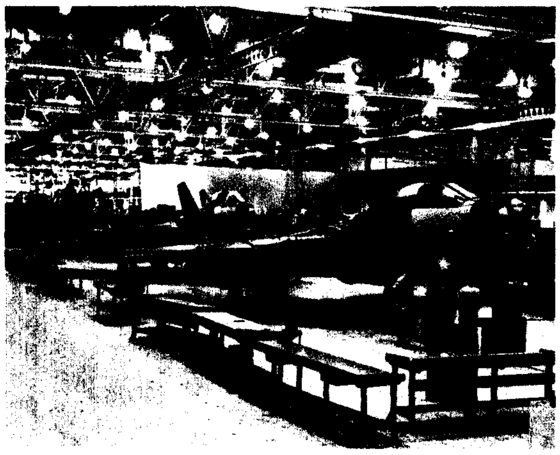
THE first Cutlass was finally flown in September, 1948. This was the start of an intensive two-year program of flight testing to make sure the Cutlass lived up to its anticipated performance, and to improve it still further.

WHEN the new Cutlass airplanes start rolling off production lines early in 1952, it will be six long years since the original design was approved. But when they join the Fleet they will be the fastest fighters afloat—and it will be *your* Navy that has them.



THE UNIQUE SWEPT-WING, tailless design of the Cutlass contributed greatly to its high performance—but posed many problems in controllability, maneuverability and in carrier operations. Solution of these problems through countless experiments such as wind tunnel tests, above, has given the industry valuable new information about the flight behavior of high speed aircraft.

MONTH AFTER MONTH, for two years, Navy and company test pilots put experimental Cutlass airplanes through flight tests, climaxed by actual carrier operations as shown above. These flight tests were equivalent to flying eight times around the world and were responsible for many design refinements contributing to dependable operation under actual service conditions.



COMPLEX CONSTRUCTION of the Cutlass—plus extensive use of special lightweight materials—called for new production techniques. To develop these techniques, Chance Vought called on its 32 years of designing and building first-line aircraft for the Navy, including the "Corsair," battle-proved veteran of World War II and of the Korean campaign.

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

put on a leash before he went for any walk. And Mother was so burned up I had to take her for a ride to cool her off. "Randolph," she snapped, "something happened today that made me positive it was Lester she cared for, but right now it wouldn't surprise me a bit if she and Pomeroy eloped. I want you to camp in that fiend's room after this and find out just what's going on."

Well, when we got back, Dolly and Uncle Lester were still out so I hollered up to the Colonel that I was ready to read to him. No answer. Not even a curse. I went upstairs. The room was empty. Lying on the pillow was a note in the Colonel's scrawl: *Thank you for your many courtesies. A thousand apologies for my trespassing.*

I rushed back down and asked Mary, the cook, if she'd seen him leave.

"Yessir!" she said. "He called Charlie, his chauffeur, to come get him. Hobbled out of here about fifteen minutes ago. Told me to tell Mr. Lester that he hoped him and Miss Dolly would be awfully happy."

Mother and I just stared at each other.

Mary shook her head. "He sure did have a nasty grin on his face, though, for somebody wishing folks happiness."

"Randolph," Mother said, "double the guard. That beast is getting ready to pounce again."

HE DIDN'T though. For three days we didn't hear a word from him, and so far as we knew, Dolly didn't get in touch with him. Then, around two in the afternoon, he called and apologized all over again for making such a nuisance of himself. Then he said that he wanted Uncle Lester and Dolly to come over to his place. He'd been building a birdhouse and he needed some technical advice. He said to keep it confidential but he was going to give it to them as a wedding present—that is, if Uncle Lester would ever get around to proposing.

Uncle Lester was in his room, taking a nap. I went in and gave him a little shake. He groaned, sat up, then fell back and held one of his feet up in the air. "Just look at it, Randolph. Flatter'n a duck's. That woman's walked me ten thousand miles." He rolled over on his side. "Look at that spine. Just like a flamingo's. Gaped up in more trees than a coon dog! She's gonna kill *me* before she does that damn' hoot nanny. That is, if somebody doesn't beat her to it. Ain't a man in town that doesn't want to whip me—and damn' few women! Bessie Hite says her hens use' to lay three dozen eggs a day. Since Dolly chased the hoot nanny through her yard, there ain't been as much as a cackle. All of 'em hiding under the henhouse except one neurotic rooster. He was last seen three miles out of town, heading north and ducking as he went. George Saye says since she did all that shooting in his pasture, his cows are so nervous that he can't milk 'em. This morning she shot the tail off of Bill Jackson's prize gobbler. Looks like a turkey from the front and a baboon from the rear. Says he's gonna come after me with a posse if she shoots that gun just one more time. She's got to marry me, Randolph. I haven't got a friend left in this whole terror-stricken county."

Well, I told him about the Colonel's call, how he'd apologized for acting the way he had, and how he was building them a birdhouse for a wedding present. That got him. He hadn't realized that the Colonel had been sincere about what he'd written when he left the house. His eyes misted up and his voice got husky. "Randolph," he said, "I want you to go over with us. Help us rave about this birdhouse. It's more'n a birdhouse, you know. It's a statue to a friendship that endureth all things."

Colonel Jones lived on the other side of town, so we rode over. It was like driving Stalin down Wall Street. Soon as Uncle Lester's old friends spotted him they started howling and shaking their fists. By the time we got there, he was hiding under the dashboard.

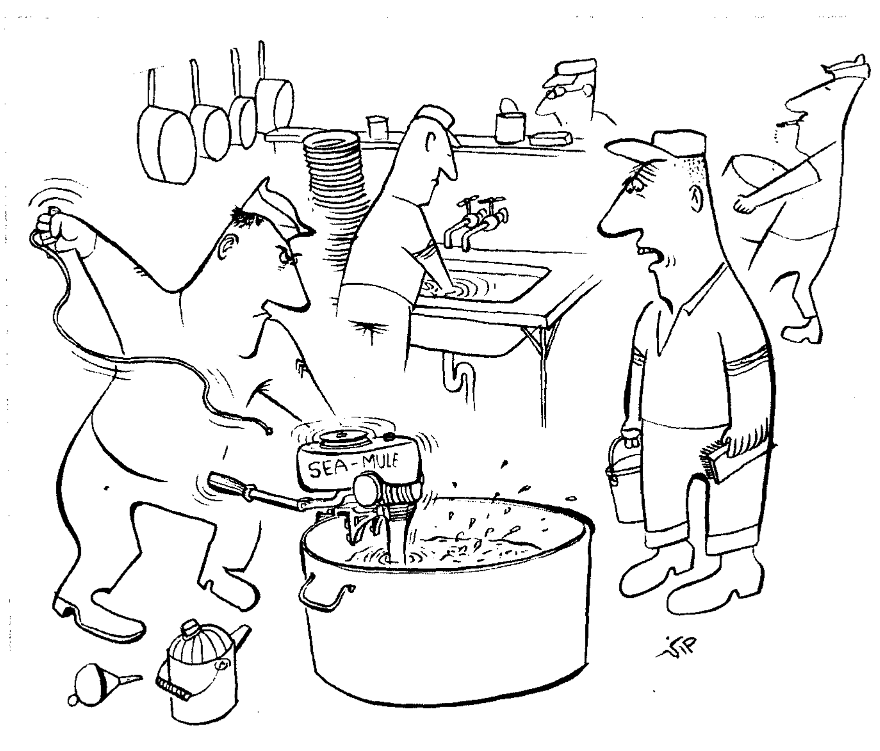
The Colonel's welcome made up for it, though. He did everything but pelt Uncle Lester with flowers and kept carrying on about what a distinguished couple Uncle Lester and Dolly made. He wanted us to have a drink before he brought out the birdhouse so he took us out on the back lawn, where he had everything set up.

It was really a nice layout. The back yard alone was about a couple of acres, and Dolly said she was going to look around at some of the fancy shrubbery and stuff while we had our drinks. Well, Uncle Lester and the Colonel threw three straight ones down real fast, and the love feast was really under way.

"Randolph," Uncle Lester said, "you'll journey long in this life and you'll meet many men, but never will you find among them the likes of Pomeroy Masterfield Jones. The most charitable, the most forgiving human being the race has yet produced. After all we've done to him and he takes me back to his bosom like a long-lost brother."

He started laughing about all the low things that he and Mother had done to the

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "Scrambled eggs *again?*" VIRGIL PARTCH

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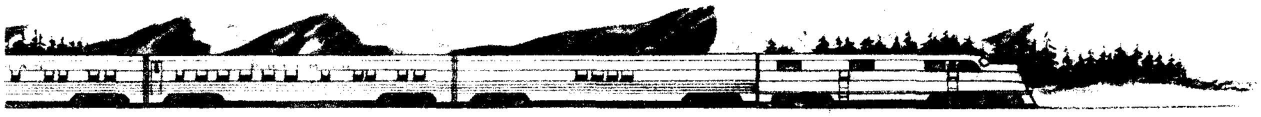

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Colonel in just the past week. The more he told, the louder he laughed. "Pushing him up that tree!" he cackled. "My God, Pomeroy, if you could have just seen yourself! The poor man's Absalom!"

The Colonel laughed like it was the funniest thing that had ever happened to him. "Nobody but you could have thought of that one, Lester!" he howled.

"I'll drink to that," Uncle Lester said, raising his glass. "Pomeroy, never trifle—"

He stopped. Standing about three feet away, with her hands on her hips, was Dolly. Without a doubt, she was the maddest-looking woman I've ever seen. Her hair was all coming down, her dress was torn, one leg was all wet, and her stockings had big runs in them. "Pomeroy," she snarled, "before I christen you with one of these bottles, tell me just what horrid thing you've done to these birds."

The Colonel cringed. "Why, nothing—"

"Don't you lie to me, Pomeroy Jones! I was right down there. I saw a bird. A striped bird. A red-white-and-blue-striped bird. Horizontal stripes, Pomeroy. It flew away. I ran after it. Blindly! I fell into that stupid goldfish pool. As I was getting out of it, I saw another bird. A green-and-yellow-striped bird. The stripes running vertically, Pomeroy. I thought I was losing my mind. I chased it. I fell over the hedge. As I was picking myself up, I knew I had lost my mind. Sitting on a limb, not twenty feet away, was a polka-dotted bird. Yellow and green polka dots, at that."

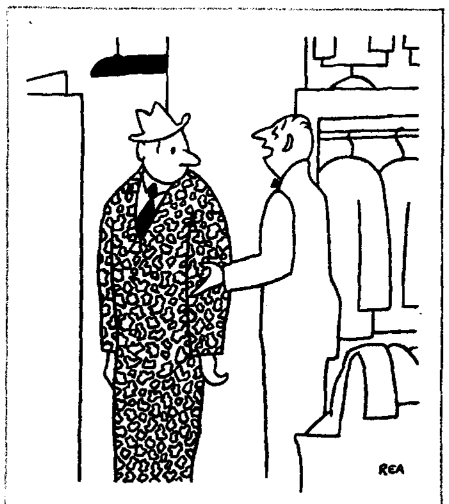
She got right up in his face. "I may be an amateur at this bird business, Pomeroy," she said, "but there is no such thing in the world as a yellow-and-green-polka-dotted bird."

Colonel Jones looked over at the quivering remains of his former eulogist, and smiled. "Well, my dear, I'll tell you. The evening I left Lester's, Mary, the cook, brought some shirts upstairs that she had washed and ironed for Lester. She asked me if I knew how in the world a man could get red, orange, green, purple and blue spots all on one shirt. As those colors corresponded so perfectly with the hoot nanny's spectrum, I realized that Lester had dyed the bird, getting some of the dye on himself in the process. Knowing, though, what fun you were having with it, I just couldn't wait to get home, find some showcard ink, some dye, and trap a—"

He didn't get to finish. There was a shriek, and a blur shot through the air and grabbed him by the throat. "Polka dots, by God!" the blur screamed. "Stripes weren't bad enough—you had to use polka dots!"

They crashed into the table, and the drinks and fixings rained down on top of them. Uncle Lester had a crown of mint leaves and crushed ice, and he was banging the Colonel's head up and down in a puddle of eight-year-old bourbon. While I was trying to separate them, Dolly was dancing around screaming: "Leave them alone, Randolph! Let them destroy one another. The monsters aren't fit to live. Oh, Lester Bartley, what a fool you've made of me!"

I grabbed her just as she grabbed a bottle of fizz water.



"Take a look if you insist, but I warn you you're not going to *like* it in daylight"
COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

AROUND five o'clock, Mother was on the telephone, talking to the station agent about reservations for Dolly. I was sitting on the porch, listening to Uncle Lester. He was on the edge of the porch trying to talk to Dolly, who was out in the yard with the gun. She said that she was going to shoot the hoot nanny so she'd have something to remind her of the most horrible man she ever met. And, if the horrible man came any closer, she might shoot him too.

"But, damn it, Dolly, I love you!" Uncle Lester whined. "I did it just to get you away from Pomeroy and keep you from leaving. It was just a joke, sorta, to—"

"Well, zip me up!" Dolly said. "My sides are splitting. Me chasing all over town after a neon jay bird. Thinking it was some sort of rare—"

"Dolly, didn't it mean a thing to you? Our companionship. The days we spent together on the trail. It must have done—"

"You mean did I enjoy having you make a fool of me? I did not. You mean absolutely nothing to me, Lester Bartley, and you never have. No man is going to make a ninny out—"

She was drowned out. There was this hell of a cawing over the trees. This chicken hawk came zooming by with these two crows darting down after him. They'd evidently fought up from the pasture behind the house without watching where they were going.

Uncle Lester glanced up, then let out a yell and fell back. "Duck, Randolph, duck! She's gonna shoot!"

I couldn't duck. I just sat there and gaped. I've been on a lot of dove shoots but I've never seen anybody handle a pump gun any sweeter than she did. Boom! She pumps it! Boom! She pumps again. Boom! Just like that. The hawk spun down almost at her feet. The first crow crashed into the shrubbery, almost hitting Uncle Lester, and the other one hit on top of the house.

Uncle Lester looked like he'd seen Calamity Jane's ghost. His tonsils locked on him. He staggered out toward Dolly.

"It was an accident, Lester!" Dolly said. "I just saw that dreadful hawk and those awful crows and just threw up the gun and shot. I don't know what happened."

"Sing that other verse!" Uncle Lester bellowed. "That one about me making a fool out of you." He waved his hands up at the heavens. "Hold that lightning, boys! Don't pop her yet. I got things to tell her."

He started shaking his finger in her face. "There's not a man, woman, child, hen, rooster, cow, or bare-bottom turkey in this country that ain't cursing the name of Lester Bartley! Why? Because you couldn't hit a stinking, stationary jay bird that was just sitting up pleading with you to end his shame. Then you start Annie Oakley to bouncing in her grave with the damnedest exhibition of— Why'd you do it, woman?"

"I'll tell you, you idiot!" Mother sang out from the doorway. "Another one of her hobbies is skeet shooting. She's won all sorts of titles down in Texas."

Uncle Lester just gaped at her. "Well, why didn't she kill the—"

"She didn't want to kill it, stupid. It was her excuse for staying over. As for shooting up the neighborhood, she thought that if everybody was on your neck, you might propose and get her out of town on a honeymoon a lot faster."

Uncle Lester still couldn't figure it out. "What about all those mysterious conversations with Pomeroy and . . ."

Dolly was trying to look mad, but she couldn't help smiling. "I was just telling Pomeroy to shut up and leave me alone so I could concentrate on you. Just why, I'm not quite—"

Uncle Lester started to bellow something, but instead he put his arm around Dolly and shook his head.

"Randolph," he said to me, "there's something stranger than polka-dotted birds and hoot nannies." He patted her on the shoulder. "Women!" THE END

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

members of which are well along in years. Mr. Hassett dines there quite often. After dinner he habitually scans the bulletin board on which are posted black-bordered cards reporting the names of members most recently gone to their reward. Mr. Hassett reads these carefully. "I do this," Mr. Hassett explained to our Washington man, "to see if I am one of them."

★ ★ ★

Got a nice letter from the Reno, Nevada, Chamber of Commerce chiding us gently for saying that gambling was permissible there. There is no gambling in Reno. Gaming yes. But no gambling.

★ ★ ★

This department of Collier's is shocked to learn from the United States Post Office that for the six-month period ending September 30, 1951, only 4,251 bags of mail left these shores for Russia. And we insist upon doing something corrective about it. Why not send 455,611 sacks, as we did to England last year? Or 654,741, as we did to Germany? Why not make it 750,000 sacks, all of them filled with letters to Joseph V. Stalin? Tell him what he's missing by not being here. Blizzard him with mail. Swamp him with neighborhood gossip, advice, recipes for mince pie. Don't get political. Just remember he's a grouchy old guy whose digestion probably needs mending. Send a few thousand Christmas cards. Of course, most of your letters won't get to his desk, but somebody will see them. And fifty or seventy-five thousand letters a week ought to make some kind of positive impression. Remember, too, Christmas is coming across the hill. Tell old Joe about it.

★ ★ ★

Don't forget to write to Uncle Joe. Address him Kremlin, Moscow, U.S.S.R. Anybody there will know him.

★ ★ ★

We spoke pretty sternly to our Louisville, Kentucky, man after reading his letter. "See here," said we, "what nonsense is this? What do you mean a guy can get as far as the ninth grade in school and not be able to read? You're fi—" He interrupted us. "Okay," said he, "so I'm fired. But try struggling to your feet and come on down here. Drop in at the Central High School or the Ahrens Trade School. I'll be here to accept your apology." Well, the fellow was right. In both those schools, nearly 200 Kentuckians, and men and women from other states, mostly in the South, some of them thirty years old, who got as far as the ninth grade in public and parochial schools and can scarcely read newspaper headlines or sign their names, are now learning to read and write. Some of them said that as kids they played hooky most of the time. Others said that they didn't pay any attention while in school. Explanations like that. But how they managed to win promotion from grade to grade remains a mystery. Some guessed the teachers got tired of seeing them and promoted them to get rid of them. One fellow said that he didn't think some of his teachers could read and write. We've apologized to our Louisville man. Rehired him.

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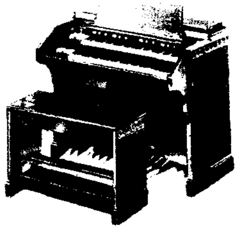

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First Passion

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

the way, but magnificent with boots, and he performed the double magic of seeing with my eyes and making me see with his.

"Do you have a sword?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied. "Would you like to have me bring it?"

He brought it the next time, and let me have it for several days. It lay by me in bed, sheathed and shining. Only in secret did I strap the big sword to my belt, for I knew it would look ridiculous to anyone else. I gave it up with a scowl of indifference that fooled nobody when Captain Jarvis McNeill said to me one evening that he had to pack a lot of stuff to be shipped, and he supposed his officer's sword had better go too.

"But when I come back you can have it again," he said, and he put his big hand like a warm cap on my head and roughed me once or twice. That promise was enough for me. To whom else was he offering his beautiful acid-etched sword with its gold saber knot? He was a great captain, a hero, and my friend; he came to my house almost daily to see me, to crawl among the delicate litter of my castles and tracks, my parades and fortresses, my ships and machinery. He was mine to love and to own, and through him I could project myself into a heroic life as a soldier.

HE WOULD stay so long in my playroom that almost invariably others would come up to inquire; and, standing in the doorway, they would smile and chatter at the sight of the handsome young officer and the hot-faced boy both intent upon the games of the nursery floor. At such moments I knew the grown-up world was about to win all over again. Aunt Bunch usually was one of those who came to see. The sight of her, waiting for me to admit it was bedtime, changed, dropped my spirits—I didn't quite know why. Dimly I knew I did not want her and Captain Jarvis McNeill with me together. I wanted them with me separately.

At last, the captain would get up and put himself in order to go downstairs with the company. Aunt Bunch let him go, as she lingered to appease me for the disappointments of the end of the day. Invisibly, the scent of Parma violets sought me and wrapped me round; and when she left me to go downstairs, I was secure again and filled with well-being, rich emotion and a swelling conviction that nothing I loved would ever change.

For a boy of ten, those were passionate loves—Aunt Bunch and Captain Jarvis McNeill.

WE TAKE our parents for granted till we have lost them. "Richard, Richard," they would say, fondly shaking their heads at me over my infatuations, recognizing how fixed my view of life was and how innocent it was of any other values but my fierce, joyful, tyrannical ones which seemed to me eternal, and to them dangerous.

They saw everything—even saw what must be coming, though not in what form it might come. They tried to rob me of the possessions of my heart.

"You must not make yourself a bore when Jarvis comes, Dickie. After all, there are others who want to see him."

"He comes to see me."

"Ah, my darling boy."

"Well, he does too. He told me so."

"Yes, of course, of course"—in hurried agreement, as though to conceal from me a truth best left with my elders. Or again:

"You will be eleven next birthday, and soon twelve, and really, you will be a young man before too long, and you will look for a beautiful girl your own age to love."

"I love Aunt Bunch."

"Now—yes. But she is already married. And her age!"

"I thought you loved her too."

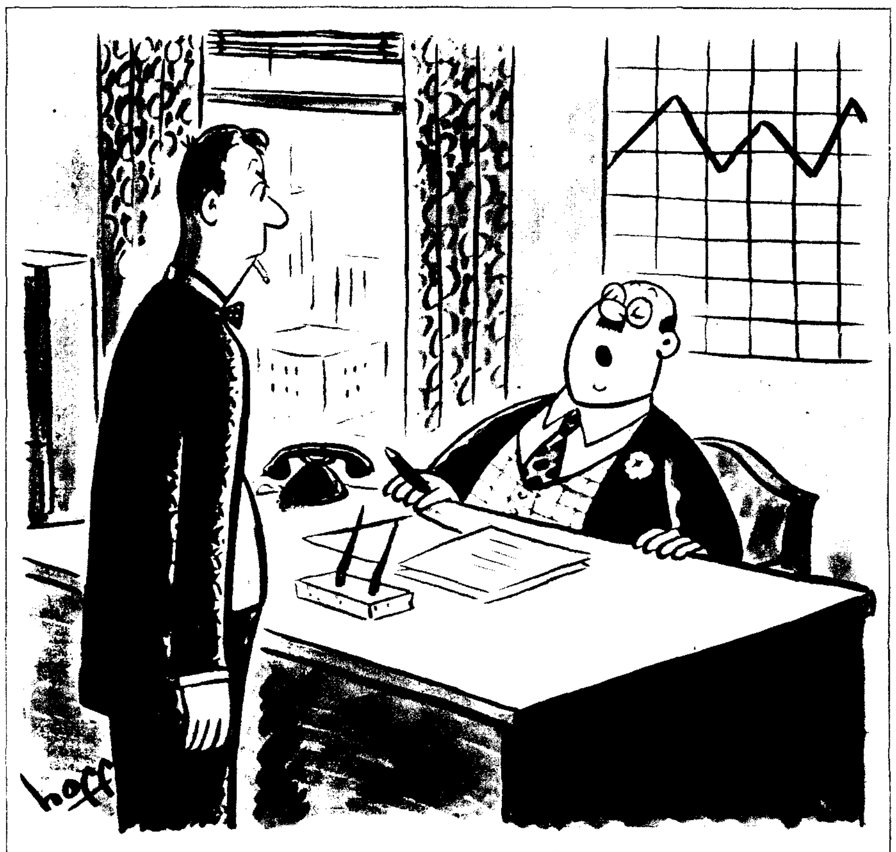
"I do, I do, my darling boy."

"And I thought you loved me."

"Ah, Richard, as if you did not know."

And I hated my father and mother for their good sense, which then seemed to me so evil and so hard. . . .

Our household liked to combine music and society. There was a dinner party before a concert to be given by a great American singer who had come to Dorchester as part of the Liberty bond campaign. Uncle Dylan had taken a box for the concert at a price which made a happy outrage upon his patriotism and briefly fed his longing for esteem. The party was to consist of my father and mother; Uncle Dylan and Aunt



COLLIER'S "I've been watching your work lately, Higgins. I suggest you do the same" SIDNEY HOFF

Bunch; Captain Jarvis McNeill; and old Monsignor Tremaine, our pastor, who was very musical and had no prejudice against good company. Largely because of his presence, an extra effort was made before the dinner party. Special glass and silver and wines were brought out.

To help our general servant Anna, a caterer was brought in who would lighten the kitchen load, especially after dinner, so Anna would not have to be up till all hours with the dishes. Anna was a dear old friend to us all, a large, lumbering woman who could bridle with privilege and mourn her estate in the same instant.

It was snowing when the guests arrived. I looked out the window and saw their cars—Uncle Dylan's big limousine, with his driver standing by the door; Monsignor Tremaine's old car, with its side curtains up. I counted. Someone was missing. Captain Jarvis McNeill had not yet arrived.

By prearrangement, I was permitted to stay up until I had toured the party to say good evening.

"My, how we have grown! And are we still a very good boy?"

"Yes, Monsignor."

A pair of hard, shining brown eyes seemed to penetrate my heart, seeking its formless guilt. Then the old pastor laughed genially at his own great power, and let me go on to Uncle Dylan.

"Well, Richard, and why do you look at me like that? As if I had something for you tonight! Well, sir, let me tell you, you have another think coming."

How disgusting this arch attempt to torture me and draw the attention of all to the act of material generosity about to appear, as inevitable, hoped-for and boring as the magician's dry silk flag out of the glass of water.

"All right, Uncle Dylan. Excuse me, then"—and I made as if to walk past him.

"What? Look at him. I never knew such a boy. So impatient. Can't he take a little joke from an old man who loves him? All right, try the left-hand pocket."

My father's face revealed the shame and irritation of us all, though he kept silent.

"No?" said Uncle Dylan, blinking his sandy eyes. "Not there? Then try the other side!"

So I found a little leather case ("Well, go on, Richard, open it. Let us all see what it is. I've even forgotten since I bought it for you") containing a small brass telescope, so beautiful it made me ashamed of my resentment and I was close to bursting into tears.

AUNT BUNCH saved me. She came and knelt down to me as if we were quite alone. She put her arms around me and her face alongside mine. There were smiles in the room once again at the spectacle of the "lovers." Her hair shone like waves under sunset light. She wore a heavy, shining dress of some pale color that showed much of her bosom and back and arms. Violets were held to her breast by a great spray of diamonds in a pin. In a moment she gave me a pat, and said, "There!" and made me release her. Was there anyone else in the world for whom she had so much love, which she would show so proudly? My father said to her that she had never looked so beautiful in her life, and that he supposed she couldn't help it.

"Oh, Dan," she replied, but with such a buried passion of hopelessness and hope that, without understanding her at all, I was startled, and stared at her.

"And now," said my mother, moved by the extraordinary without grasping its meaning, "you may say good night, Richard, and go up to your supper, and to bed."

"But I want to wait and see the captain."

"He will not be here for quite some time," she said. "He telephoned. He is delayed. If you are not asleep when he comes, he may run up to see you for a moment. Now good night, darling."

"Delayed?" said Uncle Dylan. "How delayed? I have not been told about this. I have his ticket for a box seat right here in my pocket. I might have been told."

"But we just learned," my mother said.

"Dylan, it does not matter," said Aunt Bunch. "If he comes, well and good. If not, everybody else has a seat anyway."

"But in a box," he murmured, drilling for appreciation.

"You are most generous," Monsignor Tremaine said kindly.

"Not at all. The Liberty bond drive, you know," answered Uncle Dylan, but with the tone of one appeased for the moment.

A look from my father drove me finally from the room. As I left, I heard them discussing the concert that was to come. The singer was Geraldine Farrar, so gifted, so beautiful, so romantic. My mother, who sang prettily, and was a graceful and animated mimic, began laughingly to sing, *"Vissi d'arte, vissi d'amore,"* with enough exaggeration to excuse the impersonation, and yet with enough style to justify it, so that everyone laughed and said, "Farrar!"; and (as I learned later) it was Monsignor Tremaine who moved to the piano, and picked up the accompaniment and played with the aria until the charming joke lost its point and ended in general exclamations and the arrival of cocktails.

ANNA came achingly up the back stairs with my supper tray and watched me eat for a few minutes, and told of Uncle Dylan's chauffeur sitting in the kitchen, having his dinner before anyone else at all. She said he was a self-satisfied piece, but company was company, and who was she to judge? Soon her mind was elsewhere, tuned to the lives and joys of others.

"Listen!" she said, nodding toward the gaiety downstairs. "How they love it! What dear souls they are."

She made me see the glowing room, the fire in the grate, the silky colors and the flowers, the rosy lamps and the dressed-up people, the sparkle of lights and the rubbed gloss of velvet, as though they belonged not in our own house but elsewhere—away, wonderful and desirable. And then, as though she had done a duty in transferring her vision to me, she lumbered to her feet, said abstractedly, "Oh, well, God have mercy," and went back to the kitchen, refreshed and ready for the responsibility that was coming to her with dinner.

I hurried through my supper, changed to my night clothes, carried the tray to the head of the back stairs, and then, on my hands and knees, went to the head of the carpeted front stairs to watch and to listen. I saw them all downstairs when they crossed the hall to the dining room to sit down at the table. I strained to hear every car out in the street making its grinding song on the snow with tire chains, thinking every car would bring Captain Jarvis McNeill. When the company was through dinner and returning for coffee, I picked out one, then another, with my new telescope from the head of the stairs. There, glowing in mid-air, rimmed faintly with pale-blue and yellow optical magic, were those familiar faces, brought near and separate in a new kind of ownership.

A brief halt between dining room and drawing room took place for an important question:

"But what shall we do if he doesn't come?" asked Uncle Dylan, taking out his wallet and carefully spreading his six box-seat tickets like a hand of cards. "I have all the tickets."

"I cannot understand," said my mother. "He didn't think he would be this late."

"He must have a thousand things to do," said Aunt Bunch, "getting ready to go overseas. There is no reason," she added with persuasive sweetness, "for anybody who does not have to, to miss the concert. Here," she said, leaning forward and lightly taking the tickets from Uncle Dylan, "leave me two, and since we are the hosts at the box party, I will wait for Jarvis here a little while, and bring him if he comes; and if he does not come soon, I will follow alone. There!" she finished, giving four tickets back to Uncle Dylan and shutting two into her gold mesh bag.

"Oh, why, no. Never!" said Uncle

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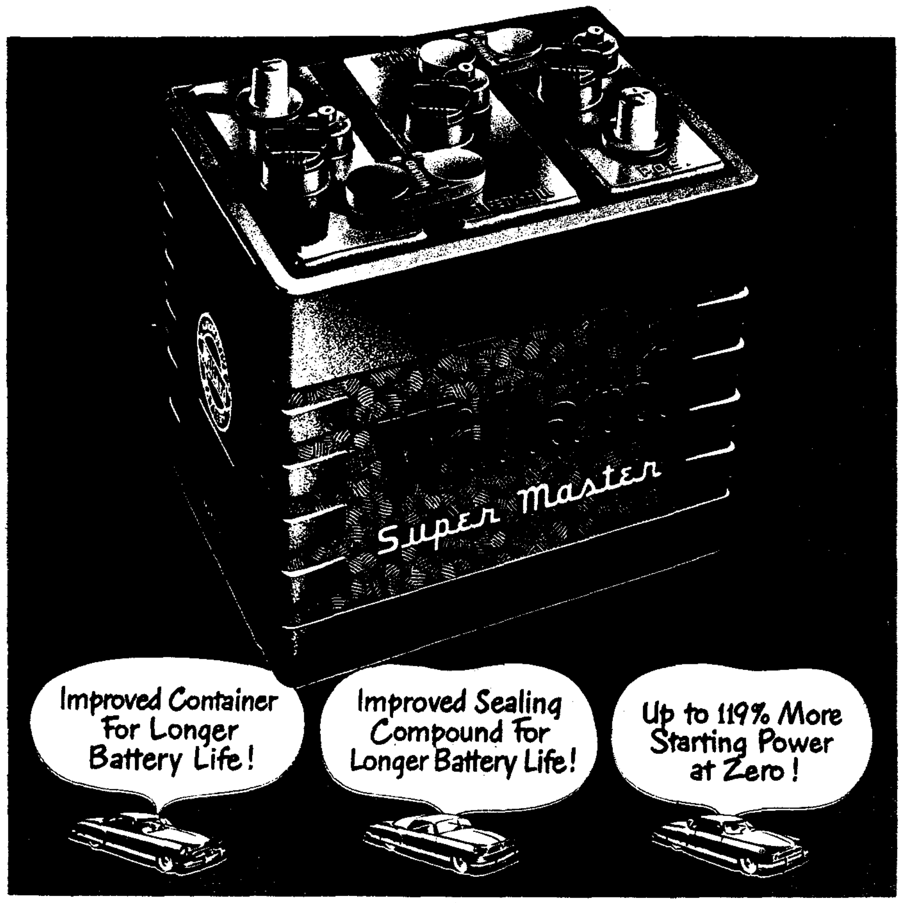
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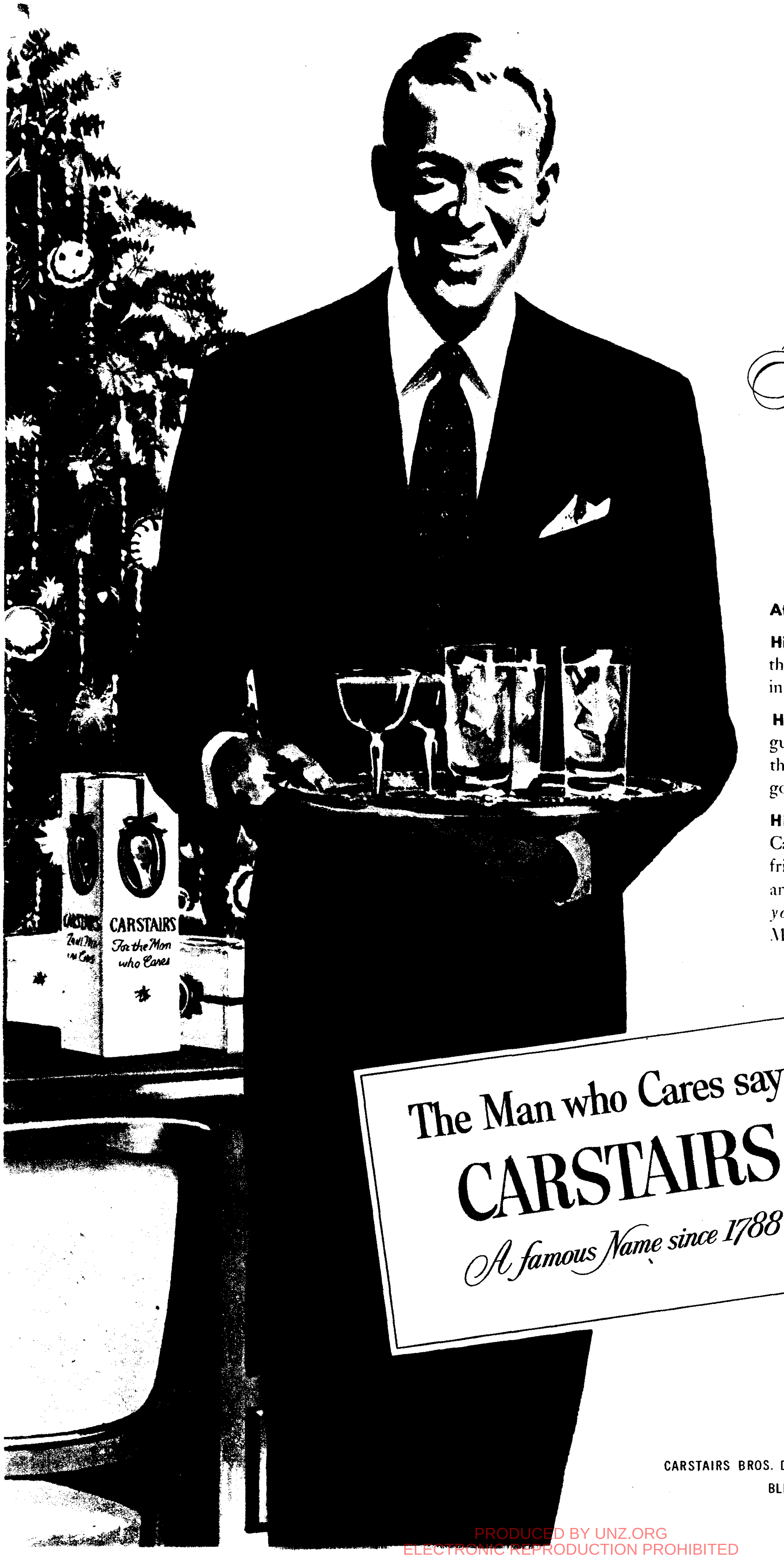
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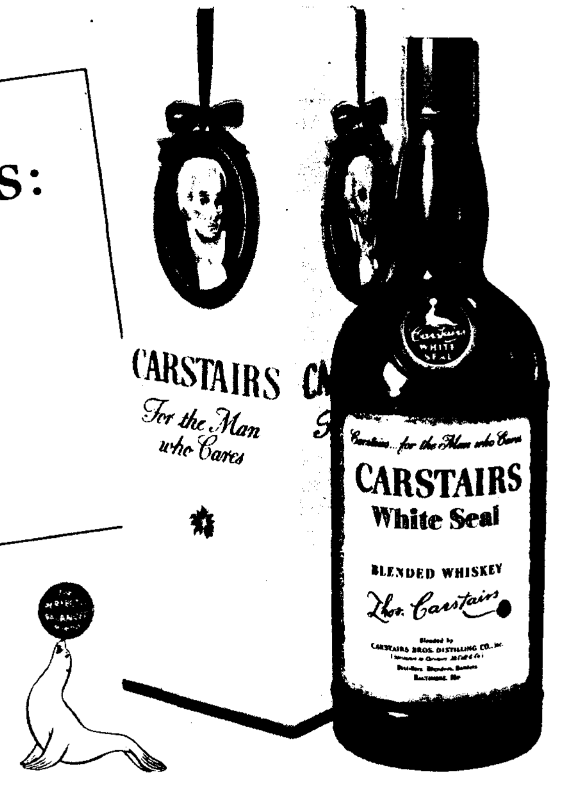
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Dylan. Then, leaving his mouth open, he looked from face to face for support, but found none. Everyone pretended to be unaware of what Uncle Dylan dared not carry further in the presence of others. "But how? What car?" he asked Aunt Bunch.

"You can leave me ours," she said easily, "and Dan can take all of you in his."

"Of course," my father said.

"I shall go in my own," said the monsignor. "I must hurry home right afterward."

The current had swept once again past Uncle Dylan. They all vanished into the other room for coffee.

Soon my mother came upstairs to say good night. I was in my bed. She wore what was called an opera cloak, and a pair of opera boots of blue silk and ermine, to protect her from the snow. She kissed me, idly told me to be good and go right to sleep, and then asked me if I did not love my new telescope.

"Yes," I replied.

"Yes, dearest, then love what you have, and *can* have, and not what you do not have. Good night, my darling boy," she said in a whisper, leaving me baffled and somehow reduced in spirit. What clairvoyance a father or a mother sometimes had.

I listened intently until those who were leaving had left. From the kitchen, dimly, came the sounds of the after-dinner work, and unaccustomed rumbles of conversation as Aunt Bunch's chauffeur talked with Anna and the caterer, who would soon be done with his work and would head for the streetcar tracks two blocks away. I listened for sounds from the drawing room, where Aunt Bunch must be. I heard nothing. I would go down to see; but, exhausted from sheer tension, I think, I fell asleep.

HOW much later I didn't know—but it felt much later—I woke up hearing the icy sizzle and clank of tire chains slowing down and stopping in the caked snow out in the street. Then I heard boots on the porch, and the door open and shut as someone let Captain Jarvis McNeill in, and then the stamping in the vestibule to loosen the snow.

He was here at last, and my pulse began to rip along. I leaped from my bed, turned on the light in my room, and went over my toys rapidly. The regular ones were ready. In a moment he would come to see me, to settle down on the floor, as usual, and create, and enter into that world where he and I were heroes. Leaving the light on to show him I was awake, I went to my door to wait for him.

But he did not come.

I listened.

Where was he? I heard nothing from downstairs. I turned to see my toys that waited with me. Was it possible that he had forgotten the castle with a real drawbridge, and rows of lead archers on the battlements, and in the court a double throne with a king and queen under a canopy? And in the corner, the tracks of a train winding in and out of mountains and alongside a painted river? And that battery of four cannons, modeled in perfect detail, that could shoot pellets with a spring? And what else? The toy theater from Germany, with its red muslin curtain that rolled up on a baton, and had woods scenery and stiff actors that entered upright in grooves. Not to speak of the telescope, which he had not yet even seen.

THE silence took on so great a strangeness that a hint of terror came with it. I could not bear to wait alone any longer. I took my telescope and went swiftly down the carpeted stairs. He was there, somewhere, I knew, for I had heard him come in. And then everything became clear to me. I'd been a fool. It was plain that Captain Jarvis McNeill was playing a game with me. He was hiding somewhere in the big front room, waiting for me, just as I had waited for him.

The happy hunter came alive in me. I went down on my belly and crawled silently from the hall into the drawing room, with my telescope ready. Coming around the forestlike obstruction of a green velvet chair with heavy wooden arms and legs (moss and rock), I carefully put my glass to my eye and slowly swept the softly lighted far end of the room to find him.

Familiar details came into view—a picture on the wall, flowers on a table, books, a lamp—as I ranged from left to right, toward the great sofa that stood across the last corner of the room. Everything was colored softly, and as still as the dead.

As still as the dead until into my telescope there glided life and motion, and I saw the gloss of dark hair, and ruddy cheeks beside pale cheeks, and the heavy massed treasure of golden waves of hair, and pale-violet eyes that opened and closed with such intensity of expression that it could have meant the extreme of suffering or of joy—and all in silence that was not quite silence, for little sounds of breath and lips traveled to me and told the same thing that the telescope told, and with the same shattering power.

My whole world crashed.

I knew sharply and deeply that what was mine was no longer mine. Aunt Bunch was mine in just my way no more. Captain Jarvis McNeill was lost to me. Even Uncle Dylan had changed for me, for he had been Aunt Bunch's—and therefore mine, though with my contempt—in the old order of the world which was now broken.

But he came to see me, Captain Jarvis McNeill. And every time, Aunt Bunch was there, too, as it happened. I was torn with rage.

And this evening, when he was late, who arranged everything, to wait for him, in her great beauty so enhanced by hope and hopelessness? What were the warnings of my parents, and how general were they, and how particular?

I understood nothing, really, except that I had been overwhelmingly robbed, and of what, even, I was not very sure. But the two lost people in my round lens were alone and far away. I must make them crash with me, or I must vanish into thin air.

"No!" I cried out, and I lurched to my feet and threw my telescope at the wall, where it broke some picture glass. I turned over the big chair where I had played my hunter's game of hide-and-seek. I danced with fury and hugged myself in self-pity and hatred.

The lovers broke apart and stared at me with vacant faces.

"Oh—dear," Aunt Bunch said very softly and slowly, with solemn sweetness and pity that made a lump come into my throat. I began to cry with fear of the emotions I had made between us all.

Captain Jarvis McNeill pulled himself together and made for me with his hands outstretched, as though he were going to choke me.

"—than a sneak," he whispered loudly, having said in his mind that there was nothing worse.

"Hush, Jarvis," Aunt Bunch said quietly.

"Yes, I'm sorry," he said, and knelt down before me to be reasonable and winning, and tried to take me kindly; but I kicked and flailed at him, shocked by the scared look in his face, a look I was fully mature enough to know, since fear is childhood's most explicit emotion. In a gesture, he pleaded with me, but I pushed at him and ran upstairs to my room, turned off the light, and, trampling my toys, went into my bed, full of horror, with my hands over my ears.

PRESENTLY, in the ringing darkness of my misery, with my ears covered and my eyes squeezed shut, I inhaled a breath of that cool, moist fragrance that always meant Aunt Bunch. The scent of Parma violets would always bring to me the memory of purity itself, and yet, at the same time, that of lost innocence.

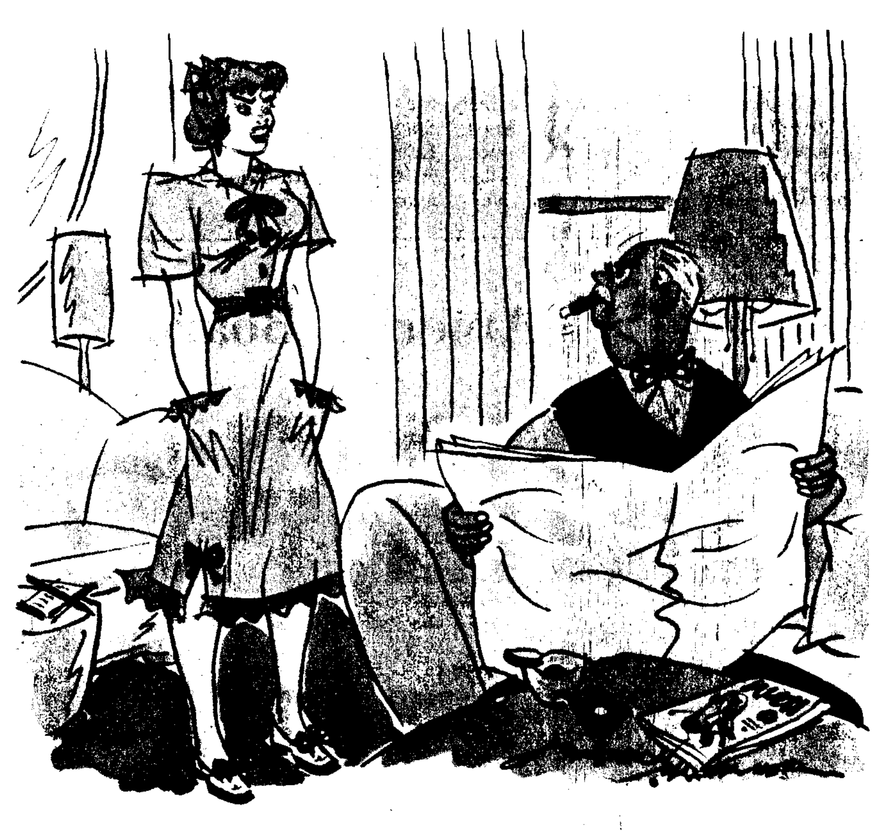
She knelt by my bed and put her hand on my hot neck. She said nothing, but waited for me to speak if I must. Soon I was trying to undo my follies.

"You will stay with me here, alone?" I whispered urgently.

But she refused to be false to what we all now knew. "Nonsense, my dear," she said gently, "you are going to sleep, and we are going to the concert."

"But—but—" But I could not think of what I wanted. I clung to her and begged for lies with my touches. She would not tell them, even with her caresses, any more.

The last I remember as, under her touch, I fell asleep, bitter with spent woe, was the sound of her voice (and it returns to me a lifetime later whenever I meet the fragrance of her little flowers) saying the only thing she could say to me, which made me ache, even as it promised me all of life I wanted: "Someday, someday . . ." THE END



"Daddy, I know now what inflation *is*. My weekly allowance has shrunk to three days, twelve hours, seven minutes and four seconds!"

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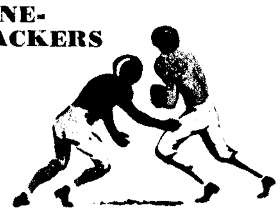
TED DAFFER, Tennessee
JACK JORGENSEN, Colorado
TED HOLZKNECHT, Washington
LEO SUGAR, Purdue
CHARLES LaPRADD, Florida
BILL ATHEY, Baylor

LINE-BACKERS



DONN MOOMAW, UCLA
CHUCK BOERIO, Illinois
BILL HUGHES, Michigan State
PAT CANNAMELA, Southern California
DOUG MOSELEY, Kentucky
GERRY McGINLEY, Pennsylvania
GEORGE MORRIS, Georgia Tech
DAVE HICKOK, Princeton

DEFENSIVE BACKS

BERT RECHICHAR, Tennessee
AL BROSKY, Illinois
BOBBY DILLON, Texas
JAKIE RUDOLPH, Georgia Tech
JIM ROSHTO, Louisiana State
YALE LARY, Texas A&M
JIM DOOLEY, Miami
BOBBY MARLOW, Alabama

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN

JOE DeROSE, Villanova
HUGH MEYER, Texas A&M
JOHN MICHELS, Tennessee
BOB TONEFF, Notre Dame
DAVE HANNER, Arkansas
MARION CAMPBELL, Georgia
TOM CATLIN, Oklahoma
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OFFENSIVE BACKS

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BILL REICHARDT, Iowa
DICKIE LEWIS, William & Mary
HARRY GELDIEN, Wyoming
JOHNNY BRIGHT, Drake
GLENN LIPPMAN, Texas A&M
STEVE WADIAK, South Carolina
VINCE PISANO, Michigan State

PASSERS

LARRY ISBELL, Baylor
VITO PARILLI, Kentucky
DON KLOSTERMAN, Loyola
FRED BENNERS, Southern Methodist
HARRY AGGANIS, Boston University
JOHN COATTA, Wisconsin
BILL WADE, Vanderbilt
DON BABERS, Oklahoma A&M

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ED BARKER, Washington State
DEWEY McCONNELL, Wyoming
BUCK MARTIN, Georgia Tech
LOWELL PERRY, Michigan
HARRY BABCOCK, Georgia
KARL KLUCKHOHN, Colgate
JIM MUTSCHELLER, Notre Dame
STAN WILLIAMS, Baylor

KICKERS

Punters:

BOBBY WILSON, Alabama
JOE BEVERE, Drake
JIM SMITH, Duke
DAVE MANN, Oregon State
HARRY AGGANIS, Boston University
DAVE DAVIS, Georgia Tech
DICK McBRIDE, Boston College

Extra Points:

FRANK GIFFORD, Southern California
JIM WEATHERALL, Oklahoma
BOB CAREY, Michigan State

Kickoffs:

VIC JANOWICZ, Ohio State

The 62d All-America

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

Like Ward, Georgia Tech's Beck stayed in there through most of each game against major opponents and invariably provided the pivotal play in the impressive victories which projected Georgia Tech into the Southeastern Conference title picture. When Kentucky gambled on a fourth-down plunge in the final quarter, Beck's jarring tackle stonewalled halfback Larry Jones. Tech then marched to Kentucky's goal line and quarterback Darrell Crawford sneaked over for the winning touchdown behind Beck's bulldozer block.

Beck's alert defensive maneuvers also produced vital points against Vanderbilt and Duke. He tripped up Dick Foster in the end zone for the safety which edged Vanderbilt, 8 to 7, and ran 52 yards with a blocked punt for the touchdown that tied Duke at 14-all. But Beck's greatest asset was his ability to rush opposing passers. Significantly, four of the nation's top passers pitched against Georgia Tech—Fred Benners of Southern Methodist, Haywood Sullivan of Florida, Bill Wade of Vanderbilt and Vito Parilli of Kentucky—and not one experienced a winning afternoon.

Southwest coaches had to go back 13 years to find a center to compare with Dick Hightower of SMU (six feet one, 215 pounds). They finally bracketed Hightower's 1951 performance with Ki Aldrich's sensational 1938 season at Texas Christian (the same Aldrich who last year was picked on Collier's Mid-Century All-America).

No center ever had to block under more difficult circumstances than Hightower. As Frank Leahy points out, "With Benners at tailback in SMU's spread, the surprise element was lacking. Everybody knew the Mustangs would pass on virtually every play. Why, SMU threw 23 consecutive times against Notre Dame! But even so, Hightower's tremendous blocking kept our middle linemen from giving Benners a real rush."

Hightower also excelled as a line-backer. "When we went over our movies," says coach Rusty Russell, "we'd find that Dick made at least one third of our tackles. Against Ohio State, he made the greatest touchdown stop I've ever seen. The Buckeyes were on our two-yard line in the fourth quarter when Vic Janowicz tried to dive over center. Hightower just grabbed Janowicz in mid-air and held him—shows you how strong Dick really is."

Down South, Hank Lauricella (five feet ten, 170 pounds) was the offensive spark of the unbeaten Tennessee powerhouse, operating out of the tailback slot. Hank called the plays, spearheaded coach Bob Neyland's crunching running attack, kept the opposing defense spread with on-the-target passes, and punted with demoralizing effectiveness (his 76-yard quick kick was the turning point of the Vols' 27 to 13 victory over Alabama).

Collier's board considered Lauricella for both quarterback and halfback posts before nominating him for the signal-calling assignment. "Lauricella," explains Columbia's Lou Little, "is a sound tactician blessed with the physical capabilities of a great all-around halfback. After studying all the top backfield candidates, the board decided the best All-America combination could be put together placing Lauricella at quarterback, leaving the halfback positions for Kazmaier and Karras."

One incident illustrates why Midwest coaches insist Johnny Karras of Illinois (five feet eleven, 175 pounds) runs harder and picks up more clutch yardage than any other halfback. With four minutes remaining in the last quarter, Illinois and defending Big Ten champion Michigan were locked in a scoreless tie. The Illini had the ball, third down and six yards to go on their own 20.

"It was quite a spot," recalls coach Ray Eliot. "The field was frozen hard and covered with two inches of slush. A 35-mile-an-hour wind was blowing into our faces. We had to make first down or kick and give Michigan one last chance to score. Nobody had been able to run much in that slush, but we gave the ball to Karras and Johnny slipped and skidded for 15 yards. That put us where we could gamble, so we went downfield on passes and scored the only touchdown of the game that way."

Karras broke the Big Ten rushing record as a sophomore in 1949. This fall, his 88-yard touchdown dash demoralized Indiana and set another Big Ten mark for the longest scoring run from scrimmage. Significantly, Karras was the Big Ten's top ball carrier for three years, even though the Illini lacked a really first-class passer during that period. "You knew they had to run," a Big Ten coach commented recently. "You could cheat a little on your pass protection and jam your defense to stop their running, but Karras ran on you anyway."

Karras, Kazmaier, Gifford and Lauricella in the backfield. McColl, Weatherall, Beck, Hightower, Ward, Coleman and Howton in the line. There's a star-studded line-up—the worthy 1951 successors to Heffelfinger, Stagg, Brickley, Thorpe, Nevers, Grange, Lujack and all the other great names in the All-America tradition originated 62 years ago. THE END

The All-America Board

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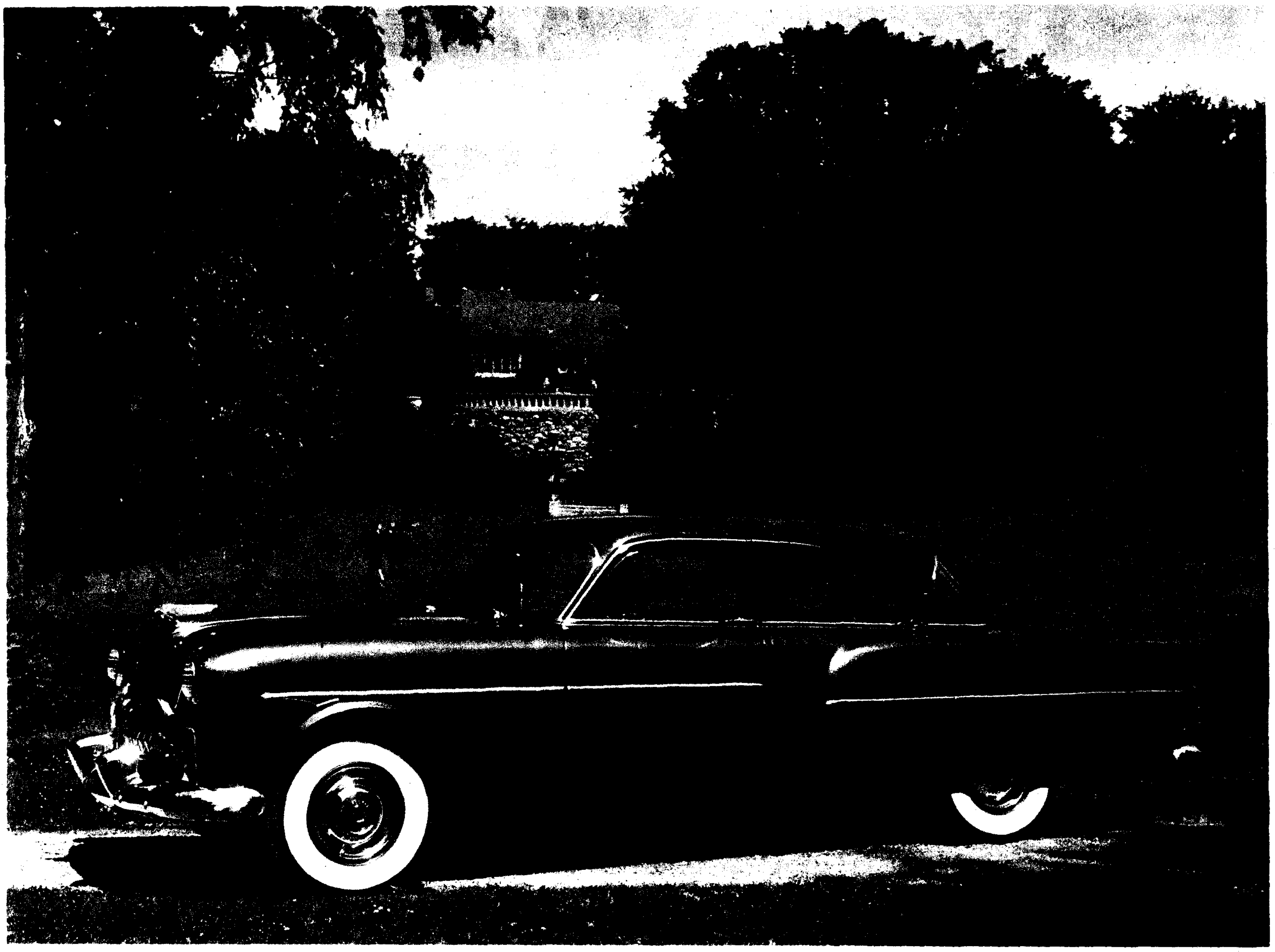

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The Men Who Put the Heart in "Heartbreak Ridge"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

just south of the northernmost peak. It got to the top of the ridge the next day, but for three days the Communists clung to bunkers inside the battalion's perimeter, and there was continual stiff, hand-to-hand fighting before the foothold on Heartbreak Ridge was secured.

The Second Battalion tried a dozen approaches in an attempt to assault the center peak of Heartbreak Ridge, but it came under deadly Communist fire on every little finger and ridge line leading up toward the peak. Eventually it had to give up the attempt. Direct fire from tank guns destroyed most of the Communist bunkers at the southern end of Heartbreak Ridge, and a battalion of the 9th Regiment was able to take the southernmost peak with only four casualties.

But in the next three days the 9th Regiment lost 200 men from Communist mortar and artillery fire while barely holding on to the peak. The First Battalion, attacking from the southern peak north along the ridge line toward the center peak, was pushed back repeatedly by extremely savage Communist counterattacks. The casualties were heavy.

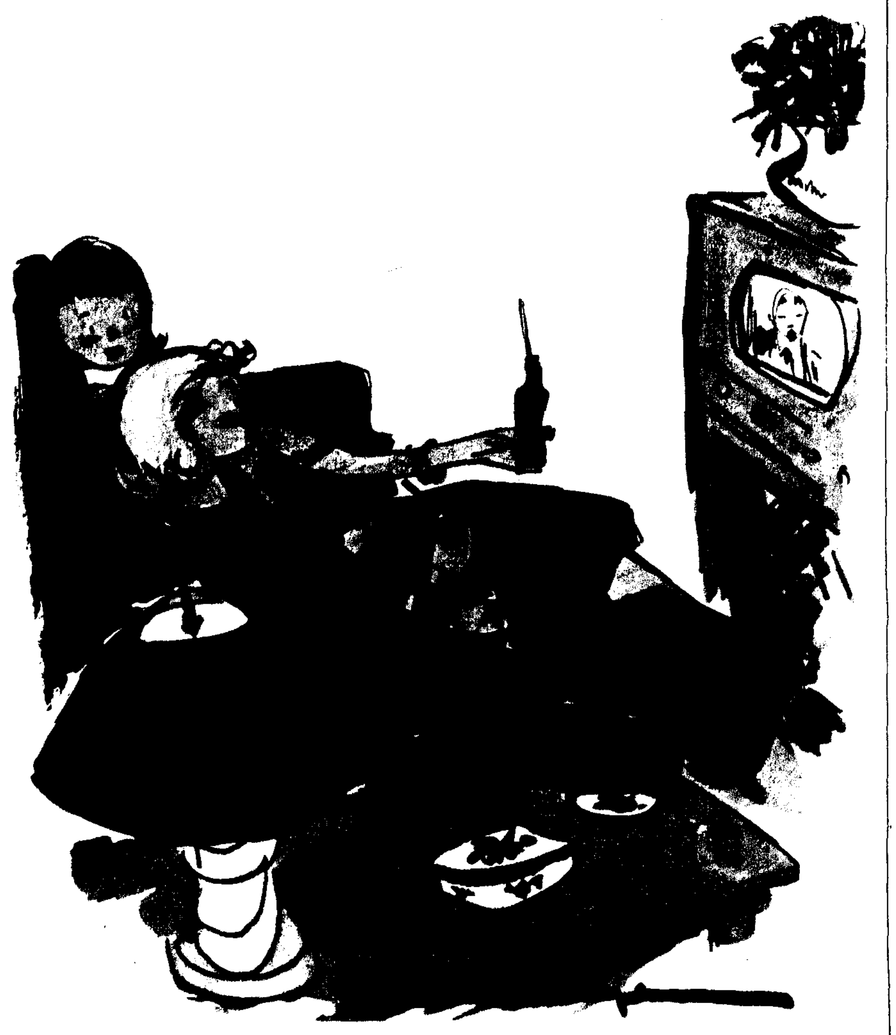
On the morning of September 15th the Communists overran Charlie Company of the First Battalion in a counterattack. The company had to withdraw, leaving behind two of its machine guns. The last time two of our men were seen, they were standing before their foxholes, fist-fighting with the Reds. Another man of Charlie Company killed a North Korean with an entrenching tool.

Three days later the Third Battalion got to the top of the northernmost peak in a night attack with flame throwers. At 1:00 A.M., September 19th, the Communists counterattacked. The Americans were still holding on to the summit at 6:00 A.M. and it looked as though they would be able to hold the hill. At 8:00 A.M., the enemy overran the American positions and killed everyone on the hill.

The First Battalion continued to attack the center peak from the south. On the fifth attempt, on September 23d, three men crawled to the summit of the high mountain. By evening, 21 Americans were on the summit, but the North Koreans were still inside bunkers on the mountaintop. With the weapons they had, the Americans could not get the Communists out. Early on the morning of September 24th, the Communists counterattacked. The Reds came out of the bunkers on the mountaintop and from the ridges to the west. Few of the Americans got off the hill alive.

About 4:30 A.M., the North Koreans swept down from the mountaintop and surrounded the remainder of the First Battalion on the southern slope. It took until dawn for the weary Americans to fight their way out of the trap, but at the end of the engagement there were 250 to 300 enemy dead in front of the First Battalion's positions.

On September 29th, Navy planes bombed, strafed and poured napalm on the center peak and the ridge west of it for a half hour. Then for a half hour the Second Division's artillery pasted the peak. After the shelling, the French battalion launched an all-out assault on the peak from the north while the First Battalion attacked it from the south. The First Battalion was stopped in its tracks by intense enemy fire. In the first 15 minutes of their attack the French suffered 100 casualties. Six French soldiers crawled up the sheer northern slope of the mountain and spread a square of red cloth on the summit to indicate to Allied



COLLIER'S "I've got a crush on the chemistry prof, but he seems to think of me only as so much hydrogen, nitrogen and potassium" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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airmen that the ground was ours. Then they were killed by the Reds.

All three regiments of the Second Division began a limited objective attack the night of October 5th. The Americans and French in the 23d Regiment assaulted the center peak of Heartbreak Ridge and the smaller ridge lines west of it. A tank task force of the 23d drove up the Satae-ri Valley east of Heartbreak Ridge, drawing the bulk of Communist artillery fire away from the ridge itself. The 9th and 38th Regiments attacked in the Mundung-ni Valley and the mountains west of Heartbreak Ridge. At 6:00 A.M., October 6th, the center peak of Heartbreak Ridge was ours.

"The thing that cracked it was the attack in the west," said Colonel Adams. "It left the enemy uncertain and unable to concentrate his fire on Heartbreak."

Enemy Defends Ridge Savagely

The North Koreans had been told to defend Heartbreak Ridge to the death and that was what they were doing. On the night of October 8th, the enemy made an extremely violent counterattack against the Third Battalion, holding positions west of the northernmost peak of Heartbreak Ridge. The worst of it lasted 20 minutes. Waves of North Koreans poured in on the Americans, screaming unintelligible words. The Communist attack was broken after the Americans had suffered 90 casualties and the North Koreans had suffered many hundreds.

Fifty tanks of the 72d Tank Battalion and two companies of the 38th Infantry Regiment broke through Communist lines west of Heartbreak Ridge. The task force drove up the Mundung-ni Valley, flanking the Communists on the ridge.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of October 11th, American and French troops of the 23d assaulted the last Communist-held peak at the north end of Heartbreak Ridge. Allied artillery laid a curtain of fire behind the hill to prevent the Communists from receiving reinforcements from the north, but Allied infantrymen moving up the flat, open ridge line toward the peak were pinned down by intense Communist fire. A Chinese soldier was captured, but it appeared that the bulk of Communists on Heartbreak Ridge were North Koreans to the last. American troops on the ridges west of the peak joined in the attack on the last Red-held hill, and at dawn on October 12th they linked up with American and French elements attacking from the south.

Later that morning—at 8:00 A.M.—Colonel Adams announced jubilantly, "We've got it!"

It was just a question of time before the last die-hard Communists must surrender or die. There were still 35 North Koreans holed up in three bunkers on the summit, but they were surrounded by the Americans and French. The 23d spent the rest of October 12th mopping up. At dawn on October 13th, the last Communist resistance on Heartbreak Ridge ceased.

The men of the 23d Regiment had fought in some of the bitterest battles of the Korean war: they fought at Kunu-ri in November, they turned back the Chinese onslaught at Chipyong in February, they were the blocking force in May when the Second Division almost singlehandedly repulsed the last major Communist offensive on the Eastern Front. But today they say that never have they seen nor heard of a battle as savage as the battle of Heartbreak Ridge. Colonel Adams said it was the toughest fight in the 90-year history of the 23d Regiment.

"The Red defense was fanatical," Colonel Adams told me. "If they were my troops I'd be so proud of them I couldn't see straight. We tried every finger, every approach. We crawled—that's right, crawled—you can't climb up that ridge.

"There have never been American troops who have fought harder. Those French are wonderful, too. Once they start, nothing will stop them."

General Young said, "The Communists were fanatical. The terrain was the most difficult in the world. The gallantry of the men and officers of the 23d Regiment has been the outstanding feature."

There will never be a complete list of the heroes of Heartbreak Ridge. Colonel Adams said 100 men deserved the Congressional Medal of Honor for their bravery. The names of many of them are unknown.

There was a Puerto Rican boy who hobbled off the ridge on the stump of his leg after his foot had been shot away by Communist mortar fire. He said no to an officer who wanted to call for a stretcher. The stretcher-bearers were needed more urgently on the top of the ridge where the really seriously wounded were, he said.

Master Sergeant Gaither Nicklas, of Clarkson, Tennessee, went four times into Communist-held territory to evacuate wounded men of his platoon. He went from foxhole to foxhole through intense fire searching for Americans. He miraculously escaped injury that day, but later he was wounded critically.

The medics went up to 72 hours without sleep, constantly tending and caring for wounded men. The First Battalion ran out of medical supplies twice because of the large number of wounded. The morphine and plasma were gone. The men gathered their individual first-aid kits into a stockpile and still they ran out of supplies. In the midst of small-arms and mortar fire the medics sat on top of the ground, taking care of the wounded.

Machine-gun fire from a Communist bunker three stories high stopped every American advance toward the tall, center peak. On September 22d, Lieutenant P. C. Mitchell, Jr., of Dalton, Illinois, led a patrol down the side of the ridge, around to the north, and back on top of the bunker. Lieutenant Mitchell was killed by enemy mortar fire while placing a machine gun on the ridge in full view of the enemy.

"I think Mitchell was responsible in great part for the high morale of the men," said Captain William S. Jordan, of Santa Clara, California, commander of Baker Company. "He was a superb battlefield leader. Every man in the First Battalion had blood in his eye because of the death of Lieutenant Mitchell."

A week before the battle ended, a helicopter landing spot was cleared on the center peak. Three Army helicopter pilots dodged Communist mortar and small-arms fire again and again to pick up the wounded. At times the Communists held positions within 300 yards of the landing area.

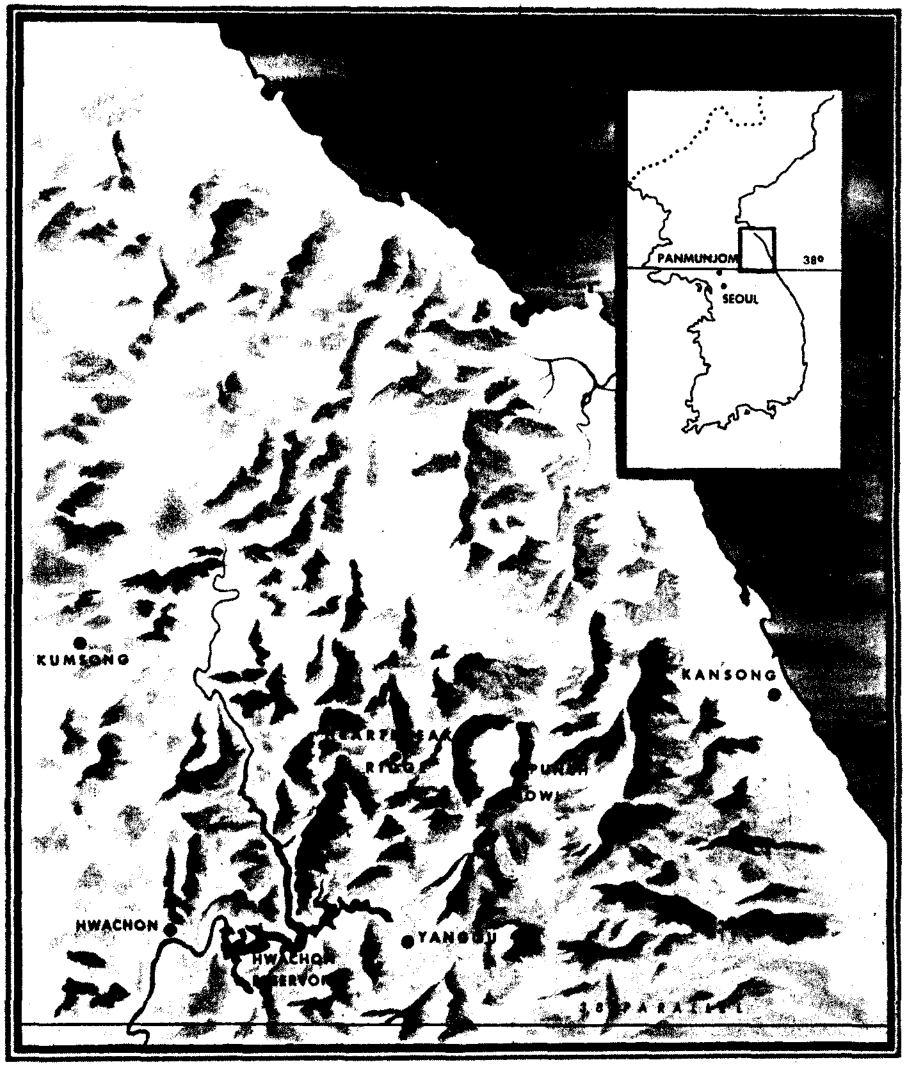
The 23d Regiment was being supplied on the isolated ridge partially by light L-19-type observation planes of the Second Division air section. Dodging enemy fire, they swept in low over Heartbreak Ridge and dropped cases of C rations as close as they could to the Americans' foxholes. Major Robert Boatright, of Santa Monica, California, was credited by grinning infantrymen with killing two North Koreans when he accidentally dropped a C ration box behind enemy lines.

One boy—no one knows his name—was shot in the stomach five times, but he kept charging forward into the enemy until he fell over.

Corporal Billy R. Burkhard, of Knoxville, Tennessee, was a cook who was killed because he volunteered to go up on the ridge to help out his buddies.

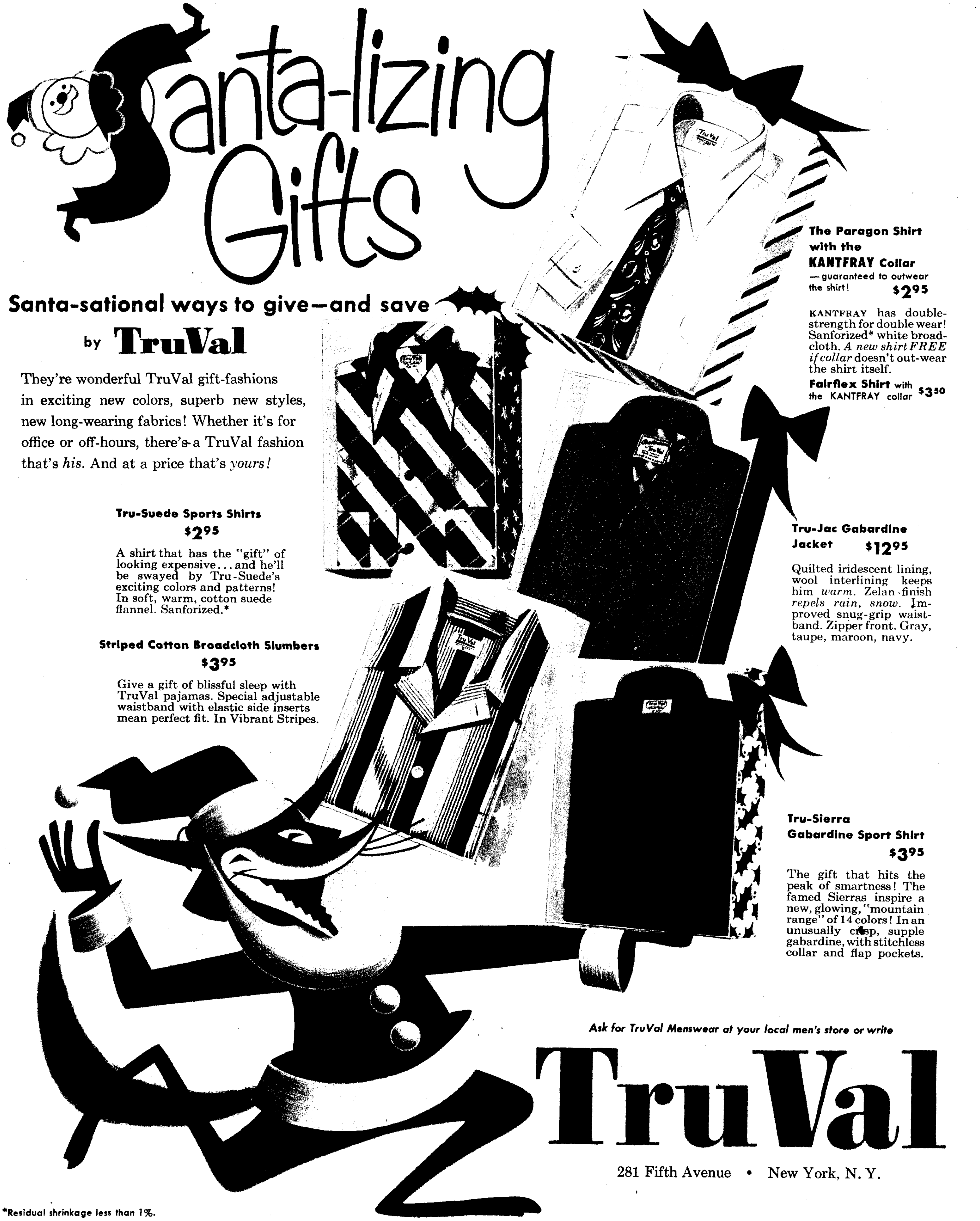
Private Clifford R. High, of Manteca, California, reorganized his platoon after the lieutenant that led it was killed. He assumed command on his own initiative and led the platoon to the top of the last Communist-held hill. Once during the action he was knocked unconscious by the concussion of a grenade explosion and was reported by his men as dead. He regained consciousness and led the platoon on to its objective.

"But getting down and saying this fellow was a hero or that fellow was a hero—gee, it's hard," said Lieutenant Raymond Riddle, of Dearborn, Michigan. "You see so much. They're doing it for their buddies. The men had spent so many lives and so many wounded getting what they held they just weren't willing to give it up." THE END



AL TARTER

Map shows scenes of heaviest fighting for Heartbreak Ridge, which U.S. and French troops took after seesaw battle over Korea's worst terrain



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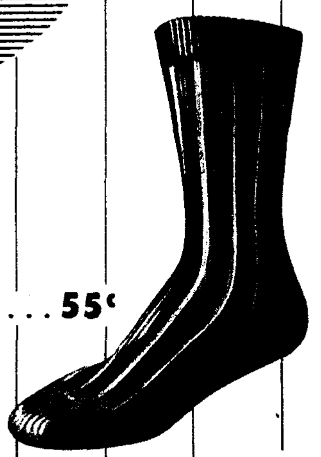

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Down the River, Down to New Orleans

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

time, Gerry got control of the wheel and pulled the boat back toward the entrance to the locks.

But before they went in, the man insisted he was all right and grabbed the wheel again. They weaved along the picket-fence-like line of timber "wickets" that make up most of the wall of the dam. The lockmaster was beckoning wildly in the direction of the open lock gates, but the tipsy skipper kept blowing his horn and shouting, "Why don't they open that wall?" This time he was heading right toward the wickets. Gerry yelled, "The locks are over there! Over there!"

To which the man replied, offended, "*I* know where I'm going."

Gerry Collapses After Ordeal

Suddenly, and fortuitously, he passed out; the terrified Gerry swung the wheel just as the boat was about to crash into the six-foot concrete wall of the lock. The boat slowed down and scraped along the lock wall, safely inside, and the lockmaster grabbed a line and stopped the two craft. Gerry thereupon scrambled up onto the slimy wall of the lock and collapsed, utterly unable to move for about a half hour. Back on the raft, Mary Ellin started packing her bag and getting ready to abandon the expedition; on the speedboat, the skipper, revived, began bellowing, "Make her give me back my life jacket before I go home."

Don Brown then precipitated the next Major Argument by emerging from his bunk on the raft and apologizing to the skipper. "I guess," he said, "the girls are a little nervous tonight."

They held a council that night in which they decided (a) to devise a system of high signs to warn one another of the state of sobriety of other prospective tows, and (b) to get a motor—even if it meant going without food. The next day, the girls hitchhiked ahead to Gallipolis, Ohio, to see if they could induce anyone to donate an outboard, and the men continued downstream.

While the girls were gone, several things happened. For one thing, the current became so slow beyond one dam that the raft was blown *upstream* by a strong wind, at which the surprised lockmaster yelled, "Hey, you're going the wrong way!"

Then the men heard a peculiar scratching noise under the raft. It was Delilah, the new puppy, whose habit it was to fall overboard. This time, apparently, she was under the raft, trying to pull herself up on the watertight drums. At this, Borden sighed heavily and dived into the water, fully clothed, to effect the rescue.

Next, another floatplane landed beside the Lethargia, and the two men in the plane asked if there was anything they could do. "Yes," said Brown. "It would be a great favor if you would fly down to Gallipolis and bring back Mary Ellin, Gerry and four heads of lettuce."

This the fliers proceeded to do, although not without difficulty. When the girls saw the two unshaven strangers in sloppy vacation clothes inquiring after them in Gallipolis, they fled, thinking they had encountered desperadoes bent on kidnaping. They took shelter in ladies' rooms and other female sanctuaries, until the men finally cornered them behind the hair drier in a beauty shop, and made known their mission. The girls then flew back to the raft. They hadn't come up with a motor, but they had a promise that a Cincinnati, Ohio, newspaper would present them with one a little farther down the river.

Two days later, the motor was presented to them at Gallipolis. As it was being installed, however, the man who delivered it whispered, "Don't get too excited over this, kids. It's just a loan from the newspaper. You can keep it only if you get to Cincinnati in time to take part in the regatta there—and if the publicity's good."

Three days later, near Maysville, Kentucky, the motor went dead. They phoned the newspaper to send a mechanic, and they waited another two days until he came (by which time, Cincinnati's regatta had been run). When the man finally arrived, he removed the motor and departed. What happened next is obscure. The newspaper claims it offered the rafters another motor; the members of the raft crew say they never heard from the newspaper again. In any event, the raft was without a motor.

The next day was a period of despair. They started from the Ohio side, near the famous Rankin Home, a guide point for runaway slaves in pre-Civil War days, and the inspiration for Harriet Beecher Stowe's book Uncle Tom's Cabin. It was a fascinating historical spot, but after the raft crew, rowing against the wind, had spent three vain hours trying to pass it, it lost its fascination for them. On a long shot, Don Brown then phoned Governor Frank J. Lausche of Ohio, asking for his help in obtaining an outboard motor. Instead of answering Brown directly over the phone, the governor issued a public statement urging the rafters to "go home and become useful citizens."

Finally, in a move born of desperation, Mary Ellin hitchhiked back about 100 miles to Huntington, West Virginia, where a man had vaguely promised to help them if they ever were in trouble. She couldn't find the benefactor, but she met a newspaperman, Frank Price, of the Huntington Herald Dispatch and Advertiser, who listened to her story and then spent two days on the phone trying to get someone to donate a motor.

Price finally persuaded a local dealer, Garland Frasher, to call an official at the Kiekhaefer factory in Cedarburg, Wisconsin. "Raft?" said the factory executive. "Why, that raft sank at Moundsville a month ago." When he was advised that the Lethargia still was afloat, he promptly agreed to supply a motor. In a few days, the delighted Mary Ellin was presented with a shiny, new, 7½-horsepower Mercury outboard, complete with spare parts. "I was so happy," Mary Ellin says, "that I practically flew back to Maysville."

Motor Annoyed Raft's Mascot

When she arrived with the motor on August 28th, the boys sawed out a place for it, clamped it on to the stern, and then, as Don Brown puts it, "took off at the magnificent rate of four miles per hour." The only one who did not appreciate the motor was Delilah, who attacked it daily with tooth and claw for the rest of the trip.

But the joy of possessing the motor was short-lived, because it led to violent arguments that nearly terminated the adventure then and there. The outboard gave the boys such a sense of power that they wanted to run at night, a course violently opposed by the girls on safety grounds. "I demanded a meeting to settle the problem," Mary Ellin says, "and it was settled. When the vote was deadlocked at 2-2, Gerry and I simply threatened to leave the raft. And that was that."

So, with feminine tactics triumphant, they did not run at night; but mishaps continued to befall them anyway. Once, beyond Cincinnati, their high signs failed and they found themselves being towed by four drunks in a speedboat, the driver of which asked Gerry, "By the way, which side of the red buoys are you supposed to pass on?"—the nautical equivalent of an auto driver asking, "Which is the right side of the road?" Before the Lethargia was able to sever its connection with the speedboat, it had run them onto a sand bar.

But the most unusual of their problems

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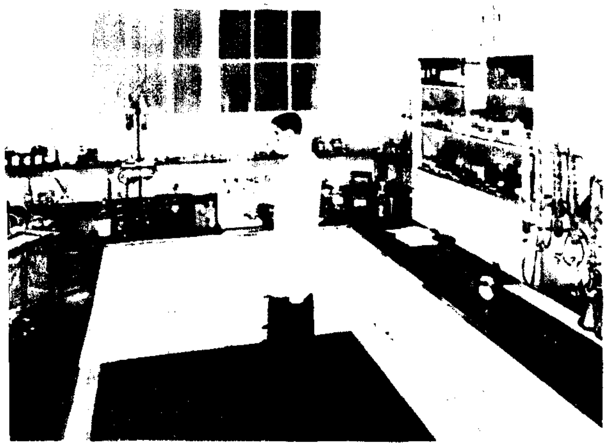

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"Moreover, the moderate use of alcoholic beverages is a normal part of the life of so many of our people that the action we took is justified. To me, Repeal is an outstanding example of American common sense at work."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Jackson B. Chase is a Judge of the Fourth Judicial District of Nebraska. An attorney engaged in general practice since 1919, he was an Assistant State Attorney General in 1921-22, a member of the Nebraska Legislature in 1933-34, and was appointed to the bench in 1946. Judge Chase is a veteran of World Wars I and II and has long been active in the American Legion. His message is sponsored by **LICENSED BEVERAGE INDUSTRIES, INC.,** 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y., in behalf of the legal producers and distributors of alcoholic beverages.

in the lower Ohio involved a water skier, being towed by a speedboat near Louisville, who made several passes at the raft, pulling sharply to one side and deliberately dousing them with a spray of water. Brown and Borden finally solved this problem by awaiting the water skier on the rear deck, armed with cans of peaches, which they were ready to throw like hand grenades. The water skier took one look at this, and decided to practice his craft elsewhere.

River Towns Treat Them Well

The entire character of the country began to change as they put-putted down the lower Ohio. The banks had flattened out into farmland, and they saw cobblestoned old steamer landings, now overgrown with weeds. Also, the character of the trip changed. Whereas they had started out as comparatively unknown young adventurers, now they were celebrities—and they scarcely ever were alone. As they approached each town, a boat generally came out to meet them: sometimes they were wined and dined in the best restaurants, and put up in fine hotels. Often they moored the raft at a swank yacht club instead of along the riverbank.

All this high living depressed the crew, and there were more and more arguments between the boys on the one hand and the girls on the other, nearly all of which were terminated in the girls' favor by the use of their new-found weapon—the threat to put on their life jackets and leave. The only event that broke the tension was the donation of a beautiful new Coleman gasoline stove by a dealer in Tell City, Indiana, which enabled them to cook hot meals afloat for the first time since they had overturned at Moundsville.

Actually, the main reason for the tension was the fact that they were approaching the Mississippi River—and they were frightened. All along the Ohio, experts had asserted that the tributary was the easy part of the trip, but that they never would survive the Mississippi. They were told about six-foot waves and winds that would knock the raft to pieces, giant whirlpools that would engulf them, and storms that would come up so suddenly that there would be no time to take shelter.

They heard of tornadoes, quicksands along the bank, water moccasins and rats that would crawl up onto the raft at night, and big ocean liners near New Orleans whose wakes would swamp them, and they read about a youngster named Eugene V. Piland who, while rowing on the Mississippi a short time previously, had been sucked under a string of barges, miraculously escaping a horrible death.

Then came the real shocker. On September 16th, at Paducah, Kentucky, just 46 miles from the Mississippi, they received a telegram from the editor of the Memphis Press-Scimitar, which said, in part:

"THE MEMPHIS PRESS-SCIMITAR URGES YOU TO TERMINATE YOUR TRIP IN THE OHIO RIVER.

"THE CURRENTS OF THE MISSISSIPPI AND THE WAVES ARE UNPREDICTABLE AND VIOLENT. DISASTERS EVEN TO STEEL-BUILT CRAFT WITH ADEQUATE POWER ARE COMMON. ONLY TWO YEARS AGO, THE GREAT TOWBOAT NATCHEZ WAS SUCKED UNDER IN A WHIRLPOOL AT HUGE LOSS OF LIFE. RIGHT NOW, EVERY UPSTREAM TOW IS DOUBLE- OR TRIPLE-TRIPPING TREACHEROUS MHOON BEND. ONLY BY A FREAK COULD YOUR OIL DRUM RAFT SURVIVE . . .

"YOU CAN PROVE NOTHING BY CONTINUING THAT HAS NOT BEEN PROVED BEFORE. BY STOPPING IN THE OHIO, YOU CAN PROVE SOMETHING THAT NEEDS MORE PROVING: THE ABILITY OF YOUNG AMERICANS TO THINK STRAIGHT.

"BE GOOD SPORTS AND CALL IT A GAME WELL PLAYED—RIGHT?"

After reading this telegram, the crew held a solemn meeting. Then, by the first unanimous vote in weeks, they decided to go ahead. Accordingly, they started for Cairo, Illinois, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. That night there was no singing and they all went to bed sober and thoughtful. The next day Mary Ellin wrote, in a letter to Nancy Dean, her roommate at the University of Michigan: "Frankly, I expect to die in the Mississippi River. At this point I would just as soon go back to Michigan and give up the whole idea."

They tied up at Cairo on September 18th, and, before they did anything else, asked to be taken out in powerful boats to have a look at their formidable new adversary.

Mary Ellin made the following entry in her journal when they returned:

"You wouldn't know there was a current unless you saw a snag or looked for different rates of speed of the driftwood, or watched the shore shooting past at six or seven miles per hour. Unless we get in a storm or meet five towboats at once, I think we'll be all right.

"Famous last words. When Milt saw the muddy Mississippi, he said, 'It's like riding on a chocolate milk shake.' Gerry said, 'Boy, that Mississippi is different from any river I've ever seen. It swirls and berls and *does* things.' "

With a measure of their confidence thus restored, the crew spent three days in Cairo, preparing for the ordeal. Finally, on September 21st, they pushed off—wearing life jackets. As Don Brown remembers the event:

"We passed under Cairo Bridge and we saw what seemed to be an island ahead. Actually, it was the far shore of the Mississippi looming up at right angles to us. The clear water of the Ohio continued for a while, and then we came to a vast area of bubbling, muddy water. That was the Mississippi!"

For the rest of that day, Milt, at the outboard motor, experimented. He found that they would have to hug the bank for a half mile before a landing—otherwise they would be swept past the landing point. He also discovered that they could make 50 or 60 miles a day (compared with 10 to 30 miles in the placid Ohio); and that he would have to revise all his previous knowledge about rivers, if they were going to survive the Mississippi.

He saw a sheet of smooth surface, for instance, which on smaller rivers always had meant deep water to him, and he headed the raft across it. The next thing he knew, they were on a sand bar. Borden had to jump into the shallow water, which almost knocked him down, and his feet sank ever deeper into the sand while he struggled to push the raft off again. He finally succeeded, while holding on to a line to keep from being swept away.

While Borden was struggling with the raft's navigation, the others were marveling at the peculiar muddy quality of the water, so filled with silt that it can almost be felt in the hand. "Every tumblerful of it," Mark Twain wrote in a famous passage from Life on the Mississippi, "holds nearly an acre of land in solution." Twain added:

"If you will let your glass stand half an hour, you can separate the land from the water as easy as Genesis; and you will find them both very good: the one good to eat, the other good to drink . . . But the natives do not take them separately, but together, as nature mixed them . . . It is difficult for a stranger to get used to this batter, but once used to it he will prefer it to water. This is really the case. It is good for steam-boating, and good to drink; but it is worthless for all other purposes, except baptizing."

It wasn't long before the four voyagers on the Lethargia learned that the showboat aspect of the trip had increased tenfold as soon as they entered the Mississippi. At their first stop, Hickman, Kentucky, they were assailed by swarms of children seeking autographs and souvenirs, and a crowd of several hundred people stood outside the windows of a restaurant and simply watched while they ate. At Tiptonville, Tennessee, the sight-seers flocked in such numbers that the raft's deck sank beneath the surface of the water, and it took an hour to remove the residue of hundreds of muddy feet the next day.

When the crew reached Memphis, all the stops were out. They were met by a big crowd on the levee, and escorted directly to free, $30-a-day hotel suites. The suites had three bathrooms each, a situation which led Don Brown to pound his forehead and say, "The decisions I have to make." From the hotel, they were taken to the big Mid-South Fair, where they drove down the midway accompanied by a pitchman in a sound truck, who shouted, "Look at them, touch them, talk to them! They're famous! The famed crew of the raft Lethargeo! See them now, they're famous!"

They made personal appearances at the fair all day, then they did five shows a day in two Memphis movie houses. The raft crew realized a total of $850 from these appearances. In addition, they were given free Gruen watches by Perel and Lowenstein's jewelry store; and free passes to the local Variety Club. They were the guests of honor at the local Crusade for Freedom luncheon; and they made innumerable appearances on radio station WHHM with a disk jockey named the Great Scott, a bewhiskered gentleman in cowboy garb.

And while all this was going on, so many people flocked to the water front to see the raft that special squads of perspiring policemen were occupied for five days handling the steady streams of sight-seers.

Finally, the crew staggered onto their raft and headed downstream to Helena, Arkansas. "Gosh," said Borden, "it's a pleasure to get back to the comparative quiet of the river again." But the theater appearances and the hoopla continued, on a diminishing scale, all the way down the Mississippi.

As they headed into the last lap of the voyage, many of the perils they had been warned about failed to materialize. They didn't see a single snake or water rat; they encountered no quicksand; and, with the weather clear and the water level low, they didn't run into any of the dreaded storms or flood waters they had feared.

Current Is a Deadly Menace

There were other dangers, however, and they were not to be dismissed lightly. The narrow escape of young Eugene Piland underscored a major risk. The river current is so strong in many places that it creates a suction under the bows of large river boats —or even barges tied up alongshore. The Lethargia had to stay away from such large craft, and this made a constant lookout necessary, for the ever-changing current frequently threatened to sweep them under the hull of some vessel. The crew knew that if this happened the chances of survival were slight (indeed, several people in small boats did lose their lives that way this year).

A somewhat similar danger was the great menace in feared Mhoon Bend, near Hollywood, Mississippi, which the Memphis Press-Scimitar had warned them about.

The river passes over a wide sand bar in this bend, pushing a tremendous volume of water into a narrow channel near the bank. It also would tend to push the frail craft directly into the path of any oncoming vessel. The Lethargia hit Mhoon Bend the second day after leaving Memphis, and a lamplighter came out in his boat (there still are kerosene navigation lights along this section of the river) to guide the raft through the channel. The lamplighter held up a large towboat entering the bend at the other end —and, trembling all the way, the rafters got through safely.

Much more terrifying was Cessions Bend below Helena, Arkansas. Mary Ellin was doing the steering at this point; she was halfway through the Bend when she felt the quickening current pick up the raft and spin it around two islands, into a narrow rushing channel near the bank. Before the frightened girl could call anyone, she saw a whirlpool open up directly in front of the raft, and, as she watched, a good-sized log disappeared into a gaping two-foot hole in the whirlpool.

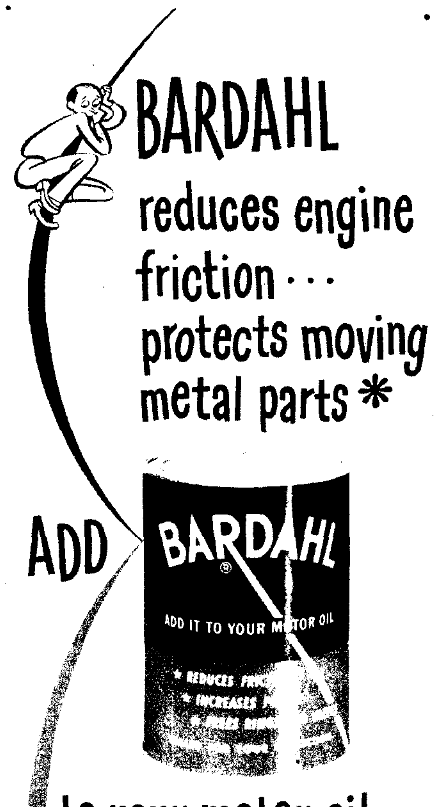
She kicked at the outboard motor to steer the Lethargia away from the eddy, but the raft would not respond in the rushing current—and they twisted directly over the whirlpool. The opening was too small to engulf the 12- by 20-foot raft, but she held her breath because the raft could be tipped to one side and the crew hurled into the water—and a person attempting to swim in that torrent would have plunged to the bottom of the Mississippi River, exactly like the log.

Suddenly the whirlpool was gone, as mysteriously as it had come, and the raft

Next Week in Collier's

THIRD CHRISTMAS ANNUAL

Once again the editors of Collier's are happy to bring to you a special Yuletide issue, including a handsome folio of 10 Christmas favorites, new and old—prose and poetry, beautifully illustrated, that captures the warmth of this joyous holiday season. It's inspirational reading, all in rich addition to our regular features, articles and fiction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was in safe water again. A half mile away, however, a motorboat broke the towline to its skiff, racing to the rescue. "I thought," the captain told them later, "that you were goners."

This, then, was the second of the dangers of the Mississippi that lived up to their advance billing. The third was caving banks. They were 43 miles below Vicksburg one morning, for example, when they stopped the motor to refuel. The sun was out, it was quiet and peaceful, and they could hear the birds singing.

Then suddenly they heard a rumbling and swishing noise in the distance, and when they looked toward the bank of the river, they saw it covered with water mist and dust, as whole sections of the 20-foot-high shoulder crashed into the water with an earth-shaking roar. They shuddered at the thought of what might happen to them if they anchored under such a bank; thenceforth, it became a source of worry whenever they had to decide on a place to tie up for the night.

The fourth major danger involved the changing nature of the river, which continues to cut new channels for itself, to the peril of all river traffic, exactly as it did in Mark Twain's day. Between Vicksburg and Natchez, Mississippi, for instance, the Lethargia blundered into the rushing current of a new channel, formed just a short time before when the river leaped the bank and then bulled its way back again, cutting off a new island that used to be part of the shore. They tried desperately to back out, but the current was too swift and they were carried downstream.

Then darkness fell, and they made several attempts to tie up along the shore of the mile-long new island. But the island was disintegrating rapidly under the pounding of the rushing current, and they found nothing but high, collapsing mudbanks, until they reached its southernmost tip. They tied up there, with huge chunks of island sliding into the water all around them, and spent a sleepless night wondering whether they and the entire end of the island would suddenly be swept downstream into the path of oncoming vessels. Borden says, "A heavy rain upstream the day before easily could have raised the river level a couple of feet during the night, and the low-lying tip of the island could have been washed away. In fact, I wouldn't be at all surprised if the island itself no longer exists."

Interspersed among these perils, they had a pleasant time in Greenville, Mississippi, and in Vicksburg, where they appeared at the Saenger Theater and visited the Sprague, the largest paddle-wheel steamer ever to operate on the Mississippi. At Natchez, they visited the great pre-Civil War mansions, and they listened to Dixieland jazz in the famed Natchez-under-the-hill slum section down by the river.

Helping the Man in the Moon

Near Angola, Louisiana, they were accompanied for a while by a boat called the Moon, owned by a man named Richard Lewis (they called him the Man in the Moon). Later, Lewis provided them with a real switch situation: they actually had to help *him*, instead of the other way around. He had gone on ahead, when the Moon broke down. The rafters found him fishing in the river for food and gave him enough of their stock to tide him over until he could start up again.

The end of the voyage was now approaching; by the time the raft reached Baton Rouge, the river had smoothed out, the current was slower, and it looked as if the last 130-mile leg to New Orleans would be easy. It was. I joined them in Baton Rouge, following them downstream in a small speedboat, the Benny One, and the only difficulty they encountered (and it was minor) was from waves thrown up by big ocean-going ships.

At every town along the low-lying levee, people came out to cheer and invite them to Southern fried-chicken dinners. They seemed to be celebrities to everyone except the pilot of one ocean-going tug who apparently hadn't seen the newspapers. This gentleman scratched his head in bewilderment, leaned out of the side window of his bridge, and bellowed to the Lethargia crew, "What have you all *got* there?"

The crew spent their last night on the river, tied up near the Huey P. Long Bridge, some 10 miles from downtown New Orleans. That evening, I asked Mary Ellin, the sociology student, if the trip actually *had* demonstrated anything scientific, even though that wasn't its purpose. She said:

"I have learned that, after 2½ months, four people who did not necessarily like one another finally were able to form an efficient operating unit, like a squad of highly individualistic soldiers being welded into an efficient fighting machine.

"The success of this was exceptionally striking in our case, because even sex was subordinated—and it will provide excellent background when I go to Europe for my master's degree and write my thesis. One thing I know now, however, is that I never will take my husband on a raft!"

A Lesson in Flood Control

When I asked forestry student Milton Borden if the trip had taught *him* anything, he said it had been valuable in many respects.

"When I go to work as a researcher at the Coweeta Hydrologic Laboratory of the U.S. Forest Service (it's in Franklin, North Carolina), my field will be the use of forest growth to prevent floods," he said. "All along the river, I noticed how important it was for trees to be planted directly on the bank, rather than farther back, to prevent further deterioration of the bank and the flooding of the lowlands beyond. I was so impressed with this that I may choose it as the subject for my master's thesis."

That last night of the trip, I also asked University of Michigan student Don Brown if he thought the crew would ever see one another again after they split up. "We'll probably send each other Christmas cards," he said.

The next morning—October 21st, the 95th day of the trip—the Lethargia got under way at about noon and proceeded leisurely down the river to the foot of Canal Street in New Orleans. As the raft moved downstream, whistles sounded and the crew members were met by a press boat filled with reporters and cameramen. Police boats then escorted them to the landing, where some 300 people were waiting, including the girls' mothers, who had flown down—Geraldine's mother from Boston and Mary Ellin's from Washington, D.C. The crowd shouted and the newsreel cameras ground away enthusiastically as the crew stepped ashore and the girls greeted their mothers.

I watched this ceremony from far back in the crowd with Pat Michaels, a Mutual Broadcasting System war correspondent just recently returned from Korea. Michaels stared at the flimsy Lethargia for a while and he said, "You know, I heard guys just back from Korea talk about this raft and I couldn't understand why soldiers who had been engaged in life-and-death battles should be interested in it. Now I think I know why. When those four kids sailed down this tough river in that little hunk of wood and canvas, they were making monkeys out of all the experts who said it couldn't be done. Guys in the Army liked that."

It was at this juncture that Gerry—who hadn't been sure just what the voyage had taught her, and had been pondering the point since I asked—came up with a quotation from Chapter 19 of Mark Twain's Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. It couldn't have been more appropriate.

"It would 'a been a miserable business," Huck observes at one point, "to have any unfriendliness on the raft; for what you want, above all things, on a raft, is for everybody to be satisfied, and feel right and kind towards the others . . ."

THE END

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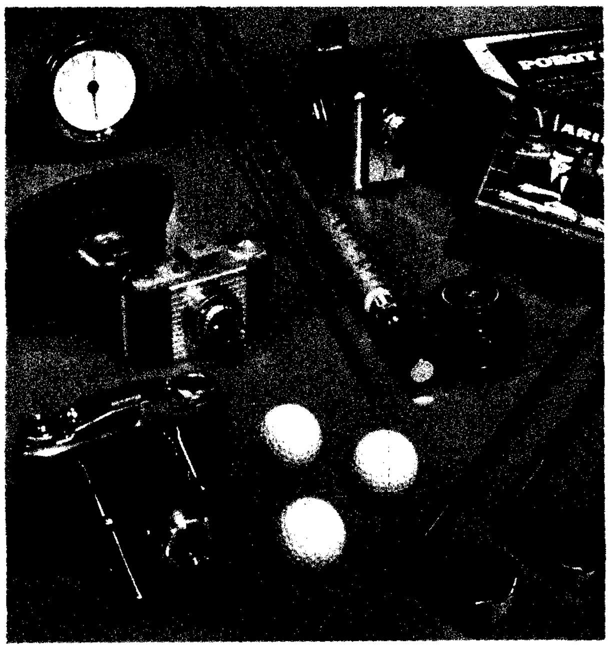
GIFTS FOR HIM

Just a few more shopping days left till Christmas and if you need some good suggestions, here's a handy check list

By BERT BACHARACH

IT'S never an easy chore shopping for gifts; but if you have waited until now to tackle your yuletide shopping list, your problems may have multiplied. Stores are crowded and selections are getting progressively limited. There is, however, a way to minimize the hazards of what should be a happy buying spree: start out with a good idea of what you want. And because that is so, we've worked up on this page a handy check list for those of you who are still wondering: "What can I get him?" Study the wide range of possibilities here and, keeping in mind the preferences of the man who will receive them, check off the items he needs and would enjoy. Not everything is included, of course. But we've covered most of the practical categories. Be sure you know his size if you're selecting apparel, and try to avoid duplicating the things he already has. Good shopping.

For leisure: Pipes ☐ Humidor ☐
Cigarettes, cigars ☐ Lighter ☐
Sturdy decanters ☐ Ash tray ☐



For the hobbyists: Fishing rod, reel ☐
Movie camera ☐ Timer ☐ Camera ☐
Record albums ☐ Golf equipment ☐

FRITZ HENLE

It's the final, decorative touches that distinguish those who are well dressed:
Cuff links ☐ Tie clasp ☐ Belt ☐

Practical suggestions: Leather goods ☐
Toiletries put up in unique packages ☐
Razor ☐ Pen-pencil set ☐ Watch ☐

For family use: Portable radio set ☐
Electric bed blanket ☐ Suitcase ☐
Portable typewriter ☐ Utility bag ☐

To be worn: Slippers ☐ Moccasins ☐
Slipper socks ☐ Raincoat ☐ Robe ☐
Sweater ☐ Shirts (dress and sport) ☐

. . . And worn: Ties ☐ Handkerchiefs ☐
Gloves ☐ Belt ☐ Scarves ☐ Hose ☐
Braces ☐ Gift certificate to buy a hat ☐

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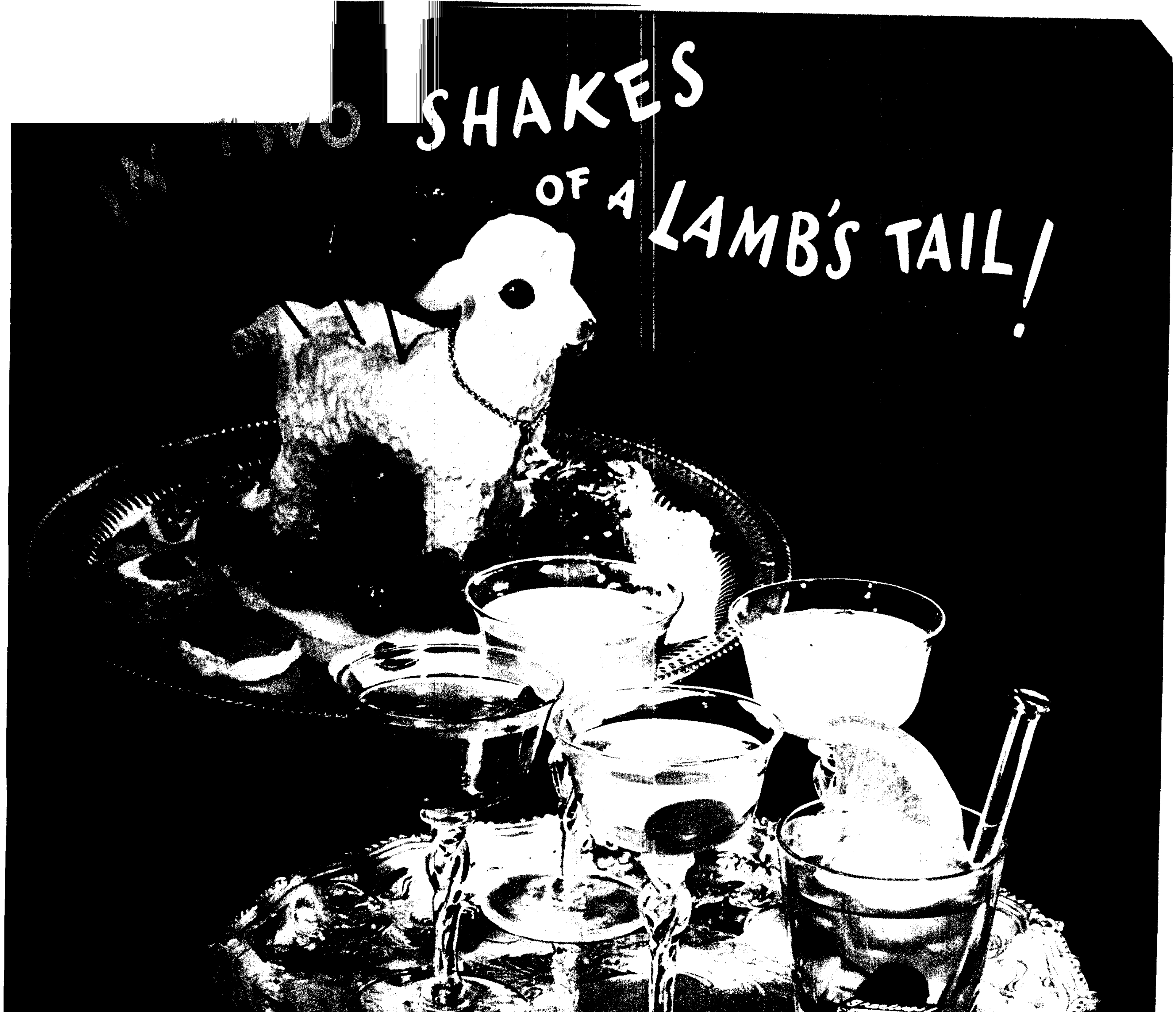
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Side Car	*60 proof*
Daiquiri	*60 proof*
Old Fashioned	*70 proof*
Whiskey Sour	*60 proof*
Stinger	*60 proof*

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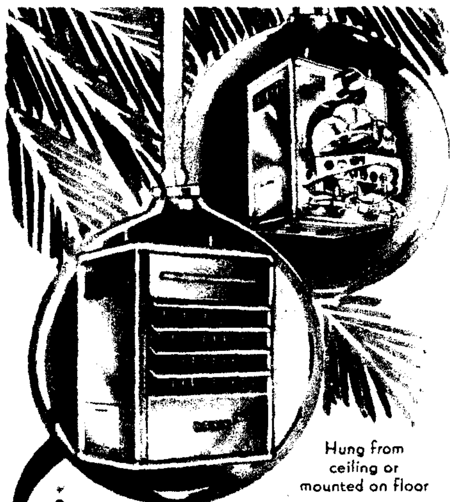

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The War for the Rice Bowl

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

suppose it is because Indochina seems so far away, so vague, so small. Perhaps also it is because people think of it as a French colony in which nobody has any interest but the French. Perhaps, too, so far as we Americans are concerned, it is because we have so little direct trade with Indochina. When I met with the American businessmen in Saigon, I found there were only three of them.

There seems to be no other area in the world concerning which so much of what is printed and so many things that are said are just plain not true. Even as I planned my trip last spring, Indochina was the one country I was advised to stay away from. Things were too delicate there, it was said, between the French and the native officials. If I spoke to one more French than native official, feelings could be hurt and an incident created. General de Lattre was the most difficult man in the world to get along with. The Emperor Bao Dai was controversial. Moreover, it was dangerous. People were being killed all over the place every day.

None of these arguments seemed very impressive. I was going to four other war-torn countries. What difference could one more make?

I was drawn to Indochina as by a magnet. For a long time it had seemed to me to be one of the decisive areas of the world. The closer I got, the more it fascinated me and the more misinformation I received.

The only accurate thing I was told about Indochina was that conditions are bad. The war in the north is still critical. Inland, the Communist guerrillas are a grave menace. By intimidating workers and forcing rubber plantation owners to maintain private guards for defense, the Communists greatly reduce production and increase costs. Infiltrating throughout almost the whole area, they terrorize the peasants and levy tribute on their rice. It is the major objective of the Communists to cut down all production, to weaken the country economically and make it easier to take over.

The Communists know, too, that the rice exports of Indochina are necessary for other free nations of the Pacific. All the damage they can do to the rice production of Indochina weakens both Indochina and those who rely on her rice—Japan, the Philippines and Indonesia.

Mine Sweepers Are Kept Busy

Saigon is probably the only completely beleaguered capital city in the world. The only way I could plan to go or leave was by air. Situated 60 miles up the Saigon River from the South China Sea, Saigon is a great port. But it sees few, if any, passenger ships today. Each morning mine sweepers must travel the entire distance to sweep the river free of mines that have been laid the night before by the Communist guerrillas. Even in daylight no ship travels the river without mine sweepers immediately ahead, and gun crews aboard to repel attacks by Communist shore batteries. On the very day I write this, there is a report that a transport has been blown up by a mine in the river, with the killing of two French soldiers and the wounding of 20 others.

Each morning at six, mine detection crews leave Saigon to clear the highways of land mines which have been laid the night before. No one ventures out of the city until after the roads have been cleared for the day. Fortunately most of the mines are homemade and crude and they are easily detected.

"The jungles are Viet-Nam by day and Viet-Minh by night" is a common saying about the country surrounding Saigon. It means that the Communist guerrillas sleep and lie low in the daytime. The people are free to come and go as they will and the Viet-Nam government rules. By night the guerrillas roam and pillage the countryside.

Except near the cities, the highways are not safe, even in the daytime. Just this year an American Information Service team was invited to show movies to the workers on a plantation some distance out in the country. They were ambushed on the way. A patrol car in front was shot up and three French soldiers were killed. A patrol car behind and the French Senegalese guards were captured. Our American team got through without injury.

It was in the late spring of last year when Donald Heath, the American Minister to Viet-Nam, arrived at Saigon with Mrs. Heath. He is a career man in the State Department and did not hesitate when he was asked to take a post in a city from which came daily reports of bloodshed and violence. He had been evacuated from three countries and shot at in two. This would not be a novel experience.

U.S. Minister Traveled Light

Like all State Department career people, the Heaths traveled from one post to the next with most of their earthly possessions in their trunks. Upon arrival they needed some dishes immediately. But none were to be had in all Saigon. The city was in a state of siege. Most of the shops were closed and bare of goods. Hand grenades exploded every night in the streets within a few blocks of their home. Looking out their wide, unshuttered windows, they could see tracer bullets of machine guns firing in the streets.

Illiterate coolies would be hired to throw hand grenades into restaurants where French soldiers might be eating. Often the coolies did not know how to throw grenades and they were killed or their arms blown off as their reward.

There was violence in the streets as the Viet-Minh deliberately waged a savage, cruel war of assassination and murder.

Some of it still continues. Two days before I arrived in Saigon a hand grenade was thrown in the outskirts of the city and two French warrant officers were killed. Since my return home, two of my hosts during the summer have been murdered by Communist assassins—Jean de Raymond, French Representative in Cambodia, and Sir Henry Gurney, British High Commissioner for neighboring Malaya.

Today, the streets of Saigon are quiet in the daytime and violence occurs only sporadically at night. As I walked down the main street of Saigon, looking at stores and chatting with people, I saw one of the reasons for the surface calm that prevails. A French officer, followed in single file by three soldiers, moved slowly down the center of the sidewalk. The officer was looking straight ahead with a drawn revolver in his hand. Each of the men behind him looked fixedly to the left or to the right, with a tommy gun on his arm and his finger on the trigger. A semblance of order has been won the hard way.

The basic police job has been taken over by the native government. Within the year they have developed real skill. Their sources of information are good. Apprehension of criminals is becoming swift and punishment sure and severe.

Saigon is called "the Paris of the Orient." It has a stately cathedral and one of the most beautiful boulevards in the world, four lanes of traffic and three wide malls with great rubber trees down the center of each as far as the eye can see. Today, every shop is open and filled with goods. The streets are crowded with people. The old-fashioned ricksha pulled by a coolie has been abolished by law. The streets of Saigon are filled with rickshas driven by motor bikes and they careen around the corners, driven with all the abandon of Paris taxicabs.

Along the riverbanks are the stark reminders of war. A great battle cruiser and

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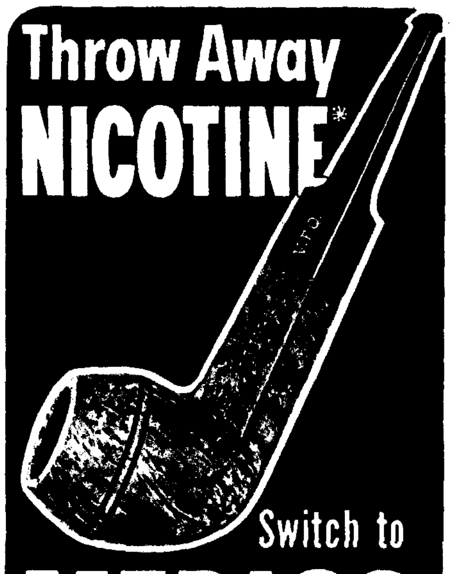

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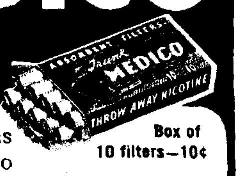

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military transports are tied up along the docks and there are huge supply installations guarded by barbed wire and machine-gun nests. At the airport I counted 23 great earthen bunkers guarding the field. Also along the river are the tragic human victims of civil war. Hundreds of sampans line the banks of the river, two and three deep, each holding one or more families.

At least a thousand tables appear at night along the riverbank with small groups waiting for their family supper, while the wife cooks the evening rice in a little brazier on the ground. One of the effective jobs our Economic Mission has done has been to use their small allotment of ECA money to provide work for these tens of thousands of refugees who might otherwise starve to death or turn Communist in sheer desperation.

Saigon provides only a lonesome and Spartan life for the 200 Americans attached to our diplomatic, military and economic missions. But they have a sense of dedication to their jobs. They know the crucial importance of Indochina to the free world, and under the fine leadership of Donald Heath, I found among them a single-minded sense of unity and devotion to their important task. They know this is a grim world in which we are living. The Kremlin is waging bitter, ruthless war against the whole free world and the sooner all of us recognize it, the better our chances of survival will be.

Both at home and in the Pacific, I had been told that the political situation in Indochina is bad. In Tokyo it was said that Emperor Bao Dai was nothing but a French playboy with no influence; that he was a liability to the cause of freedom. Ho Chi Minh, the Nationalist leader, was the popular figure and we were making a great error in not supporting him. He would win a free election 20 to one, it was claimed, and we were simply helping to prop up a bankrupt French colony. So it went. But once again it was dramatically demonstrated to me that in foreign affairs there is no substitute for firsthand knowledge. Nearly everything I had been told and most of the things I had seen in print about the personalities of Indochina were grossly inaccurate.

Not a French Puppet State

The flip and facile left-wing line that Bao Dai is a French puppet is false. Indochina s no longer a French colony. It has been given a genuine freedom.

The native governments which have been established are led by good men who are earnestly striving to build good governments where none existed before.

When the French began to occupy the Empire of Annam nearly a century ago durng the great colonization movements, the area included five small separate nations. Today, the Empire of Annam has become Viet-Nam, with a population of some 23,000,000 people, running from the Tonkin delta on the north down the entire coast ine. The area of Indochina today includes he fabulous little inland kingdoms of Cambodia and Laos with populations of about 3,000,000 and 1,000,000 respectively.

These countries within the French Union re tied together by the exigencies of deense and by a customs union which is ecessary for their own economic survival. Otherwise, each has almost as much indeendence as Canada and Australia within he British Commonwealth.

It is dangerous nonsense to suggest that we should recognize Ho Chi Minh simply ecause he has a popular following. That was tried once and he turned out to be a Communist puppet and assassin. For 25 ears, Ho Chi Minh has been a Nationalist eader, agitating against the French. He oes have a popular following and after the vacuation of the Japanese at the end of World War II, he was recognized as the ead of the government of Viet-Nam. The French negotiated with Ho Chi Minh to ive him increasing grants of power leadng toward the complete independence of Viet-Nam. Controversy exists as to the speed with which the concessions were made.

The fact is that Ho Chi Minh betrayed himself as a Communist and the tool of Moscow during those negotiations. It became apparent that he was building a Communist dictatorship in Viet-Nam. His years of training in Moscow were revealed as he raised his demands each day like a typical Communist negotiator, deliberately making peaceful settlement with the French impossible.

When he finally succeeded in making negotiations intolerable, he broke them off, returned to Viet-Nam and launched one of the most savage massacres of modern times. Throughout the country, the grounds around the homes of European residents were quietly infiltrated by native assassins.

Innocent People Massacred

At a given signal whole families—husbands, wives and children—were attacked. No one has been able to make an accurate count of the people slaughtered, but the best estimate is that nearly 8,000 innocent people were massacred before Ho Chi Minh fled to the hills to launch his guerrilla warfare.

Despite their war weariness and their terrible burdens of reconstruction, the French made the hard choice. They refused to abandon Indochina to Communist aggression. They fought. In the creation of a new government for Viet-Nam the French turned naturally to the only possible figure who could head it, the hereditary Emperor Bao Dai who was then in refuge in France.

What kind of man is this controversial figure? In view of all the propaganda against him I was eager to know. Upon arriving at Saigon, I found I was scheduled to pay an immediate courtesy call on the emperor, who had flown down from his home in the mountains to meet me. The courtesy call was to last five minutes. It lasted an hour. That night we sat next to each other for more than two hours at General de Lattre's dinner. The next day we had a third, long, visit, covering the entire panorama of the political and economic problems of his country.

Bao Dai is personable, intelligent and well educated. He also has courage and character. He did not have to leave his comfortable and safe home in France. He accepted the challenge to return to Viet-Nam and to serve his people. He met his responsibilities squarely. Before agreeing to return home as chief of state he negotiated for many months with the French government. He procured concessions from the French which Ho Chi Minh had not even attempted. He actually achieved the independence of his country within the French Union.

Bao Dai never avoided an answer to a single question in all of the times I was with him. Sometimes the answer seemed circuitous, but for an Oriental emperor to convey his point of view to a Westerner takes time if he is going to be accurately understood. Thirty-eight years old, with great charm, Bao Dai can and does walk freely, often unguarded, in city streets. Whatever his political strength, I think it is a fair statement that he receives the customary reverence extended by Asian peoples to their rulers. As crisis after crisis develops between his government and the French, it is usually Bao Dai who solves the problems. The best-informed people in Saigon expressed the opinion to me that Bao Dai is the great and dominant statesman of Viet-Nam today.

He maintains the ancient traditions faithfully. For example, any citizen can stop him on the road or in the street to petition for a farm or relief from a grievance.

It is complained that Bao Dai spends too much time shooting elephants. He does shoot elephants, like most Asian rulers, and I rather suspect that if he did not, his people would think there was something wrong with him. He is also an ardent fisherman, but he mourns the absence of good bass

Brassieres Unnerved Albert

Albert works for the UpFront Brassiere Company, pushing brassieres on a hand truck from the packaging department to the shipping department. Sounds easy, but the job almost got Albert down—he threw a nervous fit one night watching a buxom television actress.

Trouble was, Albert's truck jolted and the jolts jolted Albert, made his arms ache, wracked his nerves. No telling what would have happened if Albert's company hadn't given him a truck equipped with Monarch Tires. Now the tires absorb the jolts Albert used to absorb, and it's made a new man of Albert.

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Beat 2 egg yolks until thick. Beat 2 tablespoons sugar gradually into 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Combine. Add 1/8 teaspoon allspice. Blend well. Stir in 3½ oz. Jamaica Rum. Place in 2 cups, fill with boiling water. Top with nutmeg. Serve for festive enjoyment.

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fishing in his part of the country. I offered to send him some of New York's fine bass to stock the lakes and he was delighted. He was so delighted that he offered me an elephant in return.

I thanked him very much and explained that we really had no room on the Executive Mansion grounds for an elephant. Al Smith, the last governor of New York who tried to keep the animals presented to him, ended up with so many that he had to send them all to a zoo. I did not explain that what the average American needs least of all is a pet elephant."

An Emperor Who Is Respected

Bao Dai understands the relationship between the state and its people in a way that would take a Westerner a long time to grasp. But the members of the American Mission in Saigon understand a great deal of it, and he has their wholehearted respect. He understands his limitations, too. He tells with a twinkle in his eye of the old saying of his country that "the power of the king stops at the village line."

That saying is a tradition which has the force of law. It arises from the interesting fact that in Viet-Nam the peasants who live in the villages are entitled to use a plot of land for only three years. At the end of that time it is subject to being reshuffled, and assigned to another farmer. All land is held in the name of the crown. But the crown does not dictate who holds it. The villages are actually self-governed by the elders who determine who shall have the use of the land.

1951
BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS
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In Cambodia the system goes even further. On my visit to the capital, Pnompenh, we had a delightful dinner at the palace with the twenty-nine-year-old King Norodom Sihanouk Varman. The king described to me with considerable enthusiasm the system of land operation in Cambodia. He was actually traveling around his country of 3,000,000 people, making speeches about it. I asked him what he was saying.

"I am telling the people," he replied, "that the Communists have nothing to offer in Cambodia. We have a far better land system than they could ever invent.

"I tell them," he continued, "how under our system there are no tenants. Everyone has a right to use land simply by filing his claim and having it registered. All he has to pay is his taxes. There is free land for all. Anyone who wants 20 acres of good land can mark out his claim, clear the trees and have the finest land in the world."

As of today, 80 per cent of all the arable land in Cambodia is still available to anyone who wants to clear it and work it. That is one reason why Cambodia, the rest of Indochina and all southeast Asia are a magnet to the land-hungry masses of Communist China.

This does not mean that the people of these countries do not in some sections have problems of land tenantry. It does not mean that enough progress has been made in raising the living standards of the people generally. There are many problems ahead, economic and political, but good and patriotic men are working on them.

Premier Trau Van Huu of Viet-Nam is a fine example. He has an able Cabinet representing varying points of view and considerable skill in government. Trained and educated in Saigon in the French anti-Royalist tradition, Premier Huu nevertheless works in close harmony with the emperor. They share the same palace when Bao Dai is in Saigon. They are both proud of the fact that for the first time in a century they are building, with the enthusiastic help of General de Lattre, an army of 35,000 Viet-Namese to help in the defense of their country.

You ask these men whether they can see the end of this struggle. They readily admit that they do not see the answers to all the problems. But they can proudly point to the fact that, starting with no native government at all five years ago, they are beginning to develop a civil service. The peaceful areas in the country have been expanded and a steadily increasing number of intellectuals are escaping from Communist areas and coming over to the Viet-Nam. "Look at the wonderful progress we have made in just one year!" says Premier Huu.

Their government will not be a copy of ours. It should not be. The cultures and systems of government of the Orient are far older than ours. For example, in Cambodia a great civilization flourished a thousand years ago. Fifty great temples were built by a civilization which ruled most of southeast Asia.

Out of the richness and depth of their own tradition these people, with a new sense of national dignity, are welding new nations and a new future.

Few Westerners understand the nature of Asia. I believe General de Lattre is one of the few who does. In addition, he knows the Russians.

"They are operating through satellites," says De Lattre, "to acquire the man power to conquer the world without using Russian troops. They have taken central Europe and now they have China. But they will not feel secure for their world conquest until they have all Asia."

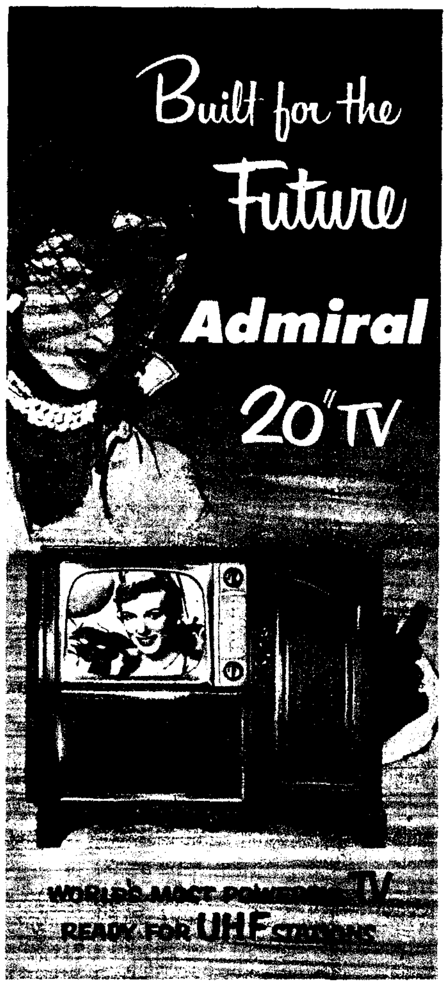
The logic of the argument seems inescapable. It has seemed to me for some years to be the clear and primary Russian objective. Moreover, they cannot be wholly sure how long Red China's Mao Tse-tung will remain loyal, or, if Mao dies, who his successor will be.

Kremlin Pattern of Conquest

The one way they can be really sure is to surround him. That is part of the explanation of the violent and expensive Communist efforts to take Indochina now. If they can get Indochina, then they believe Burma and Siam will fall easily. With the great mass of southeast Asia in Red hands, they believe both Malaya and the giant new Island Republic of Indonesia with its 75,000,000 people will then be lost spiritually to the free world.

Again, the logic is irresistible. Possession of the man power of southeast Asia would give Russia the fundamental of all Oriental concepts of conquest—mass man power. Most serious to America, the Rice Bowl of the Orient would be gone. The trading area vital to Japan's survival would be gone and so would the marginal rice supply upon which Japan, the Philippines and Indonesia depend. Our defense structure in the Pacific would be wrecked.

The French understand the nature of the threat. Over the bitter opposition of their domestic Communists and Socialists, the French have defended Indochina at frightful cost. They were as ill prepared to wage a war there as America was in Korea. More than one sixth of the entire budget of impoverished France is now being poured into the war for the Rice Bowl. One hundred and twenty thousand French



MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable.

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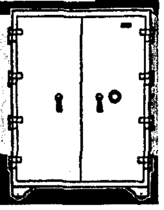

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Ask for A.1. when dining out, too.

troops are fighting and dying in this critical and little-recognized conflict. This is in addition to their nearly 2,000 soldiers who have fought with valor in Korea, most recently on Heartbreak Ridge.

General de Lattre knows what it means. The son who helped him escape from a prison during the war grew up to be an officer in the French army. At twenty-three, Lieutenant Bernard de Lattre, the only son of the commanding general, was killed in Indochina on May 30th of this year.

General de Lattre fights on. He is a consecrated man who believes the soul of France is being revived by her noble struggle against Communism in Indochina. Speaking with the deepest emotion, he says with simple eloquence:

"The American mother weeps for her boy in Korea. The French mother weeps in the same way for her boy in Indochina.

"The Americans want nothing from Korea but to halt aggression and leave that poor country in peace. We French have pledged ourselves to withdraw from Indochina when there is peace.

"We are both fighting this same menace—this Communism. We are joined together in this crusade."

General de Lattre believes he can win against Ho Chi Minh—he can win if the hordes of Red China do not enter the fray. Remembering that the United Nations had won a clear-cut victory in Korea until Red China entered the conflict, this fear is easily understood. There are some 250,000 Red Chinese troops ranged along the Indochina border. Will they move into Indochina as they did in Korea? If so, we will then be facing the next great world crisis. I propose that we handle it firmly now, in advance, in the hope of avoiding it.

Four years ago, in a speech on November 24, 1947, I warned of impending war in Korea, pointing out that the Russians had built up a well-trained fighting army of 250,000 North Koreans and that in South Korea there was nothing but a political void. I concluded that the Kremlin anticipated that immediately upon the withdrawal of American occupation troops "the armed forces of the North will engulf all of Korea."

That warning was ignored. Worse, after withdrawing our troops from Korea, our government made the final blunder of announcing to the world that Korea was outside our defense perimeter. We created the void—the vacuum. That was an engraved invitation to Stalin to order his satellites to invade. And he did.

Firmness Can Save Indochina

The way to avoid Russian satellite conquest of Indochina is to let it be known in advance that no vacuum will exist there—that Chinese invasion will be resisted with overwhelming force by the free world. The Chinese have taken a terrible beating in Korea. Their trainloads of wounded have gone all through China. No amount of propaganda can hide them. I do not believe the Chinese are looking for another such bloody defeat.

War is the ultimate failure of diplomacy. The task of diplomacy is to win wars without fighting them. The time for diplomacy to act to prevent all-out invasion of southeast Asia is now. There is still time. With the powerful forces the French are maintaining in Indochina, we can forge ironclad guarantees of joint defense, which is the only language Stalin respects.

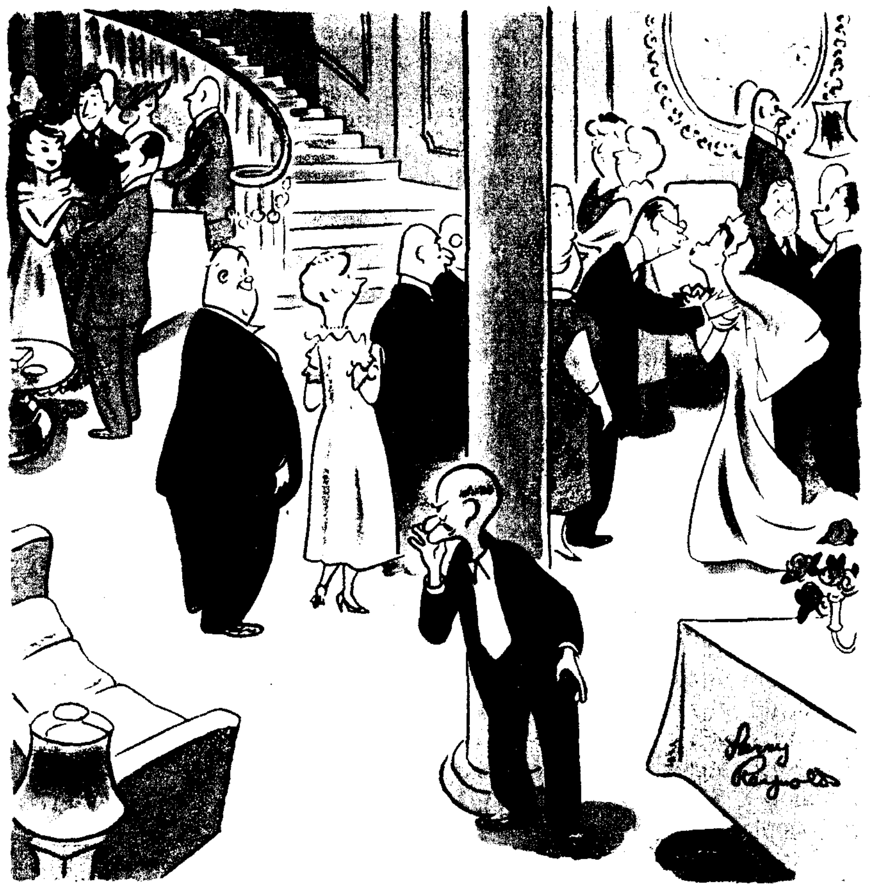
For the defense of America, the Pacific must be kept free. Within the structure of the United Nations such guarantees have been forged between the North and South American countries. Similar guarantees have been forged for Europe through the North Atlantic Treaty. We need an equally strong Pacific Treaty now, while we can still weld together the kind of overwhelming force that will prevent another Korea.

The freedom of man is at stake. With foresighted statesmanship and stanch devotion to collective security, we can win the peace without World War III.

I repeat, the Rice Bowl of southeast Asia is the cornerstone of our Pacific defenses. And Indochina is the cornerstone of the cornerstone.

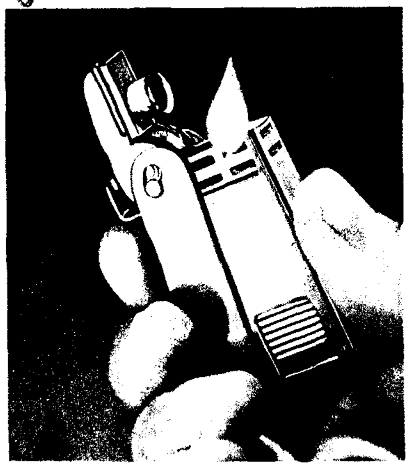
THE END

BUTCH



"Phsst, Butch—them weddin' presents. Remember?"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS



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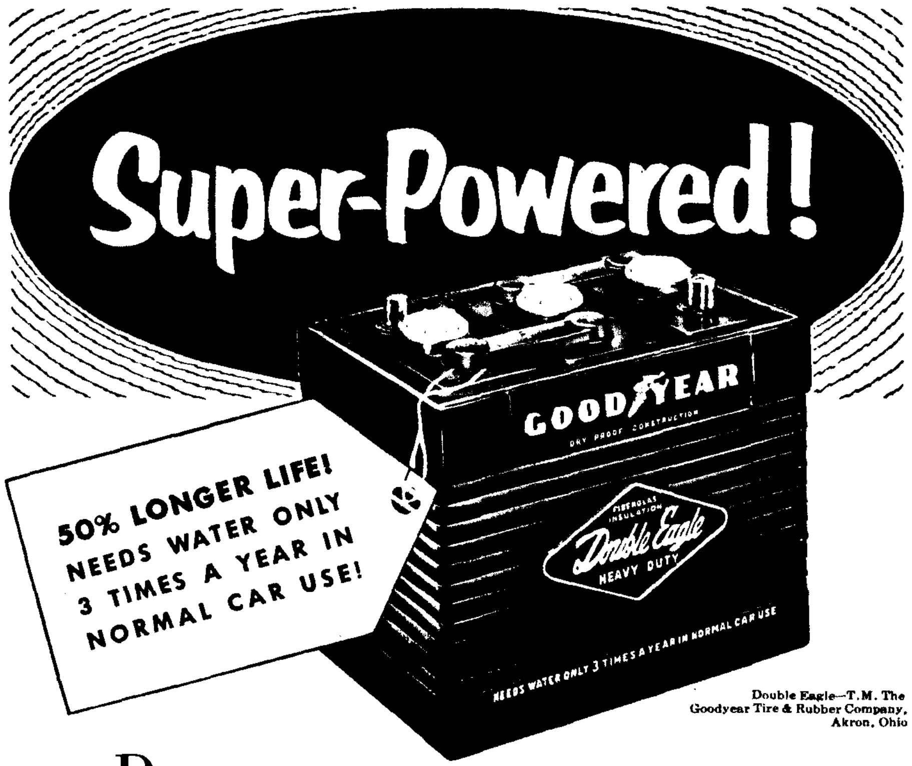

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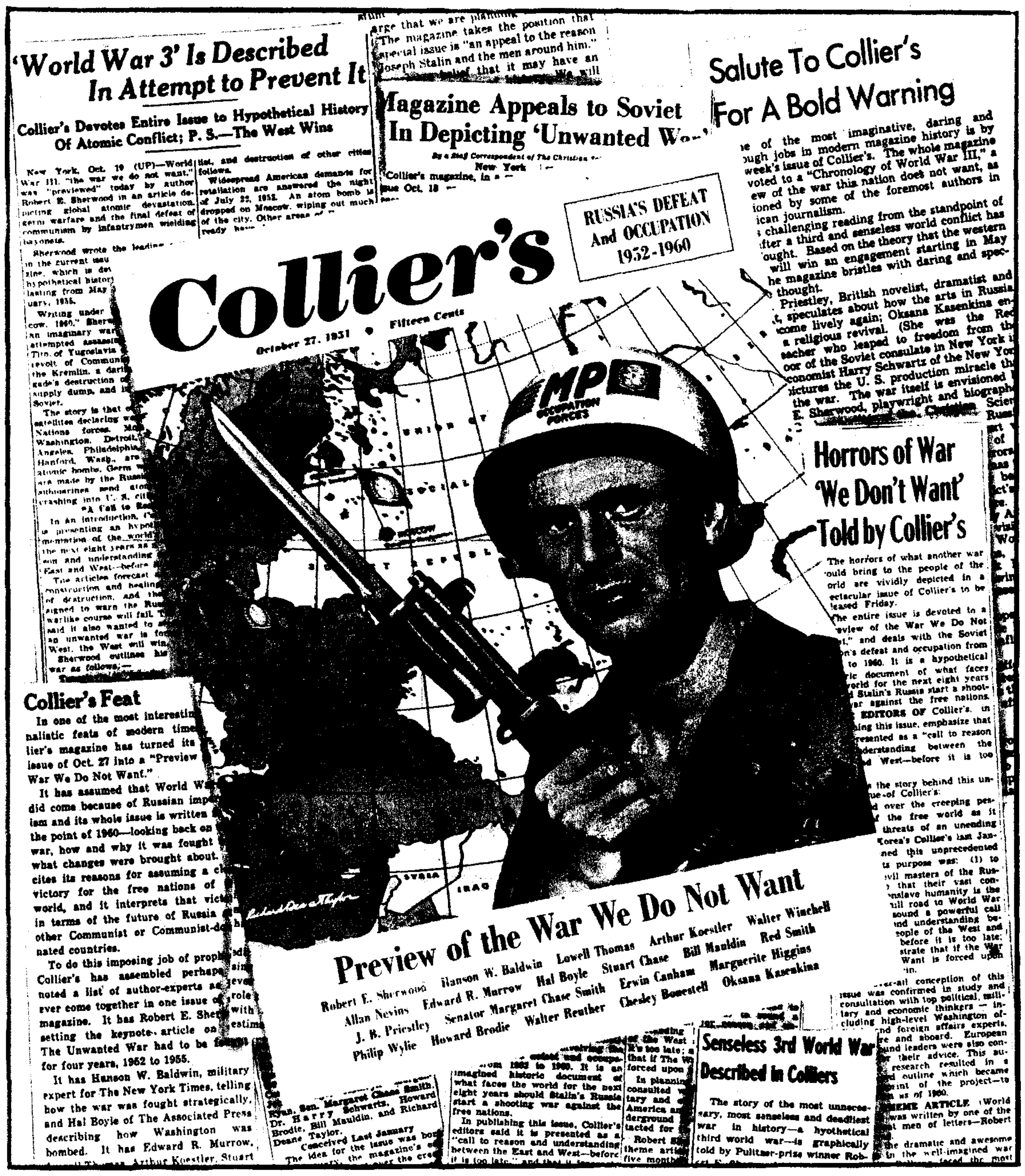

'World War 3' Is Described In Attempt to Prevent It

Collier's Devotes Entire Issue to Hypothetical History Of Atomic Conflict; P. S.—The West Wins

Magazine Appeals to Soviet In Depicting 'Unwanted W

Salute To Collier's For A Bold Warning

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Walter Winchell
Red Smith
Marguerite Higgins
Oksana Kasenkina

Record of Response

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE have written to us about our October 27th issue, Preview of the War We Do Not Want, and all the millions who read it surely had something to say about it. It was the kind of magazine that called for an opinion and, judging from the press and radio reaction and our mail, most of the opinion was enthusiastically favorable. One of the few people who didn't have a positive comment was the man who asked us, "What do you think you accomplished by the issue, anyway?" We answered him more or less as follows:

We think, first of all, that Collier's accomplished its stated purpose "to look squarely at a future which may contain the most terrible calamity that has ever befallen the human race." We gave the considered judgment of a panel of distinguished writers as to what the American people would have to prepare for and endure, and what they might hope for, in the event of war. We did not say or suggest or think that a third world war was inevitable—quite explicitly the contrary. We did try to stir up the thinking of people who speak casually or despairingly or even eagerly of such a war without much regard for the assets and liabilities on each side, or much idea of how and where that war would probably be fought.

We know that we succeeded in stimulating thought and discussion because of the requests that came from all over the country for dozens, hundreds and even thousands of extra copies. Here are just a few who sent orders: an Air Force unit in Georgia, the civil defense organization of Monroe, Michigan, two New York City police precinct station houses, the Kelly-Springfield Tire Company, Rollins College at Winter Park, Florida, the civil defense organization at Bamberger's department store in Newark, New Jersey, the employees' union of Wanamaker's department store in New York, and public schools in New Jersey and New York State. There were many others, and we are sorry that there were not enough copies to fill all the requests. However, we are glad to say that the editorial contents of the issue will shortly be published in book form by Simon & Schuster.

Besides giving the American people a thoughtful appraisal of the chances of war and of victory, the Preview of the War We Do Not Want was also, as we stated in the issue, "an appeal to the reason of Joseph Stalin and the men around him." In fact the Preview was written quite definitely with the Kremlin in mind.

We tried to tell Stalin & Company, if they don't know it already, that they cannot win a world war if they are so rash as to start it. We tried to show them the historical fact that tyrannies produce the seeds of their own destruction, and that their eventual downfall comes as much from within as from without. We tried to convince them that peace is possible whenever they abandon their policy of actual and potential aggression.

We don't know, of course, what impression the October 27th Collier's made on the Kremlin's collective mind. All we know is the Kremlin's official reaction, as conveyed by its propagandists. And we may assume that, as usual, Soviet comment is dictated by convenience rather than by conviction.

One thing at least is certain—the Soviet big shots did read our magazine. Mr. Vishinsky attacked us in the best Vishinsky tradition. Radio Moscow fumed and ranted. So did the New York Daily Worker, which called the issue a "nightmare Collier's blueprint for war," a "premeditated crime" by our "wicked editors," and much more in the same vein. Other Communist publications in this country parroted the line. This was to be expected, and we may dismiss it for what it's worth. We may also dismiss the overhasty criticism of a few of our subscribers who wrote us that they took one look at the magazine and then threw it in the fire without reading it.

But there are also people who did read it and afterward wrote and spoke to us in fear or in anger. Some unwittingly followed the Communist line with the careless charge that, by admitting the possibility of a third world war, we were also admitting its inevitability, if not actually trying to foment it. Others thought that the issue would damage Soviet-American relations dangerously, and even provoke Stalin into starting this unwanted war.

A complete, careful and honest reading of the Preview will, we believe, refute the first charge. As for the second, perhaps we can offer some reassurance with a question or two. Was Stalin provoked by the press or, for that matter, by the governments of the Baltic republics, of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Romania, Albania or Bulgaria into seizing those countries and turning them into Communist puppet states? Did the press or government of the Republic of Korea provoke Stalin into launching the Soviet-directed invasion?

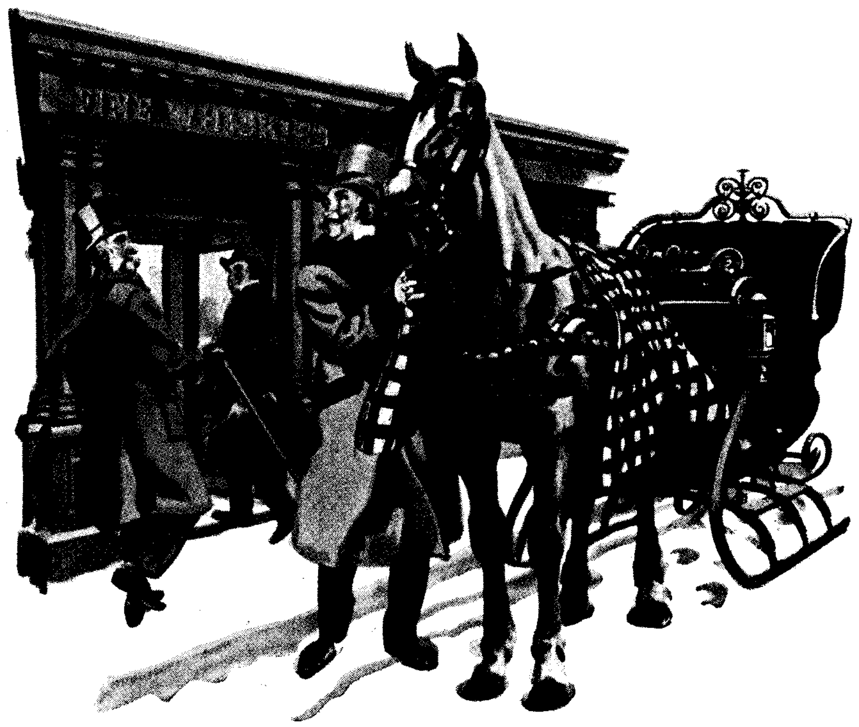
The answer, we believe, is obvious: Stalin has a timetable. He moves when he is ready and the time seems ripe. He cannot be hurried. But he can be detained. And, if peace is to be a reality, he must also be deterred. To detain and to deter is the purpose of the United Nations action in Korea, of the French and British action in Indo-china and Malaya, of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and other defensive alliances among the free nations. We hope that Collier's issue of October 27th helped to advance the achievement of that purpose. For, to return to our friend's question in the first paragraph, that is what we set out to accomplish.

Add Russian Inventions

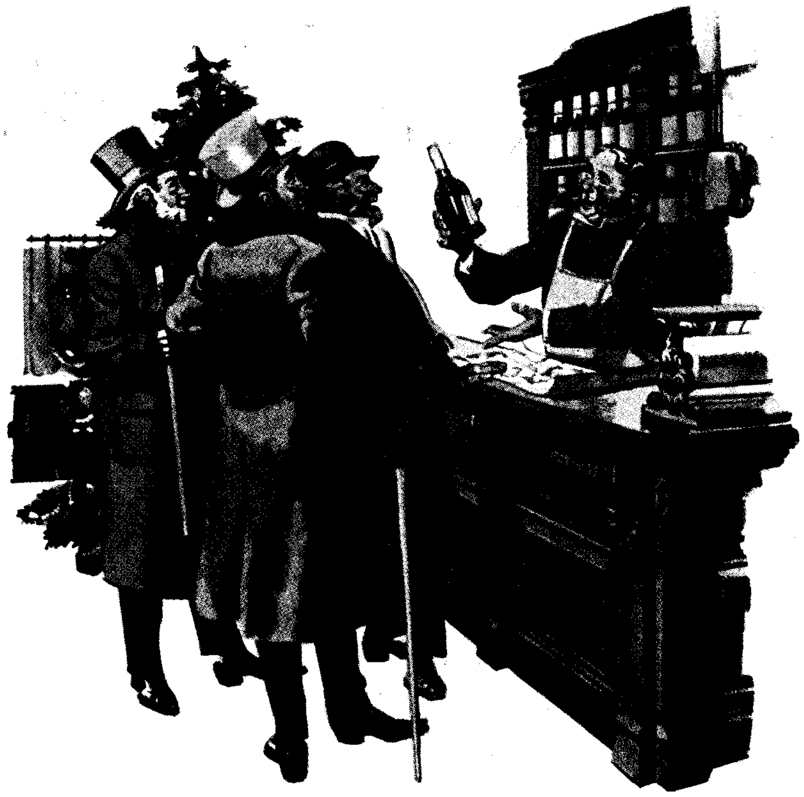
Polish official deposed by Moscow for complaining about "heavy volume of needless paper work."—News Item.

Maybe Russia invented Red tape, too.

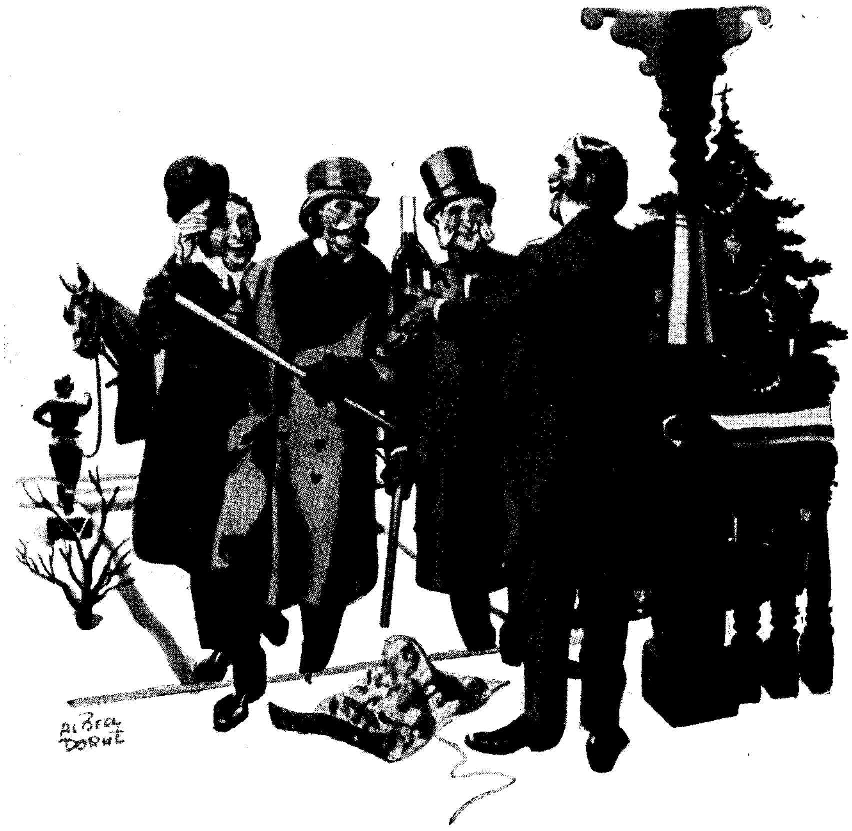
If you desire the perfect gift–


FINE WHISKIES

If you desire the perfect gift—
Here's welcome shopping news—



A fifth of fine old whiskey
Makes a gift friends always use!


ALBERT DORNE

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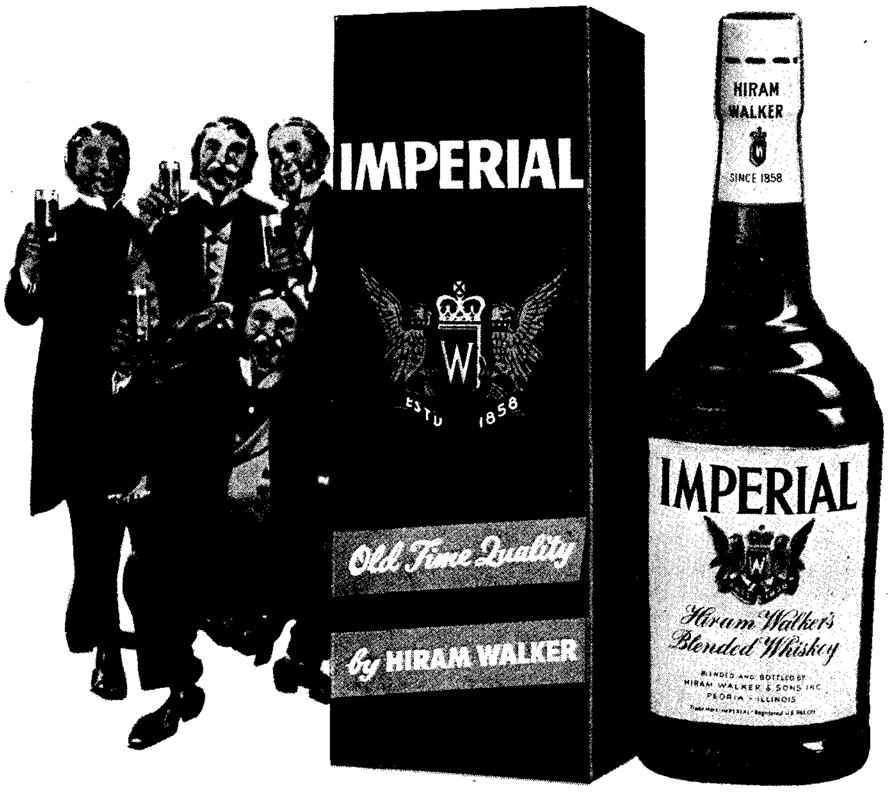
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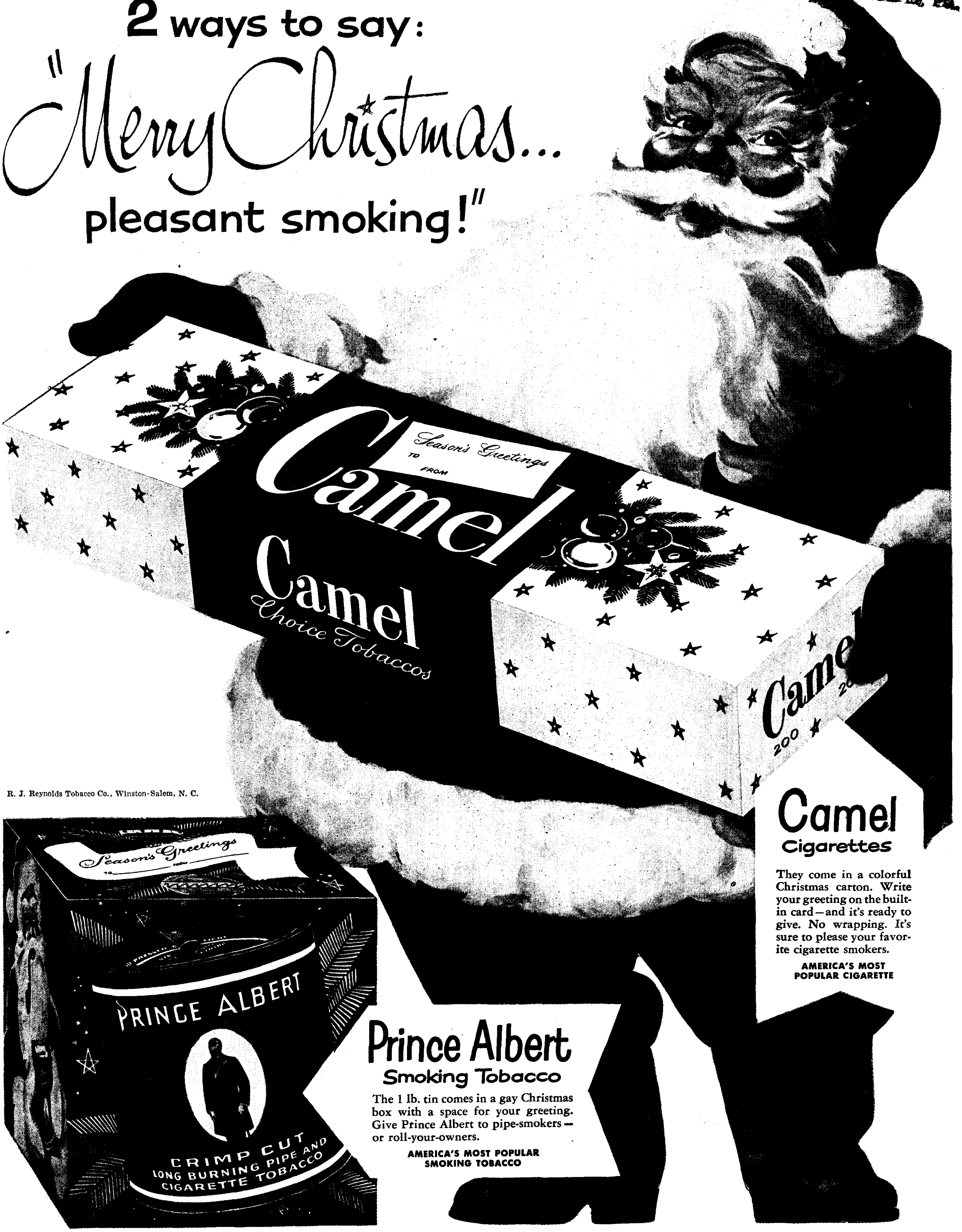
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